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CONCERNING CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

GERHARD WIENS (*Hunger*), Russian-born scholar, is Associate Professor of Russian and German in the University of Oklahoma and has published several language text-books.

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CHARLES C. ZIPPERMANN (*Literary Landmarks of 1947*), of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, *Washington, D. C.*, has been compiling this feature for us for several years.



ALBERTO LLERAS CAMARGO
Director of the Pan American Union

BOOKS ABROAD



Hunger .

BY GERHARD WIENS

ONE DAY twenty years ago, when I was still very new in America, I asked a fellow-student whether he had ever heard Schubert's *Ave Maria*. "Lots of times," he replied and began talking of something else. Some months before, I had heard for the first and only time this song of unearthly beauty, and since then had had to talk about it at every conceivable opportunity. I knew my friend to be fond of music and had expected rhapsodic utterances of joy at the mere recollection of the music which had filled my heart with rapture.

Since then I myself have heard the great song "lots of times." I have listened to good music for hundreds of hours every year. But my joy still reaches ecstatic dimensions rather regularly. I believe that this would not be quite so true if I had not gone through years of musical starvation. Before I came to America I had not heard a single important piece of classical music. I had never heard a first-rate artist.

My privations in other fields of culture had been equally severe. I had not seen a single noteworthy work of the graphic arts. I had never witnessed a good theatrical performance. I had never been to a museum. For years I was even denied free access to good books, the prime source of culture from which in America all who are willing may drink.

During those dark years of the Russian revolution, of civil war and terror, of disease and famine, we might have been expected to be content with preserving our miserable lives. But the material and spiritual suffering only intensified our cultural yearning. Large portions of this tattered,

frightened humanity, people who would formerly have been content to live normal lives of material well-being, knocked at the door of culture seeking entrance to the timeless realm of the free mind and the soaring soul. The door remained closed most of the time. But whenever it did open the joy was deep.

For the vast majority of the Russian people the gates of culture had been locked even in normal times. Eight out of ten were unable to read. Once, in the midst of a civil war battle, a peasant boy of fifteen scratched out in the mud the whole alphabet for me, to show me that he knew all of it. He had just finished learning it. Soon he would actually begin to read *books*, think of it!

Compared with this boy I was indeed fortunate. I was born and brought up in a fully literate Dutch-German farming settlement in the southern Ukraine. When I left for America in 1924 I had completed twelve years of almost uninterrupted schooling. (I took out one year to starve.) Our education, bilingual (German and Russian) throughout, was thorough within the limitations imposed by the times. But to those of us who, in the eagerness of youth, yearned to roam the whole domain of culture, these limitations were cruel chains.

Oh, the books, the wonderful books which we did not have! At the age of thirteen I was an authority on Georg Ebers but had read only *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* of Schiller and *Egmont* of Goethe. The reason for this absurd unbalance was that our pitiable school library had the complete works of the nonentity, but only one work apiece of the classics. I still believe that, to keep us from taking the excellencies of good literature for granted, we should occasionally read a bit of trash. But during those lean years I read fifth-rate flotsam because there was not enough fourth-rate rubbish to keep me busy. I frantically borrowed books wherever I decently could. I stole books, decently or otherwise. In my fourteenth year I ferreted out a deposit of Russian classics: a friend of my relatives, who was living in a distant village, was willing to loan me what he had: the complete works of Pushkin, Lermontov, and Gogol. I staggered: the *complete* works of Pushkin! Lermontov! Gogol! I set out immediately, on foot, to get the books. What beauties they were, too! Thick quarto volumes, generously illustrated. That year was my Pushkin-Lermontov-Gogol year. I read, re-read, and learned by heart.

The next year I entered the oldest secondary school of our settlement. When I saw the library I gasped. Here were *all* the classics, German and Russian, and entire shelves of books on science, art, history, geography, travel! The director of the school loaned me the library

catalog over the week-end, and I made a list of the books I was going to read that year—about two hundred of them. The year was over before I finished the first hundred. It was a very short year.

That same year I was also introduced to the English language. Ever since my elder brother had first showered me with glib fragments like “La plume est sur la table,” I had longed to learn a foreign language. Our English teacher was sick most of the winter and in the spring he had to work in his vegetable garden in order to keep from starving the next winter. As a result we did not get beyond drawing-room gems like: “In winter the days are short and the nights are long”; and “Is the director of the Bank of England a rich man personally?” (The answer was negative, and we always felt rather drawn to the director because of it!) We had no text in the course. (We no longer used textbooks in any course. There were none to be had. Our homework consisted of working over our notes in the daytime and sitting in our dark rooms at night *thinking* them over. We went to bed early, exhausted.) Then, miraculously, I discovered, and was able to borrow from the second cousin of my uncle’s friend, an excellent textbook for self-instruction in the English language. Throughout the summer I worked in the fields with the rest of the family, but in the evenings and early mornings I studied English. It was marvelous. At the end of the summer I read with understanding and love the selections of English literature included in the textbook. Then I had to return the book. Persistent scouring of the country for miles around uncovered a tattered copy (beginning and end missing) of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, several issues of *Physical Culture Magazine*, and one student of English who spoke of the director of the Bank of England with an American accent. (Our teacher had taught us the British accent, with rich German-Russian overtones.) With the English student I now often had animated and thought-provoking conversations on the relative length of winter and summer days, on the price of herring, and on whether he or I had anything to declare. *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* I read from near the beginning to near the end. The copies of *Physical Culture* I bought and bound and occasionally read. I was a healthy, fairly strong youth, but I now realized that, if I should ever go to America, I might have to take a lot of pushing around from the Herculean natives.

That autumn famine engulfed our region. I left school and came home. All winter we sat around the house and starved pleasantly. To practice my English I started a diary. In writing it I received constant aid and comfort from an English dictionary which I had unearthed, of all places, at our next-door neighbor’s. The publication date of the dic-

tionary was 1840. As a result, the style of my diary, as I read it now, seems delightfully quaint and inimitably obsolescent.

Are you wondering where I found anything with which or on which to write? We never really worried about having something with which to write. Our pencils, to be sure, had long since been used up to the last half-inch stubs. But we had enough old penpoints left to last us until things would again be manufactured in Russia or until we would no longer care to write. And making our own ink was a simple matter. The juice of a certain wild berry, when boiled down, made a very usable writing fluid. Some years, however, this ink would ferment and turn into a kind of heavy liqueur. One year I had exceptional luck.

But we were not able to devise any substitute for writing paper. We ransacked our attics. Somebody explored the numerous defunct business establishments and made a killing by selling the letters and bills from their files. Was not one side of the sheets perfectly blank? The onionskin copies of old letters were neatly cut up and sold as cigarette paper. Many a thin-leaf Bible also went up in smoke those years. We would often use a sheet of paper three times: we wrote at right angles across the original writing and then diagonally across both. (It might be argued that, theoretically, we did not exhaust all the possibilities, but practically we did.) I once gave lessons in shorthand to a group of fellow students and heartlessly exacted ten sheets of paper, to be blank on *both* sides, from each student in payment for the course, refusing to consider that after the course they might have nothing on which to write their shorthand. Posters and public announcements always disappeared from bulletin boards overnight until the authorities learned to use only paper which had already been thoroughly used on the other side. Of course, we never, never threw any paper away. I still do not throw away any, according to my American wife. I confess that, when unobserved, I am not above rummaging through my colleagues' waste baskets for usable scraps of paper. My heart went out to our good editor, whose office I am privileged to share, when I observed him one day making up his mind as to whether to throw away or keep a card which had been used on one side only. (He kept it.)

I had always been keenly interested in science and chafed under the physical limitations of our scientific studies. I looked once through a microscope; I witnessed one chemical experiment performed by our teacher; I collected and buried in a herbarium the wild flowers of our village. For all the rest of science I took my teacher's word. My favorite sciences were geology and astronomy. But the leaves of the story-book

of Earth were nowhere exposed on our flat steppe. The stars were above us to see, but only with the naked eye. I had a four-inch magnifying glass and wore double-concave spectacles—there, I decided one moonlit evening, were the makings of a telescope. I erected the magnifying glass on top of a fencepost, took the eyeglasses out of the frame, held them, doubled up, in front of my eye and gazed at the man in the moon. He was grinning at me.

I was very fond of history and always wished I could see something really old and historic. I was thrilled when I first learned that our region had, since prehistoric times, been successively inhabited by many peoples, and that the Goths had probably trekked right through our backyard, with the Huns hard on their heels. Our steppe was dotted with ancient burial mounds, some so low that our plows had all but levelled them away, a few so high that they are likely to remain landmarks till the end of time. One year a fox dug his burrow in a small tumulus on my father's field and excavated for me a pile of brittle rusty arrowheads, spearheads, and rings, human and animal bones, and—the prize of all—a complete stirrup. One day I persuaded two other boys to help me excavate farther. We dug industriously for an hour. But a few yards away there was a much larger mound, about twelve feet high. "Why bother with the little one?" we argued against nobody. "Let's go after the big one. It may have gold in it." We made a trench in the large mound, but by midafternoon we were only half-way down. We had not brought enough drinking water with us, the village was four miles away, it was the beginning of the famine, and we were not too strong. One boy remembered belatedly that he was supposed to help his father that afternoon, and left us. The other boy's archeological enthusiasm began to show signs of deterioration. I myself was tormented by grave doubts. We went home and decided to wait and hope that the fox would enlarge his area of operation.

Our musical fare was very meager, but it was relished with a keenness which many of my musically well-fed readers probably cannot imagine. We sang the beautiful Russian and German folk songs, we played them on our balalaikas, guitars, mandolins, and violins—by ear. At eight I began to teach myself to play the balalaika, I advanced to the guitar, then the mandolin, and finally the violin. Chaos was already around us when I reached the mandolin stage, and I contrived to make the strings out of telephone wire (rescued from field lines abandoned after a battle) which I covered by winding homemade silk thread around them. We fortunately still had a horse (a black one, it is true), when I needed hair for my

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violin bow. The music I made was very imperfect, but in my heart I heard perfect sound. It was a major experience of my childhood when I discovered, on my guitar, the dominant seventh chord. (Those who cannot understand my thrill should listen to the concluding measures of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*.)

I have now lived in America twenty-three years. I, too, have come to take this country's rich cultural opportunities for granted, almost like a native. But not quite. There are times when remembrance of past privation transfigures the ordinary American scene around me into fairyland and heightens modest cultural enjoyment into ecstasy.—*University of Oklahoma*.



MAPPEMOUNDE

BY EARLE BIRNEY

No not this old whalehall can whelm us,
shiptamed, gullgraced, soft to our
glidings.

Harrows that makes more that squares
our map.

See in its north where scribe has marked
mermen,

shore-sneakers who croon, to the
seafarer's girl,

next year's gleewords. East and west
nadders,

flamefanged baletwisters; their bréath
dries up tears,

chars in the breast-hoard the dear
face-charm.

Southward *Cetegrande*, that sly beast
who sucks in

with whirlwind also the wanderer's
pledges.

That sea is high Time, it hems heart's
landtrace.

Men say the redeless, reaching its bounds,
topple in maelstrom, tread back never.

Adread in that mere we drift toward
map's end.

—*University of British Columbia*.

"... the structure of poems such as the *Cántico* [*Espiritual* of St. John of the Cross] and the *Ancient Mariner* is characteristic of a rare type of poetic discharge, in which the poet throws in all he has and then dies because he has exhausted the stock of the very intimate

things he had to say. Not only has he exhausted it, but the psychic process by which this discharge is achieved, and which required an unusual combination of circumstances to set it off, cannot be repeated except after a long interval. Another case is Rimbaud's *Saison en Enfer*. . . . The distinctive thing about this class of poets is that they write from so deep a level, about things so essential to their inner nature, with so little dilution of secondary material, that: (1) their rhythms have an unusual penetrative power; (2) their imagery is symbolic; and (3) they exhaust themselves. . . ."—Gerald Brenan, in *Horizon*, June 1947.

Deutsche Gegenwart is a mimeographed monthly magazine edited and published by Karl O. Paetel, 68-43 Burns St., Forest Hills, Long Island, New York. It is made up mostly of selections from current German books, magazines, newspapers, chosen in order to throw light on present conditions in Germany.

Of the 11 Corresponding Members recently elected by the French Academy, three are Americans. They are the biologist Professor Herbert M. Evans of the University of California, the mathematician Professor Harold M. Morse of Princeton, and the historian of French literature Professor Henry Carrington Lancaster of Johns Hopkins University.

Our Books Abroad .

And What They Might Do For Us

BY EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

IN A WORLD more-than-half ridden by hate, hunger, suspicion, and a struggle for power, it was never as important as now for other nations to know the decency, kindness, generosity, and altruism of the people of the United States as a nation. But unfortunately this is not the portrait of us that is exported in our movies and novels.

In Argentina and Uruguay, for instance, I found our most popular books were those of the ilk of *Tobacco Road*, *Grapes of Wrath*, and Faulkner's horripilating tales of the South—novels that describe a microscopic fraction of our people and give a very warped perspective of American life as a whole. As an example, a South American lady told me that most of her friends thought *The Women* was an accurate picture of the usual North American female. It is a tragedy that foreigners who have never been in the United States should get their first idea of us from such books and movies and so become far more familiar with nightclub playboys, degenerate "Okies," tobacco-spitting lynchers, cowboy sheriffs, and gun-molls and -men, than the good, honest-to-God, average American citizen that forms the bulk of our population.

I have no quarrel with these novels for home consumption, nor is their possible value as literature germane to this discussion. I merely regret their effect on those who do not know us, and wish that some effort might be made to publicize abroad those novels that give a true picture of the sane, decent, normal life led by the vast majority of Americans.

To decide which books filled these specifications, I wrote to some twenty of my literary friends asking for a list of novels published since World War I that in their opinion were most adequate for this purpose. From their answers, eliminating duplication and adding others, I arrived at twenty-five titles that have reader-interest and present an honest account of the spirit, thought, and manner of life of our people. A hundred other books as good or better might be added, but this list will do as a starter. (See Page 13.)

The real difficulty is to get them read abroad. The following plan might be helpful. Seventy-nine American libraries have been set up, with the assistance of the State Department, in different parts of the world,

and are doing incalculable service. It would be a relatively inexpensive matter to send to each of these institutions two copies of the twenty-five books on this list—one set to be put on the shelves, the other to be turned into a traveling exhibit. It is hopeless to expect any great general enthusiasm about a simple showing of books in a foreign language. It must be made interesting and dramatized with pictures. Each volume should be the hub of a pictorial record of the region in which it is laid; be surrounded by photographs of the kind of people who live there, their houses and barns, their work and amusements, all supplemented by terse, well-written labels. A pithy summary of the plot is particularly important, and a portrait of the author, accompanied by a short biographical sketch, might be valuable.

Each American library could circulate such an exhibition throughout the country in which it functions and, as the labels should be in the language of the land, these shows would carry a vivid, convincing picture of normal decent American life, even to those who cannot read a word of English.

To avoid the charge from abroad of propaganda, we should be prepared to accept like shows from other countries for exhibition here. The expense would be nominal, not more than the freight charges, because the foreign governments or publishers would be delighted to donate the books, and it would be easy to establish a line of libraries across the continent and back that would be glad to exhibit such collections and pay shipping charges from point to point.

It is an idea that is entirely feasible, for I successfully circulated a showing of Mexican books in this fashion from New York to San Francisco and back; and a large collection of books, with pictorial trimmings, that I made in Argentina and Uruguay for our State Department is now on the road and has reached Chicago, after having been seen to date by 250,000 people.

I know of nothing that has cost so little and yet has returned such magnificent dividends in good will.

This plan of an exchange of exhibitions, if followed, would constitute a *universal viaduct* through which could be transmitted the thoughts and aspirations of all the peoples of the world, to the end that they might grow in mutual respect and understanding, and the cause of peace be promoted.—*New York City*.

SUGGESTED LIST (See Page 11)

A checklist of 32 books published since World War One that, in the opinion of some fifteen critics and writers, best portray the normal, decent life of the United States:

	on No. lists
Marquand, John Phillips... <i>The Late George Apley</i> ... Little Brown, 1937	8
Cather, Willa... <i>Death Comes to the Archbishop</i> ... Knopf, 1927	7
Cather, Willa... <i>My Antonia</i> ... Houghton, 1918	6
Rawlings, Marjorie Kinnan... <i>The Yearling</i> ... Scribners, 1938	6
Benét, Stephen Vincent... <i>John Brown's Body</i> ... Doubleday, 1928	5
Adams, James Truslow... <i>The Epic of America</i> ... Little Brown, 1931	5
Marquand, John Phillips... <i>So Little Time</i> ... Little Brown, 1943	4
Lewis, Sinclair... <i>Babbitt</i> ... Harcourt, Brace, 1926	4
(Tr. in Spanish)	
Brooks, Van Wyck... <i>The Flowering of New England</i> ... Dutton, 1936	4
Glasgow, Ellen... <i>Barren Ground</i> ... Doubleday, 1926	4
Beard, Charles A. & Mary... <i>The Rise of American Civilization</i> ... Macmillan, 1927	3
Smith, Betty... <i>A Tree Grows in Brooklyn</i> ... Harper, 1943	3
Santayana, George... <i>The Last Puritan</i> ... Scribners, 1936	3
Rolvaag, Ole Edvart... <i>Giants in the Earth</i> ... Harper, 1927	3
Carroll, Gladys... <i>As the Earth Turns</i> ... Macmillan, 1933	3

The following appear on two lists:

Adams, Henry... <i>The Education of Henry Adams</i> ... Houghton, 1918	
Holt, Rackham... <i>George Washington Carver</i> ... Doubleday Doran, 1943	
Pupin, Michael... <i>From Immigrant to Inventor</i> ... Scribners, 1923	
Sandburg, Carl... <i>Abraham Lincoln</i> ... Harcourt, 1940	
(The Prairie Years, Harbrace Edition)	
Roberts, Elizabeth Madox... <i>The Time of Man</i> ... Viking, 1926	
Wilder, Thornton... <i>Our Town</i> ... Coward McCann, 1938	
Van Doren, Carl... <i>Benjamin Franklin</i> ... Doubleday Doran, 1938	
Tarkington, Booth... <i>Alice Adams</i> ... Doubleday Page, 1921	
Mitchell, Margaret... <i>Gone With the Wind</i> ... Macmillan, 1936	
(Tr. in Spanish)	
Morris, Lloyd... <i>A Threshold in the Sun</i> ... Harper, 1943	
Lind, Rob't. S. & Helen M... <i>Middletown</i> ... Harcourt, 1929	
Anderson, Sherwood... <i>A Story Teller's Tale</i> ... Huebsch, 1924	
Wolfe, Thomas... <i>Look Homeward, Angel</i> ... Scribners, 1929	
Ferber, Edna... <i>So Big</i> ... Doubleday, 1924	
Ferber, Edna... <i>Cimarron</i> ... Doubleday Doran, 1930	
(Tr. in Spanish)	
Fisher, Dorothy Canfield... <i>Seasoned Timber</i> ... Harcourt, 1939	
Lardner, Ring... <i>Round Up</i> ... Scribners, 1929	

Fifty-Five Miles of the World's Books

BY EGON LARSEN

AFTER extensive renovations and the repair of bomb damage incurred during World War II, the famous Reading Room of the British Museum, London, has been reopened. Five million books, filling bookshelves 55 miles long, are at the disposal of anyone who has succeeded in getting a reader's ticket for the Reading Room of the British Museum, the world's largest library. Tickets are issued free of charge and are not too difficult for the genuine reader to obtain.

The Reading Room is an enormous, domed, round hall with innumerable comfortable seats and desks and lamps. Books are issued at counters in the center, and the whole rotunda is lined with reference books—a library in itself large enough to offer you information on any subject on earth. Yet this is only the façade. Behind the scenes, connected through an elaborate modern mechanism of lifts, trolleys, and conveyor belts, is the wealth of literature collected from every corner of the earth, in every living or dead language.

One hundred years ago a Copyright Act was introduced in Britain obliging everyone who publishes any printed book, music book, pamphlet, or geographical map to send one copy of it to the British Museum. Within this century, therefore, mountains of publications have thus accumulated, the greater part of them, however, without any literary or informative value. When during World War II the nation's waste paper was collected for the munition factories, most of this superfluous literature was sent to the paper-mills.

Although a good many foreign publishers have made it a habit to send one copy of every valuable publication to the British Museum and consider it an honor that their books are going to be kept there, the Library Director has to buy many more works for the Museum in other countries. So although you don't find in the British Museum every book that has ever been printed, you may be sure that the most valuable publications of the world's literature and all important reference books are available.

The gaps which you may discover are probably those for which the Luftwaffe is responsible. During the blitz a number of German explosive and incendiary bombs fell on and around the British Museum. A large number of volumes were destroyed, and the historical Reading Room damaged. So the *habitués* had to move out into the smaller but more modern hall of the North Library. Only now the big Reading Room has been repaired and reopened.

The most precious possessions, however, had been taken to safe hide-outs at the beginning of the war, among them the famous collection of manuscripts—\$225,000 worth of them. They include such gems as the *Codex Sinaiticus*, 1,500 rare editions of Thomas a Kempis' *De Imitatione Christi*, the first books printed for the Paris Sorbonne in 1470, an English psalter of the 12th century, the charters of the Saxon Kings (written in gold letters), early MS. copies of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, a papyrus MS. of Aristoteles' *On the Constitution of Athens*, more than 2,700 other Greek and Latin papyrus MSS.; and, last but not least, the oldest document of the Library: a letter tablet of Egypt's King Amenhotep III, written in 1400 B.C.

In spite of these ancient treasures, the Library is relatively modern. On January 15, 1759, the first Reading Room of the Museum (which had its nucleus in a private collection of exhibits purchased for Britain in 1753) was opened. The Library consisted mainly of the collections of two men who had both been, at different times and for different reasons, prisoners in the Tower of London: Sir Robert Cotton, an

antiquarian who was imprisoned in 1629 because his librarian had lent to a reader a political treatise; and Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, a distinguished statesman, the friend of Pope and Swift and a great collector of books, which he left to Britain.

Since then, royal collections made by successive English sovereigns from the time of Henry VII were added; entire libraries or single valuable volumes were sold, bequested, or presented to the British Museum. Small wonder that for the last 200 years many famous men of letters, British and foreign writers, politicians, and philosophers have done their research work or written their books and essays in the Reading Room.

Sir Walter Scott had his customary place at this desk, Charles Darwin used to work at another; Thomas Carlyle would dig himself in at his favorite spot, behind a wall of historical works. The Hungarian rebel, Ludwig Kossuth (who described himself as "late governor of Hungary" in the visitors' book), came to the Reading Room in the same year as his German co-exile, the Socialist leader Eduard Lasker; here Isaac Disraeli collected the material for his *Curiosities of Literature* in ten years of research work, and when his son, Benjamin, afterwards Britain's famous statesman, was sixteen he was introduced to the British Museum Reading Room by his father. Perhaps Lord Beaconsfield (as Disraeli became) met here his future opponent, Gladstone, who also used the Reading Room.

Charles Dickens and David Hume, Browning and Irving, Ruskin and Thackeray, Macaulay and Meredith—there is hardly a name from the index of English literature of the 19th century that cannot be found in the list of readers.—*London.*



Julien Benda heads a long editorial on André Maurois and Jules Romains in a recent number of *Les Lettres françaises*: "Pontifes du néant."

Neue Auslese, continuing the name of an admirable eclectic monthly which used to be published from Berlin, is now published by the British and American governments in London for distribution in Germany and Austria. The articles reproduced come mostly from English and American periodicals.

"One of the great literary successes of the winter (in Paris) was a novel by an American named Vernon Sullivan, *I'll Spit on Your Graves*, which after having been rejected by American publishers was translated from manuscript by Boris Vian. It's wildly obscene . . ."—Celia Scop, in *Partisan Review*.

Alberto Rembao has returned from Latin America and resumed the publication of his high-minded magazine *La*

Nueva Democracia from 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10. It is now a quarterly, and the subscription price is \$2.00 a year.

The Editions Charlot of Paris announce the forthcoming publication, in a uniform edition, of the Ten Best French Novels as selected in 1913 by André Gide. They are: Stendhal, *La Chartreuse de Parme*; Choderlos de Laclos, *Les liaisons dangereuses*; Madame de Lafayette, *La Princesse de Clèves*; Furetière, *Le roman bourgeois*; the abbé Prévost, *Manon Lescaut*; Eugène Fromentin, *Dominique*; Balzac, *La cousine Bette*; Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*; Zola, *Germinal*; Marivaux, *La vie de Marianne*.

New library journals, according to the *Information Bulletin* of the Library of Congress, are *Phaidros*, *Zeitschrift für die Freunde des Buches und der schönen Künste*, published by the Oesterreichische Nationalbibliothek in Vienna; and the *Rivista Delle Biblioteche*, published by the Istituto Italiano di Bibliografia in Rome.

Women Playwrights--A Symposium

[In the Spring 1927 number of *Books Abroad*, at page 34, Mrs. Sophie R. A. Court reviewed several dramas of the Düsseldorf woman playwright Hanna Rademacher. She found them well written and well constructed but conventional and reactionary, given to perhaps characteristically feminine admiration of the ruthless he-men of German mythology and history. Since then, we have several times seen Hanna Rademacher qualified as Germany's leading woman dramatist, and when we had occasion to read a little of her work lately, we wondered at the poverty of the dramatic accomplishment of her sex in Germany, which has resulted in the ranking of this obscure and mediocre lady play-builder so high among her sisters. In the meantime the feeling had grown upon us that the situation was not greatly different in other countries. We could see some reasons why the ladies were at a disadvantage as dramatists, but severally and collectively these reasons seemed inadequate. We were moved at last to query a number of playwrights and critics. Their comments follow.—*The Editors*]

FROM WALTER PRITCHARD EATON, Yale University:

Give the ladies time! They haven't been at it very long. The craft of playwriting can be learned only in the theater, and until recent times women's only place in the theater was as actresses. Not even that in the English theater till the Restoration. It is a fact today, in America, that the living playwright with the highest percentage of successes is Rachel Crothers, the playwright with the best sense of tight construction is Lillian Hellman, and among our very best directors and managers are Margaret Webster, Eva LeGallienne, and Cheryl Crawford, not to mention Agnes DeMille, whose ballets are in every way remarkable. There is no doubt, I think, that playwriting is a craft which calls for a constructive, or architectural talent, rather than a literary one. Plays are *built*. There is little room in them for the purely intuitional talents save as emotional overtones. It may be that architectural talent is much more likely to be found in men than in women, and hence that there will always be a preponderance of male dramatists. But such talent certainly is now and then to be found in women to a high degree, and just as soon as the theater admits women—as it has done of late in America—to the ranks of managers and directors, so that the craft can be learned, we may expect a certain number of first rate women dramatists.

FROM ELMER RICE, New York City:

I think it is generally true that, in the long range of literature, women have been less successful with plays than with other literary forms. There was of course Aphra Behn who was famous in her day, and about whom someone even wrote a play a few years ago. And of course there are many extremely successful [women] playwrights in the contemporary theater: Lillian Hellman, Rachel Crothers, Clare Boothe Luce and Zoe Akins, to mention only a few.

Just why women should be less adept at writing plays, I do not know, unless it be that feminine writing tends to be rather subjective in substance and loose in form, whereas the theater, on the whole, demands a fairly objective approach and a firm technique.

FROM CARL VAN DOREN, New York City:

I have no explanation for the fact that women have seldom done well with plays for the stage. It may however be connected with the fact that writing and pro-

ducing plays is a kind of technological enterprise, not merely a literary undertaking. Women have seldom cared much for technology, in literature or out of it. I don't pretend to know why. And this may be changing now, I remember John Steinbeck's saying that many women objected that he had not gone into more technical details in his *Bombs Away*. Apparently the wives of flyers and workers in war plants thought he neglected the fine points of bomber management.

From ARTHUR HOPKINS, New York City:

Since so few good plays have been written in the past few years, it is not strange that women playwrights have not contributed many. After all, *Harvey*, the most successful play of our time, was written by a woman. Lillian Hellman has been consistently successful. Some of the most successful musical show books were written by Dorothy Fields in collaboration with her brother. Ruth Gordon has contributed two successful plays, and is hoping and planning for others.

I do not see that women have been conspicuously less productive than the men.

From CLIFFORD ODETS, New York City:

Lillian Hellman, Zoe Akins, Clemence Dane, Bella Spewack, Clare Kummer, Clare Boothe, Susan Glaspell, and many others—all "successful" playwrights. Creative playwrights is another matter. But how many male creative theater writers are there? Women have been homebodies for several hundred years. Give them time.

From JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, Columbia University:

In general I think you are right, though in England Aphra Behn's plays were popular and Mrs. Centlivre's *Bold Stroke for a Wife* (it includes the character Simon Pure) lasted a long time. Still these are rare exceptions. Perhaps the fact that getting a play on generally involves more enterprise and negotiation than getting a book published discouraged women.

From RAMÓN SENDER, New York City:

The theater is an art of synthesis (not of analysis, nor of gloss or rhapsody) and I believe that women cannot serve here because all their capacity of synthesis is concentrated in the exercise or hope of maternity.

From HENRY SCHNITZLER, University of California:

. . . I believe that few women have ever been truly creative in the arts—not only drama. For instance, I could not think of any truly significant female composer—could you? There have, of course, been a few great female poets—but if you asked me to name a truly great woman painter, I should be at a loss to find one. In the field of the novel, women seem to have been more successful than in other fields but here too the great novels were written by men. In the drama the situation is even more obvious. Except for a few isolated cases, there has never been a woman dramatist of any consequence. And it remains to be seen whether the works of Lillian Hellman—to take a familiar example—will be of any interest in twenty or thirty years. It seems to me that women have achieved infinitely more as *re-productive* artists: as actresses, singers, pianists, etc. Why this should be so is a question I would not dare to answer. It might be rather a problem for psychologists to solve.

From, New York playwright, producer, actor:

You pose a very interesting question . . . Of course there have been Rachel Crothers and Lillian Hellman, and there have been one or two others. There is no

question, however, that women are not comparably successful to men in the field of playwriting.

. . . I have found women playwrights not to be open-minded in the revision of their manuscripts. Not only are they unresponsive to the suggestions of stage directors and producers who have found flaws of construction, but when the audience sits in on the collaboration and points out weaknesses, they are too often still tenacious of their own opinion and their own work, and unwilling to change it.

Most women playwrights essay stories in terms of light comedy, and their comedy is usually rather feeble. It lacks the gusto and the guts that are to be found in masculine writing.

The novel, the poem, the essay, and the special article—in fact, whatever is written for print—is aimed at the individual and the individual's reaction. The play is aimed at an audience where there is not only a common denominator but where each individual feels himself to be under the appraisal of strangers, and his reaction is therefore considerably tempered. Women, as a sex, do not seem to be as able as men to estimate the reaction of people en masse.

Why this should be so is for subtler minds than mine. I can only give you the result of my experience, which indicates that this is so. Lillian Hellman would be sore as hell if I said she had a mind like a man. She can think and reason like a man, but she is also a most feminine person, and she has, to my mind, no superior in the playwriting field, man or woman.

FROM LILLIAN HELLMAN, Pleasantville, New York:

I have no explanation. I guess I don't think there have been many good women writers.

FROM BURNS MANTLE, Forest Hill Gardens, Long Island:

I think your point well taken, but I have no theory or explanation covering a likely cause. It has been said that women don't write plays, they give birth to them. The fact that the obstetrics are in the hands of male producers, who are probably a little biased and jealous as well, may have something to do with the situation as it exists.

FROM GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, New York City:

American women playwrights have written various conspicuously successful plays . . . Relative quality is another matter, both in America and other countries. The drama is an emotional art, and women are essentially less emotional than men, despite contrary opinion.

FROM HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, New York City:

You quite surprise me because women playwrights have been notoriously successful in New York though I agree that they have not written distinguished plays by comparison with the novels which they have done both here and in England.

I don't know why, do you?

FROM HENRY BELLAMANN, New York City:

I had never thought about the problem you raise. It is certainly, at least superficially, extraordinary. Could one reason—perhaps a major one—to account for the extraordinary paucity of women playwrights be that it is only very recently that the stage, in any of its manifestations, has come to be considered respectable? The so-called "emancipation of women" (many of them consider that the process still,

legally and politically, is only in its embryo state) is so very recent; surely the idea of a theater-connection even as late as the time of Jane Austen say, would have been looked on askance—to put it mildly! Certainly now, in England and in America at least, the names of women playwrights are increasing rapidly, in numbers and in eminence. . . .

From H. B. STEVENS, University of New Hampshire:

You raise a very interesting question . . . I wonder if the answer lies in the fact that drama is chiefly action, and men are still the principal actors in our present civilization. I am inclined to doubt that there is any real basis for believing that women are inherently out of the running as playwrights. I recall, for example, the case of Mr. and Mrs. DuBose Heywood—he was more definitely the poet and novelist, and she the playwright. Several other American women have written notable plays; it may be that the American intellectual climate is more favorable than that of Europe.

From HENRI M. PEYRE, Yale University:

The question you put is a vexing one for a man to answer. The facts are indeed clear. In most literatures there are practically no women who have reached eminence as dramatists, and in spite of the facilities of all kinds granted women in education, on the stage and elsewhere, there seems to be little promise of any rivaling Shaw, O'Neill, Pirandello, Sartre, et al. Mme Simone de Beauvoir has tried in *Les bouches inutiles* and has not conspicuously succeeded.

The main reason probably lies in the greater difficulty that women writers have in conceiving in the abstract and in organizing the several acts of a play. Their genius does not lie in such abstracting and ordering power; they are more at home in personal confessions (autobiographical novel, lyric poetry, letter-writing, diary) and in expressing their own sensibility than in imagining and conducting a plot. In other words, they seem to lack the kind of intellectual imagination required by dramatic writing, as well as by architecture, musical composition (except short pieces), mathematical speculation, or by the building of a metaphysical system.

It is also more difficult for them to forget themselves, cut off the navel-string, as it were, and give life to characters as independent from themselves as Shakespeare's, Racine's, Calderón's, Chekov's are. After all, they create life in reality and do not need to create it in fiction and in drama, as barren, impotent males must.

Perhaps also they exhaust their keen dramatic sense too generously in life in violent scenes of jealousy, anger, self-pity. They are too spontaneous and lack the perfidious and thrifty calculation practiced by men, when they refrain from giving vent to their temper and from dramatizing their sorrows and humiliations, in order to purge themselves from such emotions in a drama.

In any case, the loss is ours, men's. We shall not see ourselves as we really are until women dramatists depict us as they see us in our violent moods, as Shakespeare and Racine and Ibsen have portrayed Cleopatra and Phèdre and Nora. We should undertake a systematic effort to direct more women to playwriting (especially of a comic kind, for their failure has been even more marked in comedy) and watch what the result will be after one or two generations.

From WINIFRED SMITH, Vassar College:

Probably conditions in the theater have something to do with the matter—Lillian Hellman or Rachel Crothers could tell you something definite about the New York commercial theater, which is a hard-boiled business, hard to break into. I dare say the fundamental reason is the same one that prevents women doing great

painting: most women's energies go into bringing up children. Novels, criticism, etc., can be written at home more easily than plays, which have to stand the test of production and need a special kind of pull to get their complete realization in a theater.

From BURTON RASCOE, New York City:

I have no ready explanation of the lack of women playwrights but I believe that the old male prejudice, "woman's place is either in the kitchen or in the brothel," has something to do with it. It must be remembered that when Ellen Glasgow, who only recently died, and Gertrude Atherton, who is still flourishing, began to write fiction, it was considered by many a breach of morals for them to do so. Players were considered social untouchables until within comparatively recent times, and even now the popular belief is that actresses are inclined to be immoral. The emancipation of women (more conspicuous in this country than elsewhere) within the past fifty years has opened all fields of creative endeavor—including writing for the theater—to women. Both Ellen Glasgow and May Sinclair told me that that the problem which even women who write novels have to overcome is the tendency of women to write like men, or from the male point of view, a tendency hard to overcome because most of the classical models in fiction writing are the work of men and, moreover, even the female reading public is accustomed to male clichés of thought and emotion. I believe that when women dramatists are thoroughly emancipated from masculine models we shall have dramas more revolutionary in morals than Ibsen's were supposed to have been.

From ALBERT GUÉRARD, SR., Stanford University:

. . . I had started my students, mostly girls, worrying why women had on the whole done so little in literature, art, science, and philosophy. I do not believe they are inferior, although they may be different. My guess, which was not ungallant, was that they preferred living the drama and romance of their lives rather than writing it. Mme de Staël said profoundly: "Pour une femme, la gloire n'est que le deuil éclatant du bonheur." (Or, in Pascalian terms: "Le nez de Madame de Staël, s'il eût été moins gros, la face de la littérature française aurait été changée").

But your special question is very interesting. Women have done commendable work in poetry (very little of the first order); they have done excellently in the novel, for the last two centuries. So far as quantity is concerned, they have practically caught up with men. But I am appalled at the desertic aspect of feminine dramatic literature. *Abie's Irish Rose*? *The Women*? In French, Marie Leneru? There must be a reason. (Why? This is not a reasonable world). . . .

From HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, Harvard University:

It seems to me no one can write successfully for the theater unless he or she is familiar with its intricacies, its day-to-day demands, what an actor can reasonably be expected to do, what the tricks of scenery are, what audiences will stand for, and the like. Throughout most recorded history women intelligent enough to write plays have been pretermitted from coming to the playhouse in this sense of the term. A man might go among the actors (and actresses, if any) and not lose caste; a woman could not without imputations against her virtue. (Think, for example, of the dubious reputation of Mrs. Aphra Behn, first of English women dramatists.) And women who lived at the level of actresses and the playhouse generally were not persons of sufficient culture to write plays. (In this respect *Forever Amber* is crudely correct, I think.) Moreover, there have been long periods in dramatic history when the theater was exclusively a masculine affair, in the sense that there were not even

women actors! It is not, it seems to me, surprising that women dramatists do not develop until relatively late and that not until something like freedom of the sexes obtains, do they begin to count.

Several of our correspondents have called our attention to an article by Henri Troyat, entitled *Les femmes et le théâtre*, which appeared in *France-Amérique* for August 3, 1946. The gist of it is as follows:

Women novelists are legion. Women of the theater are rare. How can this be explained? Is it some misogynous fate that condemns them to the mere typographical expression of their thought? Or must one look for the explanation of the mystery in the particular nature of their genius? The novel is the mode of expression best adapted to the literary possibilities of a woman. And that because it does not impose any strict rules of time, place, or action.

A woman approaches the story which she wishes to tell in pleasant anticipation. She does not try to dominate her characters. She lets herself be dominated by them. What difference if it covers 50 pages or 600? No plan could deny her the satisfaction of introducing a new character, perfectly useless, but undeniably charming. No restriction of balance could prevent her from prolonging by some thirty pages the emotion of her heroine when confronting the ideal lover or an apple-tree in bloom.

The woman writer knows only how to express herself or women in general—an inexhaustible subject, to be sure. Men, in her books, are observed only from the exterior, studied, judged, condemned, or granted her favor. Have there been many women novelists who have tried to identify themselves with a man, to think, to act like a man, to write like a man? I don't think so. On the other hand, how many men have chosen women for heroines of their books!

The dramatic author must be endowed with a polymorphic intelligence. The man with a hundred heads. The man with a hundred hearts. He speaks, in turn, all languages. He experiences, in turn, all emotions. When one forgets the author one begins to believe in the personages. But can a woman dramatist make one forget her?

An even more cruel sacrifice is demanded of the dramatist. He cannot say what he wishes to say but what he is permitted to say. His inspiration is constantly restricted by time, place, interest, cost of presentation, and stage dimensions. When the spectator feels that the text is inspired, free as thought itself, there is no doubt that the author kept his eye on his watch. The art of the theater is the art most severely limited by matter. It is fancy within bounds. It is a precise technique. How can a woman reconcile her desire to say everything with the necessity of saying only the indispensable? How can a woman change? It would be easier to change the theater.



The several-times-translated *Life of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria*, by *Books Abroad's* friend and contributor Werner Richter, is to appear in a Spanish translation, published by the Editorial Semca in Buenos Aires.

"... Once again Bompiani must be singled out as perhaps the most enterprising of all publishing houses in Italy. In the past season this house put out a

handsome encyclopedia, *Enciclopedia pratica*, beautifully assembled and handsomely printed, not to speak of a profusion of fine illustrations. Bompiani must have had reserve shelves of excellent paper for this edition despite the present scarcity of all paper in Italy! This encyclopedia is organized into compact volumes costing about thirty dollars."—O. A. Bontempo, in *The Modern Language Journal*.

Literary Landmarks

(With a Few Items of Earlier Date)

BY CHARLES C. ZIPPERMANN

NECROLOGY

- Jean Ajalbert, Goncourt Academy novelist, poet, and essayist, Chors, January 15, age 84.
- Rafael Alvarez, composer of Guatemala's national anthem, Guatemala City, December 26, 1946, age 88.
- Domingo Amunátegui Solar, Chilean historian, professor, statesman, and author of more than 20 volumes on Chilean and American history, Santiago, March 4, 1946, age 86.
- Tor Andrae, Chairman of the Royal Swedish Academy and author of many books on Mohammedanism, Stockholm, February 24, age 62.
- Alcides Argüedas, Bolivian historian, novelist, sociologist, statesman, Chulumani, May 6, 1946, age 67.
- Gerardo Arrubla, Colombian librarian and historian, Bogotá, May 2, 1946, age 73.
- Miguel Artigas Ferrando, director-general of the archives and libraries of Spain and director of the National Library of Madrid, Madrid, March 10, age 60.
- Octave Aubry, French historian recently elected to the French Academy, December 1946.
- Jean Berthiaume, French Canadian journalist, Montréal, October 30, 1946, age 36.
- Jean-Richard Bloch, French playwright and novelist, March, age 63.
- Fernand van Boelaere, Flemish essayist, poet, and art critic, Brussels, April 30.
- Pierre Bonnard, French artist and illustrator of fine editions by leading authors, Cannots near Cannes, January 24, age 79.
- Roberto Brenes-Mesén, Costa Rican poet, essayist, and educator, San José, May 19, age 73.
- Emilio Carrere, novelist and playwright, Madrid, April 30, age 66.
- Ezequiel A. Chávez, Mexican educator and writer, Mexico City, December 2, 1946, age 78.
- Shri Pramatha Choudhuri, "the Bengali Maupassant," Indian short story writer, critic, and editor, Calcutta, September 2, 1946, age 74.
- Léon Claes, managing editor of the newspaper *Journal de Bruges*, Brussels, March 19, age 71.
- Sophie Cole, novelist and writer of sketches of old London, Reading, February 11, age 87.
- Pedro Coll, Venezuelan diplomat, journalist, and novelist, Caracas, March, age 75.
- Salvatore Cortesi, Italian journalist, Florence, March 3, age 82.
- George G. Coulton, authority on medieval history, Cambridge, England, March 4, age 88.
- Franz Cumont, Belgian historian, 1936 winner of the Francqui Prize for his research into Egyptian religions, St. Pieters-Woluwe, August 25, age 79.
- Emile Dard, French historian, author of *Napoléon et Talleyrand*, Paris, July.
- Manuel de Falla, Spanish composer, Altagracia, November 14, 1946, age 70.
- Hans Fallada, (pseudonym of Rudolph Ditzgen), German novelist, author of the one-time best-seller *Kleiner Mann, was nun?*, Berlin, February 6, age 53.
- Desmond Fitzgerald, Irish politician and journalist, Dublin, April 9, age 57.
- Jefferson B. Fletcher, Italianist and translator of Dante, York Village, Maine, age 80.
- Umberto Fraccacreta, Italian poet, San Severo, Foggia, February 26, age 57.
- Constance Garnett, British translator of

- many Russian writers including Chekhov, Gogol, Dostoevsky, and Turgenyev, Edenbridge, December 17, 1946, age 84.
- James Garvin, British journalist, London, January 23, age 79. "In James Garvin the English press loses one of the four or five great figures of the last 100 years of editorship and journalism."
- Rafael Gumucio, Chilean journalist and politician, editor of *Diario Ilustrado* and *La Unión*, Viña del Mar, June 15.
- Ernst Hardt, German poet, novelist, and playwright, Inchenhofen, Bavaria, January, age 70.
- Jacobus Heinsius, editor of the *Dictionary of the Netherlands Language*, The Hague, May 21, age 75.
- Ho Ping-sung, Chinese historian and educator, Shanghai, July 25, age 57.
- Anton Impekoven, German playwright, actor, and theater director, Berlin, May 21, age 65.
- Robert E. Knowles, Canadian author and journalist, Galt, Ontario, November 15, 1946, age 77.
- René Kraus, biographer and former Austrian newspaper editor, whose biography of Winston Churchill was a best-seller in 1941, Amityville, N. Y., July 16, age 44.
- Stanislaw Kutrzeba, Polish historian, Cracow, January 1946, age 70.
- Pierre Lecomte du Nouÿ, French scientist and philosopher, New York, September 22, age 64.
- Manuel Machado, Spanish poet, Madrid, January 19, age 73.
- Karl Mannheim, Hungarian sociologist, formerly with the Universities of Heidelberg and Frankfurt am Main and later with the London School of Economics, London, age 53.
- Georges Marlow, Belgian poet, author of *Hélène* and *L'âme en exil*, Brussels, April 10, age 75.
- Eduardo Marquina, Spanish playwright and poet, New York, November 21, 1946, age 67.
- Gregorio Martínez Sierra, Spanish playwright and novelist, Madrid, October 1, age 66.
- Arturo Martini, Italian sculptor, Milan, March 22, age 58.
- Pedro Mata, Spanish novelist and poet, Madrid, December 28, 1946, age 72.
- Vilem Mathesius, Czech literary historian and comparative linguist, Prague, April 12, 1946, age 64.
- Max Maurey, French playwright and founder of the Grand Guignol, Neuilly, February 27, age 77.
- Shri Zaverchand Meghani, Gujarat popular poet and folklorist, Bombay, March 9, age 50.
- Giovanni Monteleone, Italian historian, Genoa, February 1, age 67.
- Henri Mougín, French philosopher and critic, editor of the *Encyclopédie de la Renaissance Française*, Paris, July 1946, age 34.
- Stanislav Kostka Neumann, Czech poet, Prague, age 72.
- Gerard Nielen, Dutch playwright, Haarlem, February 12, age 57.
- Yone Noguchi, Japanese poet, Mizukaido, age 72.
- C. M. Norman-Hansen, Danish author and traveler, Copenhagen, April 27, age 85.
- Georges Normandy (pseudonym of Georges Segaut), French novelist, art critic, biographer, and playwright, November 25, 1946, age 65.
- André Pascal (pseudonym of Henri Rothschild), French financier, physician, and playwright, Lausanne, October 12, age 75.
- Joaquín Pasos Arguello, Nicaraguan writer and poet, Managua, January 20, age 40.
- Juho Afranio Peixoto, Brazilian scientist, criminologist, publicist, novelist, Rio de Janeiro, February, age 70.
- George Pelletier, director of the French language daily *Le Devoir*, Montréal, January 20, age 64.
- Willem Pijper, Dutch composer and coeditor of *De Muziek*, The Hague, March 19, age 52.
- Norberto Pinilla, Chilean educator and

- cultural historian, Santiago, July 20, 1946, age 44.
- George Madison Priest, historian of German literature and translator of *Faust*, Princeton, New Jersey, February 18, age 74.
- Vladimir Pozner, Russian literary critic, Paris, October 25, 1946, age 70.
- Charles William Previté-Orton, authority on medieval history, Cambridge, England, March 11, age 70.
- C. F. Ramuz, distinguished French-Swiss novelist, June, age 69.
- Ture Rangström, Swedish music critic and composer, May 11, age 63.
- Pedro de Rojas, one of the founders of the newspaper *Crítica*, Buenos Aires, September 4, age 75.
- Nicolas-A. Roubakine, Russian-born pioneer student of the psychology of reading, founder of the Institut de Psychologie Bibliologique of Lausanne, whose private library of 100,000 volumes was probably a record for western Europe, Lausanne, November 23, 1946, age 85.
- Leo S. Rowe, "Citizen of the Americas," Director-General of the Pan American Union since 1920, Washington, December 5, 1946, age 76, as the result of an automobile accident.
- Prov Sadovsky, Soviet theatrical leader, Stalin prize laureate, and art director of the Maly Theatre, Moscow, May 3.
- J.-J. Salverda de Grave, authority on French language and literature, noted for his studies of the influence of the French language on Dutch, The Hague, March 22, age 84.
- Eduardo Schwabach, Spanish newspaper director, author, and playwright, Lisbon, December 8, 1946, age 85.
- Matthew P. Shiel, British author and journalist, London, February 17, age 82.
- May Sinclair, British novelist and author of philosophical criticism, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, November 14, 1946.
- Douglas Sladen, British novelist, biographer, and poet, Hove, Sussex, February 12, age 91.
- Leo Stein; author and art critic, brother of the late Gertrude Stein, Settignano, Italy, August.
- A. Marcus Tollet, Finnish journalist, New York, age 64.
- Hélène Vacaresco, Rumanian writer and poet and a leader in international cultural exchanges, Paris, February 17, age 85.
- Reinaldo Valencia, Venezuelan editor and writer, Cartagena, September 1946.
- Heikki Valisalmi, Finnish poet and essayist, Helsinki, March, age 61.
- Rudolf J. M. Veit Valentin, German historian, Washington, D. C., January 12, age 62.
- Jean Marie Rodrigue Villeneuve, Canadian Catholic archbishop, author of numerous books and articles on religious philosophy, Alhambra, California, January 17, age 63.
- Georges Virrès (pseudonym of Henri Briers), Belgian novelist, Lummen, Belgium, September 21, 1946, age 77.
- Wen I-To, Chinese poet and scholar, assassinated at Kunming, July 15.
- David Yaffa, Australian journalist, Sydney, August 13, age 54.
- Angel Zárraga, Mexican painter and poet, Mexico City, November 1946, age 60.
- Petras Zvirka, Lithuanian author, May 6.

DISTINCTIONS

- The Nobel Prize for Literature, 1947, to André Gide, French novelist and critic.
- Francisco Romero, professor in the universities of La Plata and Buenos Aires and member of the Council of the Colegio Libre de Estudios Superiores, named an honorary foreign member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.
- Enrique Larreta, author and playwright, named to the Argentine Academy of Letters.
- Samuel Putnam has received two honors from Brazil. He was elected a corresponding member of the Brazilian

- Academy of Letters and was awarded the Pandia Calogeras Prize for his work in the field of Brazilian literature. He is the only North American to whom this prize has ever been awarded.
- The Atenea Prize of the University of Concepción, Chile (1946), to Lux de Viana (pseudonym of Marta Villanueva de Bulnes) for her first book, *No sirve la luna blanca*.
- Chilean government-sponsored contest for a biography of Bernardo O'Higgins, to Jaime Eyzaguirre.
- The Santiago, Chile, Municipal Prize (1946) for novels and short stories to Jacobo Danke, poet, novelist, critic, playwright, and lecturer.
- The Cuban Justo de Lara journalism prize for 1946 to Ramón Vasconcelos for his article *¿Por qué mirar el trabajo como una maldición?* published in *Bohemia*, La Habana, November 5, 1946.
- The Guatemalan authors José Rodríguez Cerna, Rafael Arévalo Martínez, and Lisandro Sandoval awarded life pensions of \$300 per month and medals by President Juan José Arévalo on the second anniversary of the November 2 revolution.
- The Mexico City review *Letras de México* awarded its 1946 prize to Andrés Iduarte of the Columbia University faculty for *Martí, escritor*.
- The Premio Ciudad de México to Jesús Goytortúa Santos for his novel *Lluvia roja*.
- The 1947 award of the Talleres Gráficos de la Nación (México) to Luis Spota for *El coronel fué echado al mar*.
- Francisco Pérez Estrada, Director of the National Institute of Folklore of Nicaragua, named a corresponding member of the Brazilian Folklore society.
- The sixth Women's Literary Contest sponsored by the Asociación Cultural Inter-Americana (Venezuela) resulted in the literary award being given to Thais González for *Las torres del recuerdo* and the research award to Teresa Troconis for *Divulgaciones sobre servicio social*.
- The Ellen Terry award for the best British play of 1946 to Terence Rattigan for *The Winslow Boy*.
- The 200,000 mk. fiction competition sponsored by the Arvi A. Karisto Publishing Company of Helsinki, Finland resulted in the following awards: First Prize to Lea Sarasto for *Eeva kulkkee polkuja* (100,000 mk.); and Second Prize to Veli Lumiala for *Atominsarkkiä*, whose theme was atomic power.
- Prix Goncourt (1946) to Francis Ambrière for *Les grandes vacances, 1939-1945*; Prix (1947) to Jean-Jacques Gauthier for *Histoire d'un fait-divers*.
- The 200,000 franc Prix Littéraire des Neuf for 1947 to Henriette Faroux for *L'institution Gleameagle*.
- The Prix Fémina to Michèle Robina for *Le temps de la longue patience*.
- The Prix Théophraste Renaudot to Jules Roy for *La vallée heureuse*.
- The Prix Paul Pelliot was divided as follows: First Prize to Henri Wallon for his work on child psychology; Second Prize to Mlle Juliette Boutonnier for *L'angoisse*.
- The Prix du Quai des Orfèvres to Jacques Levert for *Le singe rouge*.
- The Prix Victoire for 1946 to Rémy (pseudonym of Gilbert Renault) for *Mémoires d'un agent secret de la France Libre*.
- The Prix Rabelais for 1946 to Tony Tiezeau for *Le Crime de la rue de Lappe*.
- The Prix Courcel, 1946, of L'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, to Reto R. Bezzola of the University of Zurich for *Les origines et la formation de la littérature courtoise en Occident (500-1200)*.
- The Prix Interallié to Jacques Nels for *Poussière du temps*.
- The Prix du Roman d'Action for 1946 to Yves Dermèze for *Le trésor du Dieu*.
- The Prix Sainte-Beuve (1946) to Raymond Abellio for *Heureux les pacifiques*. To Julian Blanc (1947) for

- Joyeux, fais ton fourbi*; for non-fiction, to Victor Kravchenko for *J'ai choisi la liberté*.
- The two recently endowed Prix Victor Emile Michelet, given for esoteric literature, one for poetry and the other prose, awarded in 1947 to Marthe Dupuy for her collection *Du fond des abîmes* and to Raoul Auclair for *Le livre des cycles*.
- The Académie Française Grand Prix du Roman to Philippe Hériat for *Famille Boussardel*.
- The Académie Française Prix Louis Barthou to Henri Bosco for the totality of his fiction.
- The Prix des Critiques to Albert Camus for *La peste*.
- The Prix de la Pléiade to the Bohemian novelist and playwright Jean Genêt.
- The Prix Audiffred of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences to the excellent French-language weekly *Le Travailleur*, Worcester, Massachusetts.
- The Prix du Roman Policier de la Patrie Suisse to Jacques Aeschlimann for *Quai Wilson*.
- The Grand Prix Littéraire de l'Algérie for 1947 to J. B. Canavaggia for *Nous, les élus*.
- The Prix Max Barthou of the Académie Française to Paul-Lesort for *Les reins et les coeurs*.
- The Prix Broquette-Gonin of the Académie Française to the historian Pierre Delperron for *Guerre de Sécession*.
- The Prix Fémina-Vacaresco for 1947 to Pierre Bessand Massanet for *La France après la Terreur*.
- The 100,000 franc Stendhal Prize of the Paris publishing house Robert Laffont jointly to the philosopher Jean Dutourd for *Complexe de César* and to the Sorbonne Anglist René Masson.
- The Alliance Française Award for 1946 for the best French book on Franco-American friendship to Pierre Schaeffer for *Amérique, nous l'ignorons*.
- The 10,000 mark Raabe-Preis of the city of Braunschweig to the playwright, poet, and novelist Fritz von Unruh, with a request that he return from New York and take up his residence in Germany again.
- The Capuchin Annual Award (Dublin) for the best short story in Irish, 1946, to Eoghan R. Uasal O Tuairisc, Ceapach, Fionnghlas, Ath Cliath.
- The Prize for the Best Italian Novel of the Year to Albert Moravia for *Agostino*.
- The Fastenrath Poetry Prize of the Royal Spanish Academy for 1946 to Ginés de Albarada for *Romancero del Caribe*.
- Stalin literary prizes for 1947: (1) Fiction. Vera Panova, *Traveling Companions*. Elmar Grin, *South Wind*. General Verchigora, *Men with Clean Consciences*. Victor Nekrassov, *In the Stalingrad Trenches*. Boris Polevoi, *The Story of a True Man*. All of these novels have war themes.—(2) Poetry. The Lithuanian poetess Salome Neris, for her verses to Stalin and heroes of her region. The Georgian Simon Tchikovani, *David Gouramichvili*. Alexander Tvardovski, *The House by the Road*. The Bielo-Russian Petrus Brovski, for his ballads. The Ukrainian Andrei Malychko, *Prometheus*.—(3) Plays. Konstantin Simonov, *Russian Question*, which attacks the dishonest American handling of the news. August Jakobson, *Life in a Citadel*, which prophesies the early fall of bourgeois societies.

The Russian-French novelist and critic Henri Troyat is lecturing at Mills College, California.

"The lost original text of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's *Three People's Principles*, considered by the Chinese as their Magna Charta, which was stolen by the puppets during the Japanese invasion, has been found and restored to the legal owner, Madame Sun Yat-sen. . . . Other valuable belongings of the Founder of the Republic, including his sword, were also recovered."—From *Quarterly Bulletin of Chinese Bibliography*, Peiping, China.

Not in the Reviews.

The Pan American Union's New Director

"... This responsibility falls on the shoulders of a man [Dr. Alberto Lleras] who will celebrate his forty-first birthday on July 3. Few men have crowded so many honors and so much work into so brief a period. He became a journalist in Bogotá at seventeen, while he was still a student; he lived and wrote in Buenos Aires for one of the great Argentine dailies and various periodicals for three years, beginning at twenty. He made a continental reputation as chief editorial writer of *El Tiempo* of Bogotá, a liberal paper, before he was thirty. At different times he was connected with other liberal Colombian papers, one of which, *El Liberal*, he founded in 1938 and edited

for four years. His most recent journalistic enterprise is a weekly named *Semana*. His travels in the Americas and Europe helped give him a good background for his writing. . . ."—From *Bulletin of the Pan American Union*.

Jean-Joseph Rabearivelo, Poet of Madagascar

(Robert Boudry, in *Les Lettres
françaises*)

[The year before his death, Jean-Joseph Rabearivelo had undertaken to send regular contributions to *Books Abroad*. We never received any of them.—*The Editors*.]

Ten years ago, in June 1937, Madagascar's premier French-language poet took his own life.



"They say there was once on this spot a big, big city named Berlin." Th. Th. Heine,
in *Göteborgs Handelstidning*.

Rabearivelo was 36 years old when he committed suicide. Very few Europeans realized his importance, but the young intellectuals of his island recognized him as one of their leaders in spite of jealousies and local rivalries. He had published several books, especially in verse, had written for the *Mercur de France*, had founded a review or two and had contributed to several, one of them the *Journal des poètes*.

His death attracted little attention, and it was a very small group of us who followed his remains, under the sun of the island winter, to his last resting-place, hidden among the grass and bushes in a neglected little Madagascar cemetery shut in by four mud walls.

The papers which he left behind recorded in painful detail his plans for ending his life. He continued writing till the very moment of his death. He carefully wrote out his last letters and mailed his correspondence and his manuscripts to his friends. He completed his journal, then recorded the exact hour when he swallowed "fourteen quinine pills to give me a very heavy head," followed by the ten grams of cyanuric acid which killed him.

He had been reading Milosz and the last two numbers of the review *Yggdrasill*, "absentmindedly," and had written a farewell poem which began:

A l'âge de Guérin, a l'âge de Deubel,
Un peu plus vieux que toi, Rimbaud anté-néant,
Parce que cette vie est pour nous trop rebelle
Et parce que l'abeille a tari tout pollen. . . .

He had made his testament. "I am dying calmly," he wrote. "I want no announcements, no religion, no wreaths, no mourning." He did ask that his children should spread on his tomb bunches of violets and great armfuls of *amoultane*, a large-leaved plant of the fig family.

"I embrace the family album," he said. "I send a kiss to the works of Baudelaire in my other room. It is two minutes past three. I am ready to drink. I have drunk. Mary, children, I am thinking of you in

my last moments. I am taking a little sugar. I am suffocating. I am going to lie down."

That was all. When his wife came back from her father's, she found him on his bed, his feet bare, a little foam on his lips.

Rabearivelo's one consuming love was literature. His first literary inspiration was Pierre Camo, at that time a magistrate in Tananarive. His first publication was a collection of poems in regular meters, called *Volumes*. Then he went over to free verse and endeavored to renew his inspiration. His last collections, *Presque-Songes*, *Traduit de la nuit*, *Chants pour Abéone*, explored new ground and approached the symbolism of the Mauritius poet Robert-Edward Hart.

Rabearivelo's symbolism cloaks the outlines of things and lifts the reader into a world of immateriality. The poet shares his race's bent for proverbs and images, for an esoteric, mysterious poetry in which death and visions bulk larger than life. He knew how to transmit what one feels beside the tombs huddled on the bald hills of the Imerne, abandoned under the wild grass, and left to



ARNOLD RÖNNEBECK
Sculptor, Painter, Lecturer, Writer
(Self-Portrait Bust)

the mercy of the sun, the torrential rains
and the brush-fires:

Tout ici est solitude
tout ici est vaste orgueil
et tout y est renoncement
à tout ce qui n'est pas silence
à tout ce qui n'est pas oubli
dans la désolation des roches

he wrote in one of his last poems: *Le tombeau sur la montagne*.

Rabearivelo was one of the most poetical of poets, and death took him before he was able to give his measure. His mastery of French is the more remarkable when one remembers that this Malgache had acquired a language which neither his mother nor his wife could speak, and that his only means of instruction were the reviews and books which he was able to buy in his island. Yet he wrote poems which compare with those of Apollinaire and Supervielle. He left a great deal of unpublished writing, especially his journal, which he called *Calepins bleus pythagoriques*, and which is his most human and most appealing work.

His life was so exhausting an effort that he lacked strength to continue it. There were several reasons for his suicide, and if no one of them seemed adequate, their totality, at a period when Rabearivelo was suffering profound depression, drove him to surrender. He died of weariness.

Rabearivelo had acquired the opium habit and lacked the strength to throw it off. When the Chinaman who had been supplying him with the drug refused to bring him any more because he had no money, he felt his world slipping away from beneath him. He had no motive for living; he could neither work nor write.

The government of his island showed no comprehension or sympathy. His application for a position with the Paris Exposition of 1937 was refused, and he was unable to secure a government appointment. His pay as proofreader in a print shop was meager. He had a wife and four children, and although of aris-

tocratic origin he had no fortune. He went into debt to buy books, and one of those creditors who have played so ugly a part in the tragedies of intellectuals brought suit against him.

He heard his little daughter Vouhangué, who had died three years earlier, calling him from the grave. He answered her call.

Self-destruction, under circumstances which would startle the world and bring him a degree of notoriety, seemed to Rabearivelo a final step which would in a measure satisfy his ambition and release him from the sordidness of his life. A colored man, without means, sensitive and susceptible, he suffered from the realization that he was doomed to occupy an inferior position for the period of his life.

His tragedy is like that of young intellectuals in general who have rapidly acquired a foreign civilization, only to dash their heads against the wall of colonial traditions and government regulations. The native may become the cultural equal of his conqueror, but he can never become his social equal. When he discovers this, the shock may be more than he can stand.

Retrenchment in Paris

(John L. Brown, in the *New York Times Book Review*, May 4, 1947)

"... many of the new names launched since the Liberation owed much of their éclat to non-literary factors. Very few now give promise of permanent value or of continued production. Even the 'poetic renaissance' which dawned so brilliantly in 1940-41 has been deceptively short-lived. Eluard and Aragon have increasingly sacrificed poetry to political balladry. Other, younger poets, revealed by the semi-clandestine reviews of the Occupation, have succumbed in the grim struggle to make a living. The radio, literary journalism, scenario-writing devour their devotees.

"The names that resist the present devaluation are, with notable exceptions,

the old ones: Gide, Proust, Valéry. While much of the so-called "resistance literature" already seems dated (even Vercors' reputation has not quite stood the test), the fluid prose of Gide retains its amazing youth and vitality.

"Criticism flourishes. . . . Seldom in the past has there been more perceptive analysis, more sensitive appraisal of books and ideas. A whole new group of critics of talent has appeared: Claude-Edmond Magny, Maurice Blanchot, Maurice Nadeau, Roger Caillois, Gaëtan Picon, Justin Saget. Some of the best of the young university people (unable to exist on a professor's salary) have joined the staffs of the literary reviews. Their intellectual standard is high, their taste sure and savage. But a serious disproportion exists between the importance of the critical pack and the modesty of the creative flock.

"Even the sympathetic eye fails to find any major revelations in the novel. Most successful fiction is 'translated from the American.' But this much-debated 'crisis in the novel' does not necessarily indicate enfeeblement. It simply reveals a shift in the conception of what constitutes a significant realm of activity. Many of the most vigorous of the younger generation will tell you that the novel is a waste of time. They have deserted it for the movies. Or for reporting. Or for political analysis. Or for philosophical essays. Only a few—and they are perhaps the least interesting—profess any desire to go on recording Proustian *intermittences du coeur* or rewriting realistic novels à la Balzac.

"Take Albert Camus, the prophet of his generation—if it has one. He has just finished his first full-length novel . . . *La peste*. . . . Now he has returned—and, I feel, with the conviction that he is doing a more important job—to his position as chief editorialist for the liberal daily, *Combat*.

"Writers and publishers, like everyone else, are now feeling the pinch of a general economic crisis. . . . Many young publishing houses, launched in an atmos-

phere of wartime easy money, have been hard hit. A number have already disappeared. Others are slated for early extinction. This deflation of an enormously overexpanded field (over 2,000 houses in France) will make for better balance, more judicious selection. The same crisis has been felt by the burgeoning literary periodicals. Some—like *Confluences*—have already died. Many of the others are losing money."

County Limerick to Rome

Hermathena, the famous old scholarly publication of the University of Dublin, prints Woodrow Wilson's favorite limerick:

In beauty I am not a star.
There are other men handsomer far.
But then, I don't mind it;
You see I'm behind it;
It's the folks out in front get the jar

with J. Johnston's Latin translation:

Multi me superant forma facieque decora;
Nulla mihi species sideris instar inest;
Cur mihi displiceat facies mea pone sequenti?
Hunc magis offendit qui miser ante videt.



AZORÍN

Spanish Essayist, Novelist, Dramatist
From *El Tiempo*, Bogotá

*Pío Baroja, Reporter.
Extraordinary*

(From an article by Georges Pillement in *Les Lettres françaises*, May 2, 1947)

It is not easy to get to know Pío Baroja. His style is unconventional, nonchalant, whimsical, and high-handed, and French readers, at least, have not been attracted to him in numbers until just recently. But to the reader who gives in to his spell there is granted an understanding, deeper than with any other guide, of Spain and the Spaniards. And he tells us all about himself, too, not only in his autobiographical works like *Juventud, egolatría*, but also in each of his novels where part, at least, of every hero is pure Baroja.

He would have liked to be a man of action, an adventurer, sailor, soldier, gangster. . . . And what he has not been able to live out he has imagined in all its most minute detail: in his Vera or Madrid home reading old volumes or leafing through dusty files, rambling through the streets of Madrid, Seville, Córdoba, Barcelona, or Pamplona. By turns he is lover, smuggler, slave-driver, anything he can think of, and step by step he follows the heroes he has created, noting their every gesture, registering their every hesitation and their every hardy deed. He has keenly observed all the people he has ever met, their attitudes, their language—and so has been able to recreate for us the most variegated and true-to-life gallery of original types imaginable, in a country where every person is a pattern unto himself.

All the soldiers of fortune, misfits, eccentrics, everyone who lives on the fringes of society, Baroja loves them, and makes no bones about it. It is they who people his two trilogies *La lucha por la vida* and *El pasado*. But he has a different kind of novel where the adventures are intellectual, as they are in works of pure fantasy. *Camino de perfección*, *Aventuras, inventos y mixtificaciones de Sylvestre Paradox*, and *Paradox*, *rey* state the eternal questions of civilization,

having as pretext a colonial adventure in Africa.

There is also *El árbol de la ciencia*, an autobiographical novel into which he has poured the essence of his own experience. This work, along with *La sensualidad pervertida* and *Las horas solitarias*, places him among the greatest writers of our time, one who has been compared to Proust, Italo Svevo, Dostoevsky, and Knut Hamsun.

His lively and fascinating panorama of turbulent 19th-century Spain, *Memorias de un hombre de acción*, have a certain similarity to Pérez Galdós' series of *Episodios nacionales*, but Baroja himself has very aptly pointed out that "Galdós' work is like a collection of easel paintings, with delicate brushwork and striking colors; mine is more like wood engravings, more patiently done and yet less polished."

But whatever he writes about, and however he does it, his characters are so lifelike* that it seems unbelievable that he has not minutely observed their every act. He is a kind of omnipresent movie camera that misses nothing.

*Shri Vishnu De, Rebellious
Poet of the City*

(Condensed from an article by Lila Ray in *The Indian PEN*, March 1947)

Urban, cultured, contemporary, Shri Vishnu De is one of the foremost Bengali poets now writing. He is the best of our resistance poets and a sincere anti-Fascist.

City-bred and a city-dweller, Shri De's most congenial subject is the city and its ways. In a series of sonnets in *Purva Lekh* he takes us around Calcutta, stopping, not in the slums as might have been expected, but on Chowringhee, in front of Firpo's, at the Dhakuria Lakes, at Howrah, Kidderpore, and before the High Court. Everywhere he sees cunning and reptilian men of wealth who horrify and repel him, hence his swing to the left. He is an extremely sensitive and shy person; and his world, the city

world, is harsh, strident, and exhausting. His sky is cut up into blocks by the close irregular roofs of packed dwellings; it is a colorless desert, rough and cruel and glaring. The blare, the tramping of millions of feet, tear at and distract his spirit, and a terrible loneliness overcomes him, the primordial need of solitude and privacy. The night is a refuge and a haven to him as an individual and in its soothing darkness he can also keep his tryst with love. Yet, as often as not, he shuns it out of sheer weariness.

For nature in general the poet has no deep and intimate feeling, although the sea and the mountains give him many images.

Shri Vishnu De has an exquisite ear. As Buddhadev Bose has remarked, his words do not lie about like dead things. Each stirs and comes alive, making its presence felt. He can give fresh life to old words and easily domesticate new ones. He has made numerous translations, among them one of *The Hollow Men* of T. S. Eliot. Eliot's is the influence most in evidence in his work and intellectually he belongs to the Spender-Auden group. In allusions he out-Eliots Eliot. With great dexterity and much erudition he mixes, for instance, Mallarmé and Kirtan, Indra, Marx, *Bande Mataram*, Rama Chandra, Cleopatra, Diana, and Urvashi. His allusions are not only ancient and modern but Western and Eastern as well.

What he lacks is simplicity and directness, and for some time past he has been endeavoring to acquire both these qualities. He is still a young man and a long development awaits him, interesting and full of promise. We hope that some day he will pluck up courage to come out from behind the intricately worked screen of technique he pushes between himself and his reader. In his own words:

Open out your heart into the blue of sky,
 Into the sky where the sage banyan takes its
 green pleasure,
 Into the sky through which hawks fly in
 spread procession,
 Into the sky where the sunflower lays bare her

breast,
 Where the dust rises in the track of speeding
 stars,
 Pour your voice in friendly song into the great
 emptiness,
 Hold out your heart in your hands,
 O obstinate One,
 The net of modesty holds your home
 in darkness.

A Few New German Books

In an article in *Monatshefte* for February 1947, Frank D. Horvay of the University of Chicago lists among others the following German publications which appeared in 1946:

Otto Flake. *Fortunat*. Baden. Keppler.

—Second volume of a 4-volume biographical novel.

Kasimir Edschmid. *Das gute Recht*. Baden. Keppler.—1,100-page novel of the trials of a cultured German family in the last years of the war.

Reinhold Schneider. *Die neuen Türme*.



EUGENIO D'ORS

Spanish Critic

An unsympathetic evaluation from
Les Lettres françaises

Wiesbaden. Insel.—Religious sonnets. Philipp Lersch, Peter Scherer, Bernhard Sengfelder. *Wiedergeburt der Menschlichkeit*. München. Zinnen.—Three essays which attempt to offer help in spiritual orientation.

Walter Molt. *Die Rechtsnot unserer Zeit*. Stuttgart. Hatje.—The world must find again criteria for discrimination between good and evil.

Karl Vossler. *Forschung und Bildung an der Universität*. München. Drei Fichten. — Warns against sterile "Schulmeisterei."

Vinzenz Rüfner. *Grundbegriffe griechischer Wissenschaftslehre*. Bamberg. Meisenbach.—Germany must return to the Greeks' respect for the individual.

Reinhold Schneider. *Fausts Rettung*. Berlin. Suhrkamp.—We, like Faust, can be saved only by the unselfish pursuit of ideals.

Margret Boveri. *Amerika Fibel*. Berlin. Minerva.—A German woman who knows America tries to interpret America to Germany.

Wilhelm Hoffman. *Nach der Katastrophe*. Tübingen. Wunderlich. From the last twelve years of the life of an average German.

Friedrich Meinecke. *Die deutsche Katastrophe*. Wiesbaden. Brockhaus.—The great historian studies modern German history and concludes that "Aus dem Machtstaat Deutschland soll eine Kulturnation werden."

Ulrich Noack. *Deutschlands neue Gestalt in einer suchenden Welt*. Frankfurt. Schulte-Bulmke. — Germany must work out her own salvation. She can do this most effectively as a federated republic.

Adolphe Thiers, Prophet

In the *Cahiers* of Sainte-Beuve, published in 1876 by his testamentary executor, Jules Troubat, and never reprinted, the following prophecy is quoted from the historian Thiers:

"There are only two young nations

left in the world," he said. "There is Russia, which is still barbarous but great, and which, with the exception of Poland, is respectable. Old Europe will some day have to reckon with this youngster . . . The other youngster is the United States of America, that exuberant adolescent democracy which refuses to stop at any obstacle. The future of the world lies between these two great worlds. They will come into conflict one of these days, and when they do there will be a struggle such as history has never known, at least as far as mass and violence of shock is concerned—the time of great moral movements, it is true, has passed. There is still one rôle in France in which I should like to have a part, but I am living fifty years too soon for that. After Alexander there was only one rôle to play in Greece, the rôle of Philopoemen, who died heroically defending his country. France still has that one great moment to experience before she goes down under the blows of the North. As far as Germany is concerned, she is finished. . . ."

This passage from the intimate journal of Sainte-Beuve is dated December 19, 1847.—From *France-Amérique*.

Flemish Letters Under the Germans

(F. Closset, in *Cahiers du Sud*, Marseille)

During the occupation the Flemish public read more avidly than ever before. The only reason why there was not a black market in Flemish books was that the publishers made it unnecessary. They rose to the occasion and showed the most extraordinary enterprise and ingenuity in meeting the enormous demand for books, in satisfying all tastes, even all purses. They took chances which they could never have been persuaded to confront in peace times. They published amazingly large editions. They brought out popular reprints of the best works of contemporary Flemish literature. They offered, at astonishingly low prices, 8, 10, and 12 francs, the novels of Buysse,

Sabbe, Streuvels, Baekelmans, Walschap, Roelants, Willem Elsschot, F.-V. Tous-saint van Boelare, Aug. Vermeylen. Many of these cheap editions were carefully and handsomely made. . . .

Aug. Vermeylen (1872-1945) published an excellent volume of critical essays, *Beschouwingen*, and a good novel, *De twee vrienden*. Toussaint Van Boelare (1875) gave us a volume of *Marginalia bij het leven en het werk van Karel van de Woestijne*, and a novel, *Het Barceloneesch avontuur*. Raymond Hérreman (1896) put out two volumes

of verse, *Wie zijn dag niet mint . . .* and *De Minnaars* gevolgd door *Het Wit Papier en Art Poétique*; a volume of critical prose, *Zeg mij hoe gij leest*, and a study of the problem of happiness, *Vergeet niet te leven*. The novelist Maurice Rolants (1895) produced among other things his best story, *Gebed om een goed einde*. The poet and critic Urbain Van de Voorde (1893) gave the world his best verse collection, *Eros Thanatos*, and the aristocratic poet and story-writer Maurice Gilliams (1900) published a volume of critical notes, *De Man voor het venster*. . . .

Head-Liners

Biography, Memoirs

✧ Aubrey F. G. Bell. *Cervantes*. Norman, Oklahoma. University of Oklahoma Press. 1947. xxi+256 pages. \$3.50. —Amid the troubles and distractions of a worried world, lovers of good literature pause to celebrate the Quadricentennial of the birth of Cervantes. No matter what else may be published as a tribute to the memory of the greatest novelist of all time, this book by Aubrey Bell will remain as an enduring monument. With the same penetration into the heart and soul of Spain which he has manifested in a number of earlier works chronicling and appraising her belles-lettres, he here addresses himself to an analysis of the mind and the accomplishment of the writer who embodies Spain and Spanish thought in the most comprehensive way.

Well acquainted with the many accounts of Cervantes written from the objective point of view, Bell succeeds admirably in making Cervantes interpret himself to us out of his own mouth. From first to last the present treatise is documented by an overwhelming number of citations from all the works of Cervantes—for Bell insists that he must

be considered in the light of everything that he penned, his failures and near-failures as well as his successes. With infinite patience and skill he has extracted from the multitude of assembled passages a convincing picture of Cervantes, his period, and his place in it. Of course there will be those who refuse to accept certain of Bell's valuations, but they will be hard put to it to overcome the cogency of his proofs.

The limits of this brief review do not allow us to dwell at length on the illuminating eleven chapters into which the book is divided; we call particular attention to Chapter X, entitled *The Purpose of Don Quixote*, and Chapter VIII, *The Religion of Humanity*. There is not a dull page in any of the chapters; where contradictory ideas of others are challenged, the author treats them in a tone of polite dissent and presents his own arguments clearly. The charm of his style is beyond compare.

In Chapter X, Bell makes points like these: "In writing *Don Quixote* Cervantes had a serious purpose. The object of his book, he tells us more than once, was not only to provide a work of entertainment for the many, . . . but to destroy

the vogue of the romances of chivalry" . . . "Cervantes did not smile Spain's chivalry away, but he condemns the misuse of chivalry without inner content. The misuse of chivalry, the misuse of religion, the misuse of science, poetry, truth, and justice; the fatal gulf between theory and practice, profession and action, virtue and goodness, hollow show and reality—that was the theme of his novel." Cervantes' impatience with world reformers, the busybodies who mind other people's affairs rather than their own, is properly stressed, and Bell adds: "The time is evidently ripe for the writing of a modern *Don Quixote* to smile such foolishness away."

In Chapter VIII Bell protests the validity of the idea that Cervantes sympathized with the religious reformers. He maintains that Cervantes was no hypocrite, but a firm adherent to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and his arguments will have weight with all but the unconvinced. Whether or not Cervantes was affected by Erasmianism is beside the point, for Erasmus was no champion of the Protestant Revolution.

The usefulness of Bell's welcome book is enhanced by running head-lines for the chapters, a working bibliography, a chronological survey, and an index, as well as a variety of pictorial illustrations. —J. D. M. Ford. Harvard University.

✧ Georges Cattaui. *Charles de Gaulle*. Paris. Aux Portes de France. 1944–46. 386 pages.—A carefully written biography, up to June 1945. Supersedes Philippe Barrès' hastier book. De Gaulle is still a sphinx—a most articulate sphinx. But the Resistance movement—the Underground, the Fighting French—is now history, a noble page in French history, and de Gaulle was its leader. Although there is a hagiographic tone in this book, it is nearer the essential truth than the venomous attack by Kerrills. Although no longer up to date, the book is not antiquated; for what Gaullism meant in 1945 remains a por-

tentous factor in the politics of 1948.

I believe that this one-sided but honest presentation of Gaullism is also more "historical" in spirit than William L. Langer's clever piece of special pleading in defence of our Vichy gamble. It is now evident that the policy of our State Department: "Anybody rather than De Gaulle," was a complete error which ought to be frankly confessed: *perseverare diabolicum*. The one excuse of our diplomats, in their ignorance of French realities, is that they were advised by Frenchmen who were intelligent, upright, well informed and uncompromisingly opposed to Hitler: St. Léger Léger (St. John Perse), for instance, and André Maurois; for very able men may wear blinkers unawares. They fought shy of De Gaulle because he welcomed the assistance of Communists. The cream of the jest is that, under the pressure of circumstances, De Gaulle has now become the main support in Europe of the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and a constitution of the American type. This book enables us to understand to some extent what De Gaulle always meant by *grandeur*. It never was megalomania or material power. It is an inner strength, a refusal to capitulate to meanness or brutality, in the spirit of Pascal and Vigny.—Albert Guérard, Sr. México, D. F., México.

✧ Luc Estang. *Présence de Bernanos*. Paris. Plon. 1947. xxix+319 pages. 180 fr.—Some Catholic artists are reassuring, some are disquieting, in the tradition of Tertullian, Pascal, Unamuno, Léon Bloy: it is only natural that there should be a surrealistic strain within the Church. (Critics have even attempted to rope Baudelaire and Rimbaud into the fold, but they refuse to be caught.) Bernanos belongs to that paradoxical tradition, ardent orthodoxy with the dramatic pungency of heresy. It may reach magnificent heights, with Claudel, for instance; it may be exasperating—with the same Claudel. The immediate masters of Bernanos were

among the most questionable. Léon Bloy, apocalyptic and scurrilous, Edouard Drumont, whose anti-Semitism was as vulgar as Lueger's or Hitler's. Estang's book gives a thorough and sensitive analysis of Bernanos's thought, with many quotations which turn it almost into an anthology. It is plain that thinking is not the proper domain of Bernanos, who is all passion and mystery, a powerful novelist, a gifted stylist (with touches of the Baroque), and, in the last ten years, a direct moralist on the grand scale, like Hugo at Guernsey: "Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là!" His condemnation of Franco and Pétain has behind it the full force of his ardent Catholicism. *France against the Robots* is truly a noble document; and I fully endorse his definition: "Le réalisme (in politics, not in literature) est le bon sens des salauds." Bernanos is great, enigmatic, isolated. He needed, and deserved, such an exegesis.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✠ Manuel Gálvez. *Don Francisco de Miranda. El más universal de los americanos*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 494 pages. \$10 m-n.—About a dozen lives of Miranda have appeared previously—some scholarly, some popular—but this one embodies the best qualities of both kinds of biography. Gálvez, an eminent Argentine writer, having already portrayed such figures as Rosas, Sarmiento, and García Moreno, is at his best with Miranda.

Few great men have so thoroughly woven their careers into the web of momentous world events as Francisco de Miranda, and fewer still have so completely dedicated their lives to so noble a purpose. For thirty years he labored incessantly for the liberation of Spanish America, only to be cheated after each false hope by some new shift in the international situation. Before taking up arms for his native Venezuela, he was a commanding officer in the American and French Revolutions and a British pawn in the Napoleonic wars. He was inti-

mately acquainted with Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Paine, Pitt, Wellington, Bentham, Lafayette, Catherine the Great, and Potemkin. And it is from the memoirs of these and other such personages, as well as from the voluminous correspondence and diaries of Miranda himself, that Gálvez has gleaned the stuff which makes a great man of the past live again.

This is a sympathetic interpretation, but the evidence presented by the author fails to justify an obvious attempt at complete glorification. The one great weakness of the biography is its failure to explain exactly when and how Miranda first conceived his great project. But on this point Gálvez merely fails where all others have previously fallen short.—*Max L. Moorhead.* University of Oklahoma.

✠ Claude Mauriac. *Malraux ou le mal du héros*. Paris. Grasset. 1946. 272 pages. 150 fr.—Claude Mauriac, the elder son of the novelist, who has published studies of Marcel Jouhandeau, Jean Cocteau, and Balzac, now turns to Malraux, whom he analyzes dutifully, but with a certain dulness. He might have titled this book *Malraux Between the Two Lawrences*, for his thesis is that the author of *La condition humaine* seeks not only the hero of Colonel Lawrence but also the eros of the creator of Lady Chatterly. Like most French works of this type, Mauriac's study is bereft of biographical information; and in the case of Malraux, the life of the man is so intimately and inextricably connected with his work that this purely critical "literary" approach does constitute a lack. Malraux's importance has increased steadily with the years; he is one of the living writers who most dramatically incarnates the problems of our time. During the thirties, he was acknowledged the leader of intellectual Communism in France. Now Aragon is the Party's literary and ideological dictator, while Malraux (making the 180 degree shift which is characteristic in

these cases) has assumed the position of Brain-truster-in-chief for General de Gaulle's *Rassemblement du Peuple Français*. On the critical side, the less pretentious essay by Gaëtan Picon is really superior to Mauriac's. And on the biographical side, well, there is still a book to be done. Malraux expresses so strikingly the tendencies and climate of the contemporary period that his life will constitute a tremendous testament of the era 1920-1950 and beyond.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✱ Rudolf Pechel. *Deutscher Widerstand*. Zürich. Rentsch. 1947. 343 pages. 10.50 Sw. fr.—Those who know Germany know that she, like every other civilized country of Western Europe, has always had a certain number of morally impeccable citizens. It has been Germany's misfortune that only a small percentage of these have been interested in politics or even politically gifted. Thus they have had—at least since the founding of Bismarck's Reich—but little influence, if any, on German history. While the Reich took its fateful course, that small minority could do nothing more than warn, earn ridicule, and, in final desperation, start revolutions which were foredoomed to failure. A new chapter of this sad old story is added by *Deutscher Widerstand*. Pechel recounts how that true élite of Germany resisted Hitler's domination from the start, first in numerous unconnected groups in which all classes met, chiefly labor, clericals, and members of the old army, how they grew and finally closed ranks for the purpose of killing Hitler and smashing his system—alas, too late! The catastrophe of July 20, 1944 is the center of the book. Pechel, a conservative journalist, describes all this from his personal knowledge, as he was a partner in the conspiracy from its inception, was kept prisoner for many years, and only by accident escaped the death which overtook so many of his friends. Only stupid worshippers of success will deny these men who paid so dearly for their earlier

sins of omission, the respect due them. On the other hand, this reviewer in all fairness must admit that from his own knowledge he cannot share Pechel's favorable judgment of certain personalities mentioned in his book.—*Werner Richter*. New York.

✱ Louis de Villefosse. *Lamennais ou l'occasion manquée*. Paris. Vigneau. 1945. 297 pages. 192 fr.—A very interesting account, by an eloquent admirer, of the intellectual evolution of the devout Breton Catholic and Monarchist of the early Restoration into the Republican sociologist of 1848. Lamennais' change of motto from *Dieu et l'Autorité* to *Dieu et la Liberté* became definite with the publication in 1829 of his book, *Progrès de la Révolution et de la guerre contre l'Eglise*. It became even more of a literary, social, and religious event with his founding and editing of *L'Avenir*, after the July Revolution of 1830. This liberal Catholic newspaper, which ran for only thirteen months with an edition of only about 3,000, had an enormous influence, for it championed the four freedoms of the day: liberty of conscience, of instruction, of the press, and of the workingman's right of association. But it was eyed coldly both by the Bourgeois Monarchy and by the Papacy. So in 1831 Lamennais went to Rome to plead his case for liberal Catholicism and social reform. But Gregory XVI condemned his views in the encyclical *Mirari Vos*. This was the great "lost opportunity," only partly redeemed by Leo XIII half a century later. M. Villefosse not only gives an admirable picture of Lamennais and his works; he also shows how important but largely unheeded his views are for our own day—how clearly, for instance, Lamennais saw and prophesied the fate of Spain.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✱ Stefan Zweig. *Balzac. Der Roman seines Lebens*. Stockholm. Bermann-Fischer. 1946. 576 pages. 13.50 and 17.50 Sw. fr.—The German original of Zweig's

Balzac was printed in St. Gallen, Switzerland. Before it reached *Books Abroad*, the Viking Press had issued the English translation by William and Dorothy Rose, and all the important American reviews had noticed it. Disregarding such unimportant differences as that between Hamilton Basso, who qualified it in *The New Yorker* as "confused, badly written," and F. E. Hirsch, who reviewed it in *The Library Journal* and found it "exceedingly well written," there was a general trend of admiration for its vividness and vigor coupled with disappointment at its lack of organization, factual background, and critical appraisal. These merits and these faults are naturally deducible from the circumstances of its gestation and composition, with which the average reader of the great work may not be familiar.

In *Books Abroad* for Winter 1943, Ernst Feder, the Austrian journalist now living in Rio de Janeiro, published under the heading *My Last Conversations with Stefan Zweig* an account of several meetings with Zweig a few days before his death in Petropolis. Says Feder: "He was working with Montaigne till the very end of his life, but he had abandoned his *Balzac* . . . The ambitious two-volume biography which he had planned was to be his magnum opus. 'There is no exhaustive biography of Balzac,' he said to me. 'Everyone who undertakes it dies before he completes it.' . . . He had been working on the formidable enterprise for twenty years. . . . In England, he had collected . . . the books, extracts, clippings, references, all his documentation for the Balzac work. The war drove him out of his new home, and he took refuge in the milder and friendlier climate of Brazil . . . But cut off as he was from the product of all his preparatory labors, it was impossible for him to go on with the work, although he had already sketched out the strictly biographical section." [Reviewer's comment: So that the *Balzac* we have is only the narrative part, and the background and appraisal whose lack the critics deplore

might have been added if Zweig had had the heart to continue living.]

Now turn to the *Nachwort des Herausgebers* (Richard Friedenthal) at the back of the published *Balzac*: "... Etwas von der Balzacschen Unrast schien aus dem Werk und den Dokumenten in den Biographen gefahren zu sein. . . . Das schon Geschriebene wurde ständig umgearbeitet. Zweig besass in seiner schonen Sammlung von 'Werkschriften' auch einen der kostbaren Manuskriptenbände Balzacs mit den eingeklebten unübersehbaren Korrekturfahnen. . . . Und diese verwühlten, nicht endenwollenden Korrekturen strahlten eine geheimnisvolle Suggestion aus. Sie infizierten das Manuskript des Biographen . . . kurz vor seinem Tode nahm er einen letzten Anlauf, sich wieder zu dem Balzac zuzuwenden. . . . Aber . . . er war bereits zu müde. . . ."

When Zweig killed himself, an apparently hopeless mass of incomplete manuscript (three partial versions), notes, projects, citations, source material, was dumped into Richard Friedenthal's lap. The shape of the book was there, and many chapters were complete. But there would never have been a readable book if it had not been for the devotion and the wisdom of this generous friend. So this note—which is not a review, since there have been reviews enough already—is in part an expression of gratitude to Richard Friedenthal, in part a reminder of the reasons for the defects of the *Balzac*, and most of all a tribute to the genius of the despairing, dying giant whose last work was his most imperfect, but in chaotic power and earnestness is still one of the great books of our time.—R. T. H.

Public Questions

✱ Victor Alba. *Insomnie espagnole*. Paris. Franc-Tireur. 1946. x+217 pages. 120 fr.—People in Spain, says the author, are robbed of happy and tranquil sleep. In prison cells thousands imagine they may be shot at dawn. In

hotels guests fear a police raid. In peasant homes the landlord's agent may come and demand heavier payments. In workers' lodgings there is worry about the rent and next day's food. In barracks soldiers fear the phalangists, and the phalangists fear that all the "Reds" have not been exterminated. This little volume, eloquent in its facts, tells the reasons for the great insomnia. It sketches the tragic conditions of the past seven years resulting from Franco's dictatorship and from the oppressive rule of the army, the Church, and the landowners. The author is a Catalan journalist who has suffered in concentration camps and prisons, lived in hiding among peasants and workers. There is, he says, an underground resistance movement in Spain, but it is helpless to act alone. It needs the support of foreign intervention. But Spaniards are terribly discouraged and disillusioned. They had hoped that when Fascism was crushed in Germany and Italy the victorious Allies would drive out Franco. The manuscript of this volume, smuggled out of Spain by a friend, hopes to arouse them before the country sinks deeper into despair. Naturally the author does not claim to be impartial, but he does claim that his report is accurate.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✠ Grégoire Alexinsky. *La Russie révolutionnaire*. Paris. Colin. 1947. 268 pages. 280 fr.—Alexinsky, who was a Socialist deputy and companion to Lenin, has written a clear, well-documented history of the origin, development, and functioning of the U.S.S.R. from the early days when Russia was allied to Western Europe by marriages, then divorced by the Mongol invasion, followed by a period of wavering between the Asiatic and the Occidental way of life, through World War II. The most persistent and fundamental problem was the agrarian one, and the failure of the Czarist régime to settle this question, together with the horrible working conditions resulting from its attempts at in-

dustrialization, and the attitude of the peasantry toward the nobles, led to the Revolution.

This well-rounded, objective study presents (supported by numerous quotations) the ideological, economic, and even foreign-policy phases of Communism, analyzes its component factions, and traces the changes in the Soviet constitution. The faults of Communism, however, receive more attention than its achievements.

The pro-German attitude at the time of the German-Soviet pact of 1939 is explained by the Russian expectation that the workers of Germany would revolt against capitalism. The author sees these effects of World War II on the U.S.S.R.: It tended to modify the most extreme Communist practices and at the same time apparently tended to reconcile Russia to being the only Communistic state; it reawakened religion, revived nationalism, but stimulated fear of encirclement. Russia's political development has followed the Hegelian pattern of thesis-antithesis-synthesis through the first two steps. The third remains, and Alexinsky optimistically suggests a rapprochement of the U.S.S.R. with the Occident. But two basic questions are left untouched: Is the Communist régime honestly maintained for the people or to perpetuate those in power? And, will the U.S.S.R. engage in direct military aggression?—*B. G. D.*

✠ Johannes R. Becher. *Erziehung zur Freiheit*. Berlin-Leipzig. Volk und Wissen. 1946. 181 pages.—Johannes R. Becher, President of the Kulturbund zur Erneuerung Deutschlands, is one of the most prominent writers of a defeated and ruined Germany trying to reconstruct a new house from the rubble and ashes. In the introduction to this collection of papers, he mentions his recent past: "Es war das schwerste Opfer, das ich jemals gebracht habe, als ich 1933 meine Heimat verlassen musste. Ich habe nie ein Glück ausserhalb Deutschlands gesucht. Zu einem Leben ausser-

halb Deutschlands war ich denkbar ungeeignet." And he says of his book: "In Deutschlands schwerster Notzeit ist dieser Versuch entsandt, der in Gedanken und Betrachtungen einen Beitrag darstellen soll zur Schaffung einer neuen deutschen Lehre."

This new German doctrine is based on a merciless analysis of the causes of Germany's fall; it is based on a recognition of the terrible historical guilt of Germany. But it is no doctrine of cynicism or pessimism. It is a doctrine of faith in a new humanism, in peaceful reconstruction. When he published, back in 1912, the two volumes of *Verfall und Triumph*, this powerful new poetical voice was enthusiastically greeted by thousands of young people. Now well into his fifties, Becher has lost nothing of his *élan*, his enchanted vocabulary, his bold imagery, but he has matured. He no longer sings of decay and triumph, but of "death and resurrection and common effort."—F. C. Weiskopf. New York.

✱ Thomas Mann. *Leiden an Deutschland*. Los Angeles. Pazifische Presse. 1946. 90 pages.—These pages from Thomas Mann's diaries of 1933-34, the first samples to be published from the mass of his personal comments on the events of the day, read like marginal notes to his great political essays of the last decade. His reflections on the German misconception of freedom—freedom as an aggressive protest against the democratic consolidation of Europe—were to find their way, often verbatim, into his public addresses, *The Problem of Freedom*, and *Germany and the Germans*; his thoughts on Germany's quixotic attempt to catch up belatedly with political realities and, by playing truant, to evade the realization of the most urgent demands of the hour, foreshadow his final settlement of accounts in *An Exchange of Letters*; his preoccupation with the Nazi's perversion of the ironic "art" of politics to the demonic cynicism of treachery, greed, and nihilism became

the center around which, at a later date, *The Coming Victory of Democracy* was to crystallize. It is one of the great attractions of this slender volume that it allows us to witness the gradual clarification and formulation of Thomas Mann's political and philosophical attitude under the brutal impact of events in his native country.

But the diary not only records Thomas Mann's thoughts and analyses during the opening years of the reign of terror in Germany. It reflects as well the personal agonies, the hopes and disappointments, the illusions and disillusion of the great poet and the good European. There is not a single line in the book which refers to his "private life," and still we share the most intimate reactions of a German exile: his wrath against those who made his country an outcast among the family of nations, his despair at the lethargy and criminal complicity of the Western democracies, his compassion with his numerous fellow-countrymen who remained faithful in spite of terror and murder, his sorrow at the marrowless betrayal of such intellectuals as Gerhart Hauptmann, his pity for the stupid gullibility of the German masses, his scorn at their passive acceptance of the Messianic charlatan. There is much indignation in these pages, but, since it grows out of the intense suffering caused by the brutal manifestations of the "New Order," it is admirably free from cold self-righteousness. There is much resignation, and often he is driven to the point where his own creative work seems a futile game, an effort utterly belated and out of step with his time. "The Joseph-cycle is perhaps not only the work of my personal old age, but, in a larger sense, the work of declining days, coming late and belatedly, a swan song of the great German tradition of *Bildung*, with all its elements of dated luxuriousness and artificiality, in short, Alexandrianism . . . I am ready to submit to the dictum of history, yes, in melancholically playful execution of a rôle, even to deny the very substance of my

old age's work which is so pregnant with the future: the humanization of the myth." We know how unjustified these melancholy views are (and Thomas Mann, in his brighter moods, knows it too), but the fact that these self-searching meditations are not alien to the celebrated and much acclaimed author makes these pages of his diary not only an interesting literary document but the deeply moving confessions of a great human being.—*Oskar Seidlin*. Ohio State University.

✠ *Nordisk samhörighet en realitet*. Stockholm. Föreningen Norden. 1946. 200 pages.—If there is any suspicion beyond the borders of the five Scandinavian nations that "Nordic unity" is a weak and theoretical thing, it will be banished by a glance at the contributors to the present volume (all Swedes). Archbishop Erling Eidem, Foreign Minister Oesten Undén, and Mrs. Gunnar Myrdal are but a few of the internationally known names in the table of contents. Based on the thesis that Iceland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland have a common social, cultural, and religious heritage, the authors enter a plea for continuing co-operation in all fields to make the ideal of "Nordic unity" a spiritual force that will overshadow any considerations of power politics.

Of material symbols of "Nordic unity" there is abundance: The Rochdale monument at Saltsjöbaden commemorating the co-operative movement's triumphs in Scandinavia, the Danish gymnasts in Stockholm Stadium for the 1939 Lingiad, Tegnér's presentation of the laurel wreath to Oehlschläger in Lund Cathedral. But the phrase has a broader meaning. It has a lesson for the whole world, of which at least one manifestation was the great Ecumenical Congress in Stockholm in 1925. The political leaders of our great military powers may well take a leaf from Scandinavian history in their efforts to construct a world organization based on the four free-

doms.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

Religion

✠ Daniel-Rops. *Jésus en son temps*.

Paris. Fayard (Montréal. Variétés). 1945. 640 pages.—This exhaustive, heavily documented study apparently represents the official Roman stand on the many controverted details of the Savior's earthly life and Heavenly mission. It attempts to correlate what is known of Jesus, man and God, with the background of His time. The author remarks that while the Roman Empire of the first century is well known to us from the writings of Livy, Seneca, Virgil, Plutarch, and Tacitus, the multi-dimensional figure of the Savior is imperfectly set in that frame. Daniel-Rops, pointing out that no known official documents record Jesus in Palestine, writes that the contemporary Roman citizen resident on the banks of the Tiber would be as uninterested in the religious events of an obscure canton in a distant province as we would be at news of a primitive prophet in Madagascar or Reunion. The book is iconoclastic of popular belief, remarkably so considering its sponsorship, calculating the birth of Jesus at about 6 B.C. and admitting that the Nativity is a 4th century compromise between birth dates as late as May, and deliberately superimposed upon the Feast of Mithradites and the earlier pagan festival of the Return of the Sun, to abolish their competition by incorporating them, and quotes Pope Gregory the Great as advocating this correlation of Christian anniversaries with the strongly rooted convictions of newly proselyted peoples. In addition to a general study of the Roman world and more particularly the Levantine scene in the century preceding and succeeding Jesus' appearance on earth, the book gives particular attention and an especial index to some 43 controverted questions, ranging from the physical appearance of the Lord to the mission of Barabbas. A valuable reference book,

urbane, non-controversial, written in a facile fashion with the famous French predilection for logic not over-emphasized.—*John E. Kelly*. Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Literature

✧ Luís de Camões. *Obras completas III: Autos e cartas*. 1946. xxv+379 pages.—Frei Luís de Sousa. *Vida de Dom Frei Bartolomeu dos Mártires*. Vol. II. 1946. 323 pages.—João de Barros. *Décadas*. Vol. IV. 1946. 299 pages.—Diogo Bernardes. *Obras completas. III Várias rimas ao bom Jesus*. 1946. 225 pages.—Luís de Camões. *Obras completas. II: Géneros líricos maiores*. 1946. viii+309 pages.—Diogo do Couto. *Décadas*. Vol. I. 1947. cxxiv+255 pages.—Luís de Camões. *Obras completas. IV: Os Lusíadas (I Cantos I a V)*. 1947. lvi+299 pages. Lisboa. Sá da Costa. 20\$ ea.—In the center of the maddest hurricane there is a quiet spot. All through the recent years of war and confusion in Europe, one little country has managed to keep a fairly even keel and maintain some degree of normal activity. The Livraria Sá da Costa in Lisbon continues to issue its neat and scholarly editions of Portuguese and foreign classics, keeping several multi-volume series in progress at the same time. Of the more than 50 volumes definitely planned and announced, all but four or five are now offered for sale: the four volumes of Heitor Pinto's *Imagem da vida cristã*; the six volumes of Gil Vicente's *Obras completas*; the four volumes of selections from João de Barros' *Décadas*; the two volumes of the poems of Sá de Miranda; four volumes of Camões, three volumes of Frei Luís de Sousa's much admired life of the great Archbishop of Braga and moving spirit of the Council of Trent, Bartolomeu dos Mártires. We list at the head of this note the volumes which have reached us in the last few months. The Camões edition, with extensive and careful introductions and notes, is the work of Professor Hernâni

Cidade. Professor Cidade is not merely a collector of information but a zealous patriot, as is evident from the passage from his little essay *O significado e o valor estético d'Os Lusíadas*: ". . . o poema cujo significado se tem restringido com o curto epíteto de nacional. E-o, na verdade, mas ergue-se muito acima de tal nível, pelo menos, na medida em que o Português, com o transcendente alcance da epopeia que realizou e da experiência que viveu, superou o horizonte restrito do próprio egoísmo." The life of the Archbishop of Braga is edited by Professor Augusto Reis Machado. Antonio Baião, who selected and edited a part of the *Décadas* of the 16th century statesman and historian João de Barros dealing with Portugal's brilliant achievements in the East Indies, is preparing a similar selection from the continuation of that work, by Diogo do Couto. The editor of the poems of Diogo Bernardes is Professor Marques Braga.

American libraries which have a Portuguese section would do well to acquire this entire collection, or at least all but the half dozen or so volumes of translations of French and Greek classics.—*H. K. L.*

✧ *The Capuchin Annual*. 1945-46 and 1946-47. Church Street, Dublin. 512 and 592 pages. \$2.50 u.s. ea.—*The Capuchin Annual*, edited by Father Senan, O.F.M. Cap., is one of the handsomest publications in the world. It is moreover one of the most Irish. The non-Irish reader who spends some time with this exuberant volume, written mostly in flavoured, rather breathless English (some of the shorter articles are in Irish), will realize that Soarstat Eireann is a little world in itself, as foreign to England or any other English-speaking country as Finland is, or Mexico. When J. P. Comyn inquires, in the earlier of these volumes: "Why does the Englishman . . . know so little about Ireland, and why, at the same time, does he think he knows so much?" the observant reader realizes that Mr. Comyn

is not simply fretful, but that he is baffled by a phenomenon which interferes with a live-and-let-live adjustment between two very differently constituted neighbors.

The Capuchin Annual is a literary magazine, lavishly and entertainingly illustrated, carrying a fabulous variety of articles on many phases of Irish life and thought, always very Irish and very Catholic. In the John McCormack symposium in the later volume, made up of contributions from twenty-five prominent McCormack admirers in Eire and elsewhere, is a memory of the singer from the widow of Enrico Caruso which reminds us compellingly how lovable a person an Irishman at his best can be. Pádraic Gregory's poem *Dublin's Children*, also in the second volume, is a touch of Hibernianism which should be reprinted a hundred times. No wonder the Irish are good vote-getters when they go into politics!—R. T. H.

✱ Robert Charbonneau. *La France et nous*. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1947. 79 pages.—Robert Charbonneau, editor of *La Nouvelle Relève*, critic and novelist, is an intelligent man and a sane and skilful writer. A staunch French Canadian and a faithful Catholic, he is neither a blind hundred per center nor a foolish bigot. His *querelle* with certain touchy French writers, Mauriac, the Tharauds, Aragon, Cassou, and others, who patronize the French Canadians and seem disinclined to allow them cultural autonomy, is not the most edifying matter in the world. There is fretfulness on both sides, but M. Charbonneau's general position—that French Canadian writers are not French writers, that they are under no sort of obligation to accept André Billy's rather surprising dictum that "c'est toujours en France, c'est toujours à Paris que la matière première de l'intelligence abonde le plus"—seems unassailable. If a French Canadian novelist finds more professional profit in studying Erskine Caldwell and Ernest Hemingway than Aragon and

François Mauriac, it is his privilege to undertake a contribution to world literature which owes more to American than French influence. And incidentally, if a French Canadian publisher remembers that old Charles Maurras and young Drieu de la Rochelle wrote good books before they fell into the bad graces of the party which prevailed in France, being a Canadian and not a Frenchman he is not a traitor for republishing or praising them. These reprinted periodical papers touch on a variety of difficult questions; there is nothing final about them, but they are profitable and absorbingly interesting.—R. T. H.

✱ Paul E. H. Lüth. *Literatur als Geschichte. Deutsche Dichtung von 1885 bis 1947*. Vol. I. Wiesbaden. Limes. 1947. 250 pages.—It was to be expected that sooner or later there would be a history of modern German literature including the literary development of the late twenties, the split in German letters after Hitler's rise to power, and the literature in exile as well as the literature within the Third Reich. Now the first volume of such a history has been published, and the second volume is in print. This is in itself a remarkable achievement for a young author who must have been doubly handicapped by his education in Nazi Germany and his isolation from material outside the walls erected by the Hitler régime and its Reichskulturkammer.

Literatur als Geschichte shows but few effects of that double isolation. It is a well written, intelligent work which tries to present literature not as a collection of portraits of authors, or a description of masterpieces, or a file of classified "schools," but as a dialectical process of development, maturing, and transformation. It ably links the beginnings of German naturalism to the French, Russian, and Scandinavian literary movements of the last quarter of the 19th century. It does not deal with literature as an isolated phenomenon but puts it into the context of the political,

social, philosophical trends of its period. Sometimes the historical background is sketchy or blurred. But Dr. Lüth is successful in showing literature in motion, as a process.

Long citations in English and French without German translations, a surplus of foreign words and technical phrases, and an occasional heritage of Nazi idiom (*Durchbruch zum Eigenen*), are among the shortcomings of the generally well constructed and competently written book. A definite judgment of it will be possible only after reading Volume 2 (1918 to 1947), but in any case the young author has earned a good place among the historians of modern German literature.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York.

Fiction

✕ Albert Camus. *La peste*. Paris. Gallimard (New York. Cercle du Livre de France). 1947. 337 pages. 200 fr.—A plain, matter-of-fact report of bubonic plague in Oran. (Oran is real enough; the plague, fortunately, was not; perhaps Camus got the idea from a bad epidemic of typhus.) In the spirit of Daniel Defoe's wonderful *Journal of the Plague Year*. Same pellucid style and objective treatment as in *L'Etranger*.

But behind Defoe we find Kafka. No realism is of the slightest interest unless it has symbolic value (not necessarily intentional). No symbolism has any power, unless expressed in realistic terms. So the plague is obviously not the plague: it is war. And beyond war, the plague is also human existence itself. If the scourge be a punishment for ignorance or sin, who is responsible for these greater evils, inherent in our very nature?

What shall we do? Kiss the rod? Curse it? Seek to escape? No: combat the evil; not merely out of pity for our fellow creatures, but because we know it to be evil. A journalist who wanted to run away, to return to his own life and love, finally was given the chance, only to spurn it. Dr. Rieux, the narrator,

fights without ceasing.

Such a philosophy is not "Existentialism," and there is no need to trot out the impressive names of Kierkegaard, Heidegger, or Husserl. The sense of cosmic disaster reminds us of Pascal. The refusal to be satisfied with fatalistic optimism: "It is God's will," is pure Voltaire in his *Poem on the Lisbonne Disaster*. Above all, the active and tender stoicism rooted in despair is Vigny's:

Gémir, pleurer, prier, est également lâche.

Fais énergiquement ta longue et lourde tâche. . . .

An unobtrusive book: it does not seek the haunting, perverse, nightmarish quality of Kafka. A mature book: it does not revel in chaos, but it defies chaos and conquers the absurd. It is a *Résistance* book, against compromisers and *attentistes*. Without the least flamboyancy, in its quiet pride, in its realistic, somber, obstinate patience, it has *grandeur*. It was awarded the Prix des Critiques, 1947.—*Albert Guérard*, Sr. Stanford University.

✕ Beniamini Joppolo. *La giostra di Michele Civa*. Milano. Bompiani. 1945. 132 pages. 170 l.—A strange, powerful short novel by a new writer from Sicily who reflects in his style and technique the volcanic and primitive characteristics of his native land.

Michele Civa, a non-commissioned career officer, is caught during a decisive moment of his military life between two diverging influences: that of his colonel who believes that man, being the slave of money, will do anything for gain, and that of a lieutenant who believes that man should throw off the shackles of this type of bondage. Sergeant Civa, the symbol of unthinking humanity, finding himself crushed between these two forces and unable to make a choice, coldly strangles both the colonel and the lieutenant who have come to personify respectively the "principles" of Blackmail and Propaganda. Man, Civa reasons, is not yet Man; if he were he would not enslave his fellows and let them perish from hunger and misery. Man is

a beast and as such must be suppressed. Civa proceeds to suppress two more "principles": Command, personified by a high-ranking officer; and Bestiality, which he disposes of by wishful thinking, in a dream. Lastly, he sets out to suppress Power and Wealth, the two main "principles." But before doing so he gives what money he possesses to an old beggar and at last feels "his hands cleaner, his conscience keener."

This novel gives an interesting if terrifying insight into the "stato d'animo" and the political and social chaos existing in the minds of that semi-literate section of the Italian people that was kept, during the twenty year period of the Dictatorship, in a political and social limbo.—*Michele Cantarella*. Smith College.

✎ Jacques Roumain. *Masters of the Dew*. Langston Hughes and Mercer Cook, trs. New York. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. x+180 pages. \$2.50.—The French original of this marvelously beautiful, sad, and generous tale of much-enduring Haitian negroes was published in Port-au-Prince in 1944. In our Spring 1945 number we carried an enthusiastic review of the book by Professor Mercer Cook of Howard University, who later, with the poet Langston Hughes, prepared this careful translation. Aided by the author's widow, various other Haitians who knew English, and well-wishers in this country, the translators have spared no pains to make this English version as faithful, and as beautiful, sad, and generous, as was humanly possible. It is infinitely pathetic that young Jacques Roumain, that lover of his little country and of mankind, did not live to see his own French original in print. It would have warmed his heart still further if he could have known that it was to be so skilfully and lovingly carried over into English by a great poet and a scholarly educator of his own race.—*R. T. H.*

Verse

✎ Johannes R. Becher. *München in meinem Gedicht*. Starnberg am See. Bachmair. 1946. 80 pages. 2 mk.—Bachmair was the first publisher to bring out a book by Johannes R. Becher, in 1911. It created a sensation in literary circles. A bold new poetic talent stepped on the scene and hurled defiant stanzas at literary conventionality.

Now, thirty-five years after that first book, Bachmair reopens his publishing house, which had been destroyed by the Nazi holocaust, again with a book by Becher (who has returned to Germany after twelve years of exile).

The volume contains a score of poems, all of them connected with the city on the Isar: recollections of childhood times, poems on the Schwabing Boheme, greetings from exile, verses on the return of the banished son, and the like. Some of them have been published previously, others appear for the first time. Becher is a born poet, his art has matured; gone are the tempestuous *tours de force*; but the metaphors sparkle and glitter as before, the rhythm flows, the language is still as charming. Who writes sonnets in German as perfectly as Becher, pouring new wine into the ancient goblet?

Du warst der Spielplatz meiner Kindheit: Stadt
Voll Kirchen, Säulen, Garten und Arkaden,
Und von der Grosshesseloherbrücke hat
Fern das Gebirg mich zu sich eingeladen.
Du warst die Stadt der ersten Abenteuer,
Und als die erste Strophe mir gelang,
Da war es mir, als wiche das Gemäuer
Und neigte sich und wurde zu Gesang.

Das Spiel verging und der Gesang verwehte.
Still steht das Karussell, das einst sich drehte,
Drehorgelklang mit Elefant und Schwan.
Es fliessen die Isar, grun und ohne Ende.
Vorbei, vorbei. Du Kindheit, bist Legende.
Die Stadt und ich, wir schaun uns staunend an.
—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York.

Reference Works

✎ *Dizionario letterario delle opere e dei personaggi di tutti i tempi e di tutte le letterature*. Vol. I. Milano. Bompiani. 1947. xv+348+495 pages + 114 plates.—The courage which Valentino Bompiani, Chief Editor Celestino Ca-

passo, 29 section editors, and 500 contributors have shown in the planning and thus far in the execution of this amazing project is more than impressive. It is colossal, even in the ecstatic German acceptance of the word. If and when this gigantic enterprise is completed on the projected scale, it will be one of the seven wonders of the world of letters. The six volumes are to contain data on many thousands of the race's important literary and scholarly works, from the Egyptians and the Chinese to the German Irrationalists and the French Existentialists. This first volume opens with elucidation of 58 "movimenti spirituali," from "Alessandrinismo" to "Umanesimo" via "Eufuismo," "Marinismo," "Preraffaellismo"; discussions which are often as much philosophical as literary, and which might be even more tenuous and difficult if it were not for the lavish and helpful iconography.

In the middle of the volume begins the dictionary proper, the *Dizionario delle opere*. Titles of literary works are arranged in the alphabetical order of

their Italian translations, and they are treated in a degree of detail determined largely by relative importance. Thus Professor Giuseppe Gabetti's presentation of Goethe's *Wahlverwandschaften* runs to something like 3,500 words, whereas some works are disposed of in a hundred words or so. The average length of treatments might be 500 words or more. The procedure is usually a "brief," supplemented by some interpretation and modest evaluation.

Prepared primarily for Italian readers, it is natural that Italian originals should be more numerous than books from other countries. An examination of a 15-page section taken at random discovered 13 Italian works as against 8 in French, 7 in German, 6 in English, 3 in Greek, 3 in Swedish, 1 each in Estonian, Croatian, Armenian, Belgian (French), Portuguese, Polish, Uruguayan (Spanish).

The *Dizionario* is entirely the work of Italians and reflects great credit on Italian scholarship. The book is beautifully printed.—H. K. L.



Prometeu is a high-class new illustrated bimonthly magazine published in Porto, Portugal, by Kol d'Alvarenga, Amorim de Carvalho, and Fernando de Araújo Lima.

The little republic of El Salvador has created two national prizes for outstanding publications, of 8,000 colones each. They are a Premio Nacional de Ciencias and a Premio Nacional de Literatura.

The first number of the new magazine of French industries, *France—Arts, Industry and Trade*, is one of the most elegantly printed and lavishly illustrated publications of the sort in the world. It is published from 114, rue La Boétie, Paris, and its New York address is Room 927, 17 East 42nd St. (17). The first five issues sell for \$8.

In *Revista de Indias*, Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas, Madrid, number for July–September 1946, an excellent article by Santiago Montero Díaz entitled *Reflexiones sobre el teatro norteamericano*, with special attention to Eugene O'Neill.

Books in French

(For other Books in French, see "Head-Liners")

✧ Reto R. Bezzola. *Les origines et la formation de la littérature courtoise en Occident (500-1200)*. I. *La tradition impériale de la fin de l'antiquité au XI^e siècle*. Paris. Champion. 1944. xxii+396 pages.—An experienced and competent scholar here attempts to solve one of the important problems of medieval literary history. It is important because the medieval ideal of *courtoisie* underlies the modern poetic conception of woman, our modern ideal of the gentleman (*honnête homme*), in fact, our modern secular literature. Professor Bezzola's theory is that the courtly ideal grew out of a slowly evolving synthesis of the Germanic and Romance worlds, antique and barbarian, clerical and warrior. This is, of course, not new, but the author's array of evidence is much more impressive than any we have been offered before. Perhaps his most important contribution is an analysis of *Fortunatus* (6th century, Poitiers) which shows the presence of many of the essential elements of courtly poetry. The verses of Sedulius Scotus addressed to Ermen-gard, wife of Lothair, and to their daughter Bertha (9th century), the *Vita Mathildis* (10th century), the letter of Saint Peter Damian to Bertha, daughter of William V, Count of Poitou (11th century), reveal striking resemblance, in one way or another, to the poetry of the Troubadours. And we remember that at Poitiers the first Troubadour, William IX, launched the new ideal. The realization of this ideal, which is to be the subject of Volume II of Professor Bezzola's study, could be achieved only in the 12th century. Then the weakness of the Capetian kings made it possible for the feudal princes to consolidate their power and make their provincial courts centers of culture, and the long struggle between *clerc* and *chevalier* could be resolved in a new knightly ideal of life,

profane, but deeply penetrated with Christian thought and feeling, *courtoisie*. This is a significant, and, in the reviewer's opinion, a convincing piece of work. However, it will remain for the second volume to establish solidly what is here still hypothesis.—L. E. Winfrey. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Marc Bloch. *L'étrange défaite*. Paris. Franc-Tireur. 1946. 194 pages. 80 fr.—Testimonies on World War II are coming fast and furious. We need a Cru to weigh them critically. Few have the same quiet power and utter convincingness as Marc Bloch's. A professor of history, a veteran of World War I, he served as a staff officer and knew the Army at the head and from within. Without partisanship or rancor, he states the plain fact that the Franco-British disaster was first of all a military defeat, caused by the ineptitude of the glorious High Command. The despised politicians of the Third Republic never grudged funds for national defense, and the common soldiers were no better and no worse than the Poilus of 1918. Many American journalists (some of them calling themselves historians) have not yet understood that simple truth and still repeat the Riom version of the disaster.

Bloch was shot by the Germans on the eve of their own collapse, June 1944; for naturally he was active in the Underground. His testament is brief, simple, and noble: "J'affirme, face à la mort, que je suis né Juif . . . Etranger à tout formalisme confessionnel comme à toute solidarité prétendument raciale, je me suis senti, durant ma vie entière, avant tout et très simplement français." Like Léon Blum, he was "un grand Français" and a great world citizen. Such men might be the prophets of the

true Zion.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✧ Ludwik Bronarski. *Etudes sur Chopin*. 2 vols. Lausanne. Concorde. 1944 and 1946. 181 and 175 pages. 5 Sw. fr. ea.—M. Bronarski concerns himself with both the personality and the work of this extraordinary Polish musician who, according to his closest friend, "had a gay spirit and a melancholy heart." Chopin is one of the most original geniuses on record, yet the influence of many of his great predecessors is plainly evident in his compositions. Naturally, by the time he appeared on the scene, so much music had already been written that it was impossible to create what was entirely "new." But he did develop a manner of his own, so that it is not easy to confuse his music with that of any other composer. His spontaneity and his idiom are unique. There is an intertwining, a mingling of themes, rhythms, forms, and musical textures so varied and individual that the result is a gossamer fabric of such special shimmering beauty that it has been the inspiration of all pianists and composers for the piano since his time.

These volumes are crammed with anecdotes and characterizations of Chopin's fascinating and elusive personality. There is doubtless significance in his talent for mimicry. George Sand recalls him as "transforming himself suddenly into a phlegmatic Englishman, an impertinent old man, a sentimental Englishwoman, a sordid Jew, only by arranging his cravat and his facial expressions." His conduct was unpredictable. Liszt says of him: "It seems as if he would rather walk all the way across Paris to refuse a dinner than take the trouble to write a half-page note. His handwriting is almost unknown among his friends." Yet when it became necessary or when he was inspired, he could write the most beautiful letters and tell in a few words all there was to tell. From his few remaining letters and the reports of his discerning friends, we know that

he admired books and literary people; and although, in order to earn a living, he passed most of his day giving piano lessons and composing, he loved to spend his evenings at literary salons, rubbing shoulders with the literary figures of his time. This addition to Chopiniana is especially valuable for its accumulation of such data.—*Joseph H. Benton.* University of Oklahoma.

✧ Jean Dacier. *Ceux du Maquis*. Grenoble and Paris. Arthaud. 1945. 200 pages. 90 fr.—This is the kind of book which is a joy both to the casual reader and to the historian. It is a detailed record of the heroic deeds of a railway machinist and some two hundred of his companions in a group of the French Forces of the Interior under the command of Captain Pons. During the summer of 1944 they operated clandestinely against the Germans, as indicated on the good map, in the Vercors region of southeast France between the Rhône and the Italian frontier. The fact that they lost a quarter of their number—23 killed and 29 wounded, whose real names are now revealed—is eloquent evidence of their courage and patriotism.—*Sidney B. Fay.* Harvard University.

✧ Paul Sainte-Claire Deville. *La Commune de l'An II. Vie et mort d'une assemblée nationale, d'après de nombreux documents inédits*. Paris. Plon. 1946. 388 pages. 180 fr.—The French historians are still in the midst of the Revolution, and a study of the Paris Commune is not only up-to-date historical literature but helps in the still unsettled evaluation of the Terror. The present work, parts of which had been published in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* (1935–39), gives in its first part a history of the municipality of Paris in the years 1793–94. It details the beginnings of the Commune, its rôle in the insurrections of May and June 1793, its short-lived triumph under Hébert and Chaumette, and the advent of Robespierre. The second part deals with the

Terror and ends with a minute account of the Ninth Thermidor, the day when both Robespierre and the Commune fell. Skilful and convincing is the refutation of the well-known thesis that the *gendarme Merda* shot Robespierre and the assertion that Robespierre had tried to commit suicide, a point which has been highly controversial. In his judgment of Robespierre the author follows Mathiez, although Robespierre does not emerge as quite the hero and wise leader which Mathiez regarded him. The book makes use of hitherto unpublished documents and is both constructive and readable.—*Kurt Schwern*. University of Virginia Law Library.

✧ Roger-Francis Didelot. *Gallieni: soldat de France*. Paris. Dupont. 1947. 245 pages. 145 fr.—Gallieni, born in the Pyrenees of an Italian father who had moved to France in 1815, was one of the great French empire builders, like Bugeaud, De Brazza, and Lyautey. Commissioned from St. Cyr in July 1870, he was captured at Sedan. In missions between 1876 and 1881 he made treaties with the natives from the Niger to Timbuctoo, which won much of West Africa for France. In 1892 he was sent to Tonkin, where he defeated the river pirates and repaired the mistakes of his predecessors. In 1896 he subdued Madagascar and transformed it from a rebellious protectorate into a prosperous colony. Quickness of decision, firmness combined with kindness, solicitude for the views and well-being of the natives, opposition to excessive centralization, and love of France were the secrets of his success. They are here well set forth in glowing terms by an enthusiastic admirer who has gathered local color by visiting the regions and talking with the people whom Gallieni brought under French rule. But his account of how his hero "saved Paris" and "won the Battle of the Marne" is marred by excessive indignation against the bureaucrats, parliamentarians, and other generals who disagreed with Gallieni, blocked his ac-

tion, or suspected that he was aiming at too much personal power.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ Charles Du Bos. *Grandeur et misère de Benjamin Constant*. Paris. Corrêa. 1946. 303 pages. 120 fr.—Many readers will regret that M. Du Bos' intense admiration for Benjamin Constant did not extend to the homage of some attempt at assimilation of style. His involved and meandering phraseology, contrasting sharply with Constant's concision and directness, makes for difficult reading. The impression grows that the very title was chosen for its sonorousness. The foreword declares that the *grandeur* is to be sought throughout the book and that *la misère* is to be taken in the Pascalian sense. Certainly *la grandeur* made the greatest impression on the critic. Occasional remarks lead to the conclusion that lack of mystic religion is the fundamental cause of *la misère* in M. Du Bos' eyes. He nowhere mentions Faguet's essay (*Politiques et Moralistes du XIX^e Siècle*), and one feels that careful study of this precise and judicial portrait would have been beneficial. Faguet analyzes both aspects of Constant's nature: his *grandeur* is in lucid intelligence and sincerity, his *misère* in his temperament. *Sola inconstantia constans* was his device. M. Du Bos is concerned chiefly with the emotional side of his hero. He quotes copiously from his correspondence, from *Adolphe*, from *Le journal intime*, and from *Le cahier rouge*. He studies in detail Mme de Charrière and Mme de Staël in their relations with Constant; he had intended to include Mme Récamier, but time failed for the latter. A more unbiased evaluation and a less pretentious style would add greatly to the value of the study.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

✧ L.-P. Fargue, S. de Saint-Exupéry, R. Aldington, et al. *Saint-Exupéry*. Paris. Confluences. 1947. 282 pages. 240 fr.—The influence of Saint-Exupéry has mounted steadily in France since his

tragic death on a wartime reconnaissance mission over the Mediterranean. This commemorative volume edited by René Tayernier testifies to his growing cult. The collection contains essays by such diverse hands as Fargue (*Un homme complet*), Pierre de Lanux (*Saint Exupéry en Amérique*), Pierre Dalloz (*Dernières rencontres*), Aldington (*Un poète de l'action*), Francisco Giner de los Ríos (*Un hommage espagnol*), Roger Caillois (*Grandeur de l'homme*), etc. The interest of the essays is enhanced by the inclusion of several unpublished photos: Saint-Ex at the time of the publication of *Vol de nuit*; Saint-Ex with his friend Guillaumet in 1938; Saint-Ex as a speaker on the wartime "Voice of America"; and finally the last picture taken of him, in Corsica, in 1944. Several manuscript pages of his work are reproduced. The volume concludes with a complete bibliography. Gallimard has announced an important unpublished work, *Citadelle*, for 1947.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✠ Constantin de Grunwald. *La vie de Nicolas I^{er}*. Paris. Calmann-Lévy. 1946. x+311 pages. 275 fr.—A very good biography of Nicholas I as man and as Emperor of All the Russias. It is a companion volume to the author's lives of Freiherr vom Stein and of Metternich. Using a large amount of memoir literature as well as monographs, both Czarist and Bolshevik, indicated in abundant footnotes, the author gives picturesque and dramatic details of this handsome, enigmatic Romanov despot. A fifth of the volume is devoted to the Decabrist revolt of 1825, which had a profound psychological effect on the young emperor. The Polish revolt and its consequences are also presented in detail. Most interesting and least known is the story of Nicholas I's relations with the Papacy. But his diplomacy and the Crimean war, his reforms and administration, and the literary currents of his reign are treated relatively briefly. The reader gets the impression that Nicholas

was a strange mixture of contradictory qualities: brutal and chivalrous; petty and generous; courageous and timid; kind and cruel; fond of both simplicity and ostentation; solicitous for his German wife, yet enjoying at least one Russian mistress, Barbettes Nelidov, who continued to live in the Winter Palace until her death in 1897.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✠ Pierre de Lanux. *New York, 1939-1945*. Paris. Hachette. 1947. 223 pages. 140 fr.—M. de Lanux was well qualified to write this book. He had been a member of the Haut Commissariat Français aux Etats-Unis in 1918, attaché to the French delegation at the Versailles Peace Treaty, director of the Paris bureau of the League of Nations from 1924 to 1934, member of the Ministry of Information, North American section, in 1938. He spent the war years in the United States as Professor of Contemporary Civilization at Middlebury College, and he had a part in the San Francisco Conference.

The present volume relates, very succinctly, the march of events during the period of the war, as reflected in the boiling maelstrom which was New York City. His aim was "contribuer, de façon si limitée que ce soit, à une plus ample connaissance des Etats-Unis par les lecteurs français." He has accomplished more. The American reader will find in this chronology of well-known events the profitable viewpoint of a shrewd observer who looks in from without and therefore has a clearer or at least a more detached perspective.—*Jeanne d'Ucel*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✠ J. Leffon. *Monsieur Emery: L'Eglise d'ancien régime et la Révolution*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 2nd ed., 1945. xiv + 443 pages. 144 fr.—Father Jacques-André Emery, for 30 years of his life Superior of the Sulpician Order, author of a widely read book on Saint Theresa and various other thoughtful and beautifully written religious works, was one

of the most important Frenchmen of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods and deserves more attention than he has received from writers in English. Napoleon is quoted as having said of him: "He's the only man in the world I'm afraid of!"—by which he doubtless meant that he saw in Father Emery not only a courage which could be invincibly stubborn on occasion, but a fundamental wisdom, fairness, and goodness which made him a formidable enemy and a useful ally. A supplementary volume to this one is to bear the title *Monsieur Emery et Napoléon*.

Stamped with a *Nihil obstat* and an *Imprimatur*, Canon Leflon's scholarly, suave, and reasonable biography can nevertheless be read with impunity by the most scrupulous free-thinker. Both Monsieur Emery's French and Dr. Leflon's are a constant pleasure.—*R. T. H.*

✕ Charles Morazé. *La France bourgeoise*. Paris. Colin. 1946. xvi+220 pages. 155 fr.—An analysis, broadly conceived, of the evolution of the French middle class during the past two centuries and a half. There are statistics and graphs, of course, but the central thought is man himself—his physical environment, his economic activities, and his ideas. The author begins with a study of the population of France and the changing conditions of life which have made the country politically weak in the 20th century. He then takes up the mental transformations brought about by the French Revolution, the Restoration, and the growing industrialism and materialism since 1848. Similarly he traces the changing structure of agricultural and industrial organization, and finally the philosophic views of thinkers since Bodin as to the proper rôle of the state in social legislation. By this study of the past he endeavors to bring his readers to a clearer understanding of the present problems of postwar France, so that legislation may be neither too conservative nor too radical. An excellent book, well written and full of wise ob-

servations.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✕ Roger Nordmann. *Le bain*. Paris. La Porte Etroite. 1946. 230 pages. 100 fr.—The author, as anti-aircraft soldier, lived through the "Sitzkrieg"; a French Jew, he nearly died at Drancy, "Camp of Slow Death"; he fought in the Vercors *maquis*. Though he talks of himself and his comrades, such as M. Jean Wahl, his story is typical, not personal. His style, vivid and uneven, is closer to the colloquial than the heroic. His account is valuable as testimony of the seemingly hard-boiled generation born during the first World War and as evidence of the second World War in some aspects which are unforgettable, yet difficult to remember in detail.—*Marianne Bonwit*. University of California.

✕ Marcel Prenant. *Darwin*. Paris. Hier et Aujourd'hui. 1946. 221 pages. 110 fr.—Professor Prenant's book consists largely of quotations from Darwin's works set against quotations from Marx and Engels, and it is apparent that Darwin comes off second best. Not because his scientific work is not sound, but because he was wealthy and was the grandson of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous pottery manufacturer. Moreover, Darwin was a Whig; and Whigs don't like Marx or Engels; judging by this work the reverse is true also.

It is to be hoped that the time will come when the professors will be willing to separate the science of Einstein and the nucleonic pioneers from the Utopian, alleged social "science" of the Henry Wallaces. They simply will not work together; natural science and the social sciences are not even second cousins.—*Pieter H. Kollwijn*. Berkeley, California.

✕ *Le procès du Maréchal Pétain*. Montréal. Variétés. 1946. 339 pages.—In Marshal Pétain's famous treason trial in July-August 1945, a mass of testimony

was laid before the court. Among the witnesses were many of France's most prominent political and military figures. Pétain himself, except for a few brief sentences, was silent. The whole matter was summed up against him by the skilful public prosecutor, André Mornet. In reply, the defense lawyers, Fernand Payen, Jean Lemaire, and Jacques Isorni, did their best to make out a defense for the aged hero of Verdun, bringing in irrelevant matters and emotional appeals in the face of hysterical hatred. This volume is made up mainly of the summing-up speeches of these four lawyers for the prosecution and defense. It also includes a few documents cited in Pétain's favor and the full text of the jury's reasons for its verdict: death for treason, but with a recommendation of commutation to life imprisonment.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ Claude Roy. *Lire Marivaux*. Neuchâtel. Baconnière (Paris. Seuil). 1947. 149 pages. 140 fr.—Claude Roy's sparkling, readable, but remarkably *juste* essay (which combines, very felicitously, criticism, biography, poetry, and a bit of confession) has appeared as the 66th volume in that admirable series, *Les Cahiers du Rhône*, which began publication in Neuchâtel early in the war under the able direction of Albert Béguin and published many French authors (Aragon, Eluard, André Rousseaux, etc.) who were forbidden by the Germans and the Vichy authorities. The series is now distributed in France by the Editions du Seuil. Claude Roy, who has written some fresh and charming poems in the line of Supervielle (*Clair comme le jour*), a book of reportage about the liberation of Paris which is one of the best of its kind, and a series of critical essays for the revue *Poésie*, is well equipped to handle Marivaux. Roy himself writes *marivaudage* with consummate grace. In this essay he makes a good case for the importance of Marivaux, often obscured by the figures of Rousseau and Voltaire. "Marivaux had some-

thing important to say about man, that no one had said before him. But he also had the supreme elegance of stating it with a smile and without insistence. The words of Nietzsche could be applied to him: 'C'est à force de profondeur que les Grecs sont superficiels.'—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✧ Urbain Cassan. *Hommes, maisons, paysages*. Paris. Plon. 1946. x+234 pages. 100 fr.—A study in "environnement" (geographic), which Cassan distinguishes from "milieu" (historico-social). Very much in the spirit of Jean Brunhes and Patrick Geddes: city planning inseparable from regional planning. Not fanatical about traditions. Ridiculous to force an alien tradition in uncongenial surroundings, e.g. an Alsatian house on the Riviera, or a Provençal *mas* in Brittany. But although style and structure were long determined by local traditions, modern technique has leveling influences; it would be foolishness to rebuild Norman farm-houses of the ancient régime in post-war Normandy. A very sane book; but embraces too much for its compass; so becomes list of topics rather than treatise. Constantly speaks of "doctrine": couldn't find any traces of doctrine except: "You never can tell," which might be the wisest of all. Slight tendency to quietism: don't eradicate pests, they are probably holding worse pests in check. At least avoids faults of two schools: *chambardement* (tear everything down and start *de novo*—Le Corbusier), and Barocco grandiosity (just what the Soviets are planning for Moscow).—*Albert Guérard*, Sr. Stanford University.

✧ Louis Gautier Vignal. *Lettre aux Italiens*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 146 pages. 120 fr.—The author, who has written volumes on Machiavelli and Pico della Mirandola, says he is a friend of the Italians. Therefore in this volume he gives them a paternal lecture on all the evils they have brought upon themselves and their neighbors by surrender-

ing to the cruel ambitions and bombastic balcony propaganda of Mussolini. By reminding them of these things he hopes to prevent them from falling into similar follies a second time. Let them return to the Greco-Roman tradition and Christian humanism which was once their glory in the past.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ *Albert Ollivier. Fausses sorties*. Paris.

Jeune Parque. 1946. 317 pages. 150 fr.—Albert Ollivier produced for the newspaper *Combat* some of the most incisive editorials of the first two years following the Liberation. He here publishes some of the most representative in a systematic form. He groups them in such categories as: France rediscovers the world (reaction to the liberation); the problem of General de Gaulle; colonial policies; the atomic bomb; France and Spanish politics; the trial of Marshal Pétain; the food question; the search for an economic program; the need for administrative reforms; nationalization of industry; the future of trade unionism in France; the Army; variations in the Communist party; the Gouin government. Naturally, these articles "date" very much. But Ollivier's keen, sensitive, and sensible commentary on the men and events of the France of the Liberation will interest anyone concerned with the trend of modern European politics.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✧ *Saint-Just. Pages choisies*. Paris.

Point du Jour. 1947. 324 pages. 350 fr.—An interesting feature of post-Liberation France has been the revival of interest in the writers of the period of the Revolution. Saint-Just, the "Archangel of the Terror," has been the object of special attention. The brilliant Bertrand d'Astorg devoted a curious section of his *Introduction au monde de la terre* (Editions du Seuil) to him and has studied his little known epic poem *Organt*. Albert Ollivier is preparing a life of him. Now comes this volume of selec-

tions from his prose works, with a provocative preface by Jean Cassou, Conservateur of the Musée d'Art Moderne. Conveniently arranged (but without table of contents or index), it will serve as an initiation to a spirit who seems very contemporary to present-day Frenchmen who feel that the atmosphere of violence in which they are living has much in common with the Terror and the Directoire. Describing the neglect into which such figures as Robespierre, Marat, and Saint-Just have fallen, Cassou remarks: "These men will be integrated into the national conscience only when the work which they undertook has been accomplished. In the history of our country, there has been since 1794 a kind of suspense, a halt. In spite of their genius, the French Revolution stopped midway, compromised itself. Instead of developing and accomplishing what it had dreamed, it turned into Thermidor and Napoleon."—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✧ *A. Gratry. Les sources*. Montréal.

Fides. 1946. 239 pages. \$1.—Father A. Gratry, Oratorian, played a very active part in French spiritual life under the Second Empire. Scientifically trained, a student of the great Paris *Polytechnique*, he was credited—or charged—with "formulating the integral of God." He was a vigorous thinker, ardently interested in all great causes (including the perennial Polish problem); this at a time when Veuillot spurned thought and poured ridicule on the "Charitans" (in U. S. parlance, "starry-eyed Do-gooders"). Because he found it difficult to accept the decisions of the Vatican Council, the last years of his life were spent in darkness, if not in despair.

The splendid intellectual revival of Catholicism in twentieth century France should lead to the rehabilitation of Gratry. *Les sources* (first published in 1861–62) is not a philosophical book, although its firm simplicity reveals a philosophical mind. It is intended for laymen, and its

nature is well indicated in the titles of the two parts: *Conseils pour la conduite de l'esprit* and *Le premier et le dernier livre de la science du devoir*. Between the two, there is a long *Discours sur le devoir intellectuel des chrétiens*, which is as valid today as three generations ago.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✱ Jean Wahl. *Tableau de la philosophie française*. Paris. Fontaine (Montréal. Parizeau). 1946. 235 pages.—Jean Wahl, professor and poet, has given us a luminous and profound little book. Not the *Précis* that will help candidates for the B.A. to bluff their weary examiners; not a pleasant chat in the Bellac tradition; but a survey truly philosophical in its scope and perspective.

Wahl knows that philosophy cannot be abstracted from other mental activities, nor France from the rest of Western culture. The story might have started with Montaigne, if not with Abélard. Wahl gives good reasons for beginning with Descartes: "Enfin Descartes vint." Wahl recognizes that philosophical thought is not identical with the creation of abstract systems—those marvelous houses of cards. So he admits "les Philosophes" among philosophers; and he does not brush aside Taine and Renan. A poet himself, he notes—but only in a brief paragraph—that Hugo, Vigny, Baudelaire, Valéry among others command intellectual respect.

The three men whom he discusses most thoroughly are Descartes, Comte, and Bergson. But he devotes more attention to Malebranche than is customary in such brief surveys. Above all, he considers Maine de Biran, long forgotten by literary men and historians, ignored by professional philosophers, as one of the summits of French thought.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✱ Julien Benda. *La France byzantine*. Paris. Gallimard. 1945. 292 pages. \$2.50 u.s.—Julien Benda's most recent

onslaught against Bergsonians and other anti-intellectualists is a heavily documented essay designed to show that contemporary French writers from Mallarmé to the Surrealists have developed a "pure" literature, resembling strongly the Alexandrian. M. Benda has skilfully sorted the tangle of twentieth century literature, selecting and labeling the significant doctrines and tendencies. Students of the period will be grateful for so lucid an analysis. The polemic side of the work, however, seems muddled, frequently pointless, and always an unwelcome intrusion on the otherwise excellent discussions. It is an exasperating logical process that the reader is asked to follow, for, after Benda asserts and demonstrates rather convincingly that literature is essentially non-intellectual, he denounces as decadent those periods in which literature most nearly realizes itself. His wholesale attacks on the great contemporary classics—Gide, Proust, Giraudoux—are discounted by the fact that the authors most worthy in his eyes are those who by his own statement merely continue an outmoded aesthetic.—*L. Le Sage.* University of Oregon.

✱ René Bertelé. *Henri Michaux*. Paris. Seghers. 1947. 221 pages. 190 fr.—Much that is obscure and intellectually *snob* has been written of Michaux, one of the greatest of living French poets and one who illustrates most dramatically the current crisis in expression, the desire to go beyond language. His increasing preoccupation with a curious, hieroglyphic kind of painting (a more than Rimbaudian desire to create a new alphabet), his distrust of words, and his destructive violence towards them fit in with a very significant contemporary movement. Bertelé, admitting the difficulty of his subject, makes, however, an excellent analysis, which is written with admirable lucidity and humility. The major fact in approaching Michaux, says Bertelé, is that he is "un poète qui n'est pas situé—parce que lui-même n'a pas voulu se situer (partant se définir et se

limiter)." He accomplishes the task of relating Michaux's life to his work. Following the long introduction, Bertelé gives a selection of poems covering Michaux's entire production. A complete bibliography of the poet's work and a list of his exhibits of paintings concludes the study.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✧ Pierre Brodin. *Les écrivains américains de l'entre-deux-guerres*. Paris. Horizons de France. 1946. 186 pp. 120 fr. —These twelve essays, first presented as lectures at a school in New York in 1944-45, concern eleven arbitrarily selected American writers, with an introduction in which Brodin discusses the effects of the hurts of World War I on the writers of that "lost" generation which was characterized by a revolt against Victorianism, the acceptance of many "isms," and a turn to the Left. He says of American literature of this period that it lacked culture and contained much brutality, vice, and perversion. But it had honesty and idealism. How else could it be, since it portrayed social ills and its characters were the underprivileged part of humanity? The essays are clear-cut, informative, and well organized, beginning with a keynote quotation from the author himself, a character of his creation, or a critic, followed by a paragraph touching the salient points which help to identify the writer, then a biography in considerable detail, an analysis of his various works, and a concluding broad view of his faults and virtues. Each essay is preceded by a helpful list of works with dates. The writers discussed are Robert Frost, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Erskine Caldwell, James Farrell, John Phillips Marquand, and, lastly, John Steinbeck, for whom Brodin reserves higher praise than for any other. It is worthy of note that they include only one poet and one dramatist, the principal works of the others being novels. A bibliography of some 200 books and articles is appended.—*B. G. D.*

✧ Y. E. Clogenson. *Alphonse Daudet. Peintre de son temps*. Paris. Janin. 1946. 211 pages.—During the German occupation and the hegemony of Vichy, patriotic Frenchmen turned for solace to those writers whose works incorporated a spirit of resistance to the traditional enemy similar to their own. Alphonse Daudet was one of those writers. Such stories as *L'enfant espion*, *La dernière classe*, *Le mauvais zouave*, *La vision du juge de Colmar*, and the longer work, *Robert Helmont*, had, during the years 1940-1944, a poignant significance for Frenchmen. In spite of Daudet's friendship for the anti-Semitic Edouard Drumont and his developing disdain for democratic institutions, as revealed, for example, in *Soutien de famille*, the honest patriotism which permeates these stories would seem to invalidate the contention of his son, Lucien, that his father was a precursor of the Vichy philosophy (*L'Illustration*. December 1940).

Motivated by the actuality of Daudet's attitude, M. Clogenson studies the total relationship of his novels to the time covered by the Second Empire, the Commune, and the Third Republic. He has done a basically accurate job which needed to be done, and he has done it well. His chapters on the Second Empire and on Paris will be of special interest to students and admirers of Alphonse Daudet.—*Boyd G. Carter*. University of Nebraska.

✧ Jules Mouquet and W. T. Bandy. *Baudelaire en 1848: "La Tribune Nationale"*. Paris. Emile-Paul. 1946. 340 pages. 140 fr.—This fine scholarly study might have been named *Baudelaire journaliste et 1848*, since the poet's shifting political allegiance is set against the full journalistic scene of the February Revolution. Financial distress and political cynicism explain his contributions and supposed contributions to two short-lived newspapers. A good bibliography and brilliant if not always fully convincing textual comparisons of Baudelaire's works and extensively represented ar-

ticles of *La Tribune Nationale* make this book an "ought" among Baudelaireana.—*Marianne Bonwit*. University of California.

✧ Pierre Béarn. *Jean-Pierre et la navigation*. Illustrated by Bob Hekking. Paris. Pavois. 1945. 392 pages, large format. 450 fr.—The sophisticated author of *L'océan sans espoir* and *Les oiseaux sont ivres* is not sophisticated every day of the year. *Jean-Pierre* is a frank juvenile, built like other (good) juveniles, emotionally and philosophically conventional, and unblushingly didactic. This story of how a 13-year-old Frenchman learned the difficult art of navigation in the course of a cruise about the British Isles and beyond, under the tutelage of an old Breton sea-dog of an uncle, is, as a matter of fact, a treatise on navigation, with drawings, maps, tables of logarithms, and all the paraphernalia that go to make up a textbook. The artist, Bob Hekking, was a victim of the war, and since his part in the book was as large as the author's, it was more than a gesture to dedicate it to his memory. This fascinating and useful volume is to appear shortly in English translation.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Pierre Béarn. *Les oiseaux sont ivres*. Paris. Pavois. 1946. 245 pages. 150 fr.—These ten austere sketches belong with the most distinguished short stories of the generation. Skeletal as little stripped automobiles, they condescend to no humor, no ornamentation, no gallery-play, no trickery. They are the fruit of a stern determination to pack the maximum of awful meaning between their quiet lines. They all deal with tragedies—the bombing of cities, the execution of a traitor by Underground patriots, the crew of a submarine destroying themselves to destroy the enemy—and they all employ the largely modern device of a muted ending freighted with ghastly implications.

Why has so skilful and scrupulous an artist as M. Béarn not become more

widely known? Chiefly, no doubt, because it takes an artist to appreciate an artist. And partly, perhaps, because of an attitude which he himself confesses in his dedication of this book to Marcel Arland (italics the reviewer's): " . . . ce recueil que j'ai composé en ouvrier consciencieux quoique sceptique." —*R. T. H.*

✧ Edmond Buchet. *Les vies secrètes. I. Raisons de famille. II: Les faux départs*. Paris. Corrêa. 1946. 247 and 319 pages. 105 and 168 fr.—Corrêa has already announced publication of *Le grand désordre*, Volume III of this unpretentiously appealing series novel, and two more volumes are in preparation. Buchet takes up his chronicle of a Protestant Swiss family at the beginning of this century, and by the end of the second volume has reached a third generation and the years following the first World War. Strong sense of family, nationality, religion, provide the common meeting ground for the Vernier-DeCuzy clan. The descriptions of family reunions, colored by childhood reminiscences and Genevan patriotism, make pleasant reading, but Buchet's chief interest lies in depicting the "secret lives" of rebellious spirits who revolt with varying degrees of success against the stifling confines of middle-class, law abiding mediocrity.—*L. LeSage*. University of Oregon.

✧ Francis Carco. *Surprenant procès d'un bourreau*. Paris. Ferenczi. 1946. 228 pages. 110 fr.—From fourteenth century chronicles and archives, Carco develops his extraordinary story of a hangman who was discovered to be a woman. Frequent references and verbatim quotations from alleged sources maintain the quaint flavor but impede the narrative, which is thus pieced together haphazardly from bits of evidence without chronological sequence. But Carco's aim is not so much to tell a story as to create an atmosphere of medieval horror. The intrigues of the

hag La Houe with the brigand chieftain who fails in his attempt to capture the city of Vorle are vaguely sketched to prepare for the elaborate account of La Houe's torture and the brigand's death, torn slowly apart by four horses. Likewise the hangman's masquerade, exposed by La Houe, affords the reader the spectacle of the masquerader's sordid *affaire* with the drunken and sadistic Pigarruc, the hangman's assistant. The reader may choose to interpret this gruesome novel as another allusion to the Occupation.—*L. LeSage*. University of Oregon.

✧ Norbert Casteret. *La longue course*.

Paris. Didier. 1946. 278 pages. 105 fr.—This book is dubbed a "roman sportif" and in fact deals with sports to a large extent. It tells the story of a boy of the Basses Pyrénées district who develops throughout the first part of the book into a long distance runner and finally wins the Olympic Marathon race in London. This completes the "sportif" part and clears the way for the "roman" section. The heroine, who is also an Olympic Games contestant, is seriously injured in the high jump and the hero overhears two doctors agreeing that she is doomed to die shortly. The broken-hearted hero has himself hidden in a convent as a gardener and plans to withdraw entirely from the world. This plan is upset by World War I in which he becomes a soldier and is wounded. The high-jumping girl turns up as his nurse in the hospital; she wasn't dead after all.

The story has some interest and very good descriptions in places but smacks overstrongly of the *deus ex machina*.—*Pieter H. Kollwijn*. Berkeley, California.

✧ Norbert Casteret. *La terre ardente*.

Paris. Didier. 1944. 267 pp.—The plot creaks in all its joints; the characters are papier-mâché, or at best wooden. But you will remember *La terre ardente* for a long time, because Norbert Casteret, eminent speleologist, has written

a story about the things he loves best, mostly caves, although a lot of other matters of interest crop up too: an oil gusher on fire in the Haute Garonne; gold deposits in France (especially along the Salat), a scientific expedition to Africa in search of a new radioactive element, all of which is tied up with a primitive idol having mysterious powers, powers scientifically demonstrated by the hero.

But caves and the great dark dripping underground are the real protagonists, and you feel their attraction not only for the enthusiasts who explore them today, but also for the prehistoric men and women who lived, painted, and worshiped in their silences, and for the bats that nest in them in huge swarming clusters. Putting this novel down, you are persuaded that the subterranean Garonne is much more fetching than the one on top, and that the *grandeur et misère* of reputation—especially through a slimy, muddy tube in the rock, two feet in diameter and a hundred yards long, into an unknown cave—make it the most fascinating kind of locomotion possible to man, or woman. (The heroine appeals to the hero as much for standing this sort of gaff as for any other discernible reason—unless it be her encyclopedic knowledge of prehistoric civilization.)

If you are a born explorer but limited in that everything on your horizon has been explored—as Casteret confesses himself here—try the nearest caves. He did, and made himself an authority on, and a worshiper of, the cavities we have beneath us. But first, try this book.—*F. D. E.*

✧ La Cousine Zo-Zo. *Guerlinguet, le fûté*. Montréal. France-Livre. 1946.

171 pages.—Three chapters of this group of animal-fables are devoted to the doings of the temperamental young squirrel Guerlinguet and his interesting relatives. The other stories deal in the same tone with the adventures and misadventures of other members of the animal kingdom. The fairy stories aren't half

bad, and an amusing feature of the book is its external appearance. The numerous illustrations are in three colors, and sections of the book are printed in each of the three. The effect may not be esthetically above criticism, but it will please the children.—*H. K. L.*

✎ Frederik Willem van Eeden. *Le petit Johannes*. Paris. Sixaine. 1946. 234 pages.—Van Eeden was a many-sided Dutch writer—novelist, dramatist, philosopher, and above all poet—whose life was a quest. It led him from medicine to utopian socialism (he took part in a communal experiment) and ultimately to the Catholic fold. Little Johannes, first published in 1887, is an allegorical presentation of that quest.

It is a child's fairy tale, told with absolute simplicity, and reminding us of Andersen, *Alice in Wonderland*, and the *Just So Stories*. But the implications are far beyond the juvenile realm. Evidently, at that time Van Eeden was still very far from his ultimate haven (he died in 1932). When Johannes finds at last the Great Light, he asks "Art thou Christ? Art thou God?" and the Spirit answers: "Never utter such words. . . . They are only a source of error, and their sacred character is an occasion of blasphemy. He who seeks to know me must reject such words and listen only to his conscience." The translation-adaptation is very successful, at any rate for one who has not read the original.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✎ Robert Gaillard. *Louisiane. I Michi-Sépé*. Paris. Dumas. 1947. 558 pages + map. 350 fr.—The indefatigable Gaillard, whose California gold-rush novel *Le grand mirage* piled up the sales so brilliantly a year ago, is doing it again with a lush account of Cavalier de la Salle's explorations of the Mississippi country. La Salle is seen through the admiring eyes of a *bois brûlé* (half breed) follower who owed his presence in the world to the passing fancy of a French soldier for a Huron princess.

This type of adventure story, which has little organic unity but grows, like a mineral, through accretion of action and dialogue and can be prolonged almost at will, succeeds by virtue of its simplicity, its emphasis, and its appeal to powerful instincts, in this case the Frenchman's pride in the achievements of his race. Historically it is reasonably careful. It is interesting that the author completed it in New Orleans.—*H. K. L.*

✎ J. Girodet-Eymard. *Croix du buisson*. Paris. Pavois. 1945. 365 pages. 99 fr.—By no means a great novel, but a corking good story. A novel of women: old Mme Priest, her daughter-in-law, and her maid. There is little love lost between the two in-laws. The old lady, paralyzed on the right side, helpless as a child, blames her daughter-in-law for the death of her son Jean-Marc. The boy, spoiled and indulged by his over-possessive mother, is still her poor darling, although dead.

This story, set in the Ardèche, with its strange characters and surprising ending, will not fail to enthrall. The action moves swiftly; the style is compelling; the protagonists move and talk like real people. *Croix du buisson* will keep you absorbed for several hours.—*Elizabeth Oakes*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✎ Jean Guirec. *Le carrefour des anges*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1946. 284 pages. 120 fr.—M. Guirec sets a commonplace plot in the frame of Sartre's *Sursis*. Annik, who loves her brother overmuch, her jealous admirer, a Stendhalesque upstart fittingly named Julien, the marital troubles and murky thoughts of the Bour . . . quins, are drawn clearly but emerge less vividly than the very air of Paris. Quacks and dupes welcome war; yet, even in September 1939, the principle of life is reaffirmed, as evidenced by a child willed and welcomed by one of the heroines who dominate Guirec's nominally dominant men. His latter-day Magdalen is credible, his angels are

not.—*Marianne Bonwit*. University of California.

✧ Charles Plisnier. *Mères, mes bien-aimés*. Paris. Corrêa. 1946. 421 pages. 195 fr.—This novel, apparently the first of a series, based on the detailed study of a dying mother's influence upon the lives close to her, is something of an innovation. Through a long summer Mme Estivandier lies slowly dying of a heart ailment. Deeply religious, upright without intolerance, she wishes to straighten out the lives she will leave behind. Her problems encompass a husband who plans to marry his secretary-mistress, a daughter tired of her marriage and caught in the web of a revived youthful passion, and a restless, intellectual son, surprisingly devout, and strongly attached to his mother. Her influence extends to the children of a neighbor to whom she has been a second mother, a girl likewise unhappy in marriage, and a brilliantly cynical young man who is a confirmed atheist. The story, rather loosely knit as to plot, is successful in creating an intense emotional atmosphere in which the impact of the dying woman's moral force falls with considerable effect upon those whom she calls her *bien-aimés*.

The author's style is somewhat diffuse, and his preoccupation with a rather fundamentalist concept of sin is perhaps overdone. In contrast, the treatment of the several *liaisons* involved is surprisingly frank. While a lighter touch in the development of the emotional and moralizing overtones of the story would have been welcome, it cannot be denied that Plisnier has succeeded in maintaining a consistent level of interest.—*Elliott Dow Healy*. University of Texas.

✧ Robin. *Mirabelle au long cou*. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1945. 24 pages.—Gaily illustrated with two-color sketches, this story of the little giraffe and her victorious struggle with her inferiority complex seems at first a little adult for

the age group to which it is told (3-6). However, it withstood with great success the acid test of the reviewer's three-year-old.—*Oliver Benson*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Roger-Ferdinand. *Théâtre*. 2 vols. Paris. Belle Fontaine. 1946. 325 and 352 pages. 160 fr. ea.—For more than twenty years Roger-Ferdinand has entertained Parisian audiences. All the old sure-fire themes and devices are here: romance, gentle satire, the conflict of youth with age and of love with money, an occasional adultery—more or less clandestine—a variety of settings, both provincial and urban. The characters are mainly of the upper bourgeoisie, with servants from the lower classes and now and then a clerk or secretary or minor official to contrast with the main figures. The women vary within a fairly narrow range, the most picturesque and amusing being the Parisian theatrical star who plays off a variety of masculine victims against each other in *L'amant de Bornéo*.

Roger-Ferdinand has been compared by French critics to Labiche and to Marcel Pagnol, who writes an introduction to these volumes. Lugné-Poë adds a tribute to the "good humor," modesty, and clear sight of this Norman professor of English, whose plays the veteran actor has often interpreted. *Théâtre du théâtre*, Pagnol calls Roger-Ferdinand's work, and the description is valid. All the French neatness in plot building and pointed dialogue is here. Serious social criticism is lacking, though the narrow-mindedness of the bourgeois, especially where art is concerned, and the harshness of parents ambitious for their children to marry money are portrayed with a good deal of emphasis, especially in *Le président Haudecoeur*. But young love wins out over worldly obstacles, youthful rebellion is generally pardoned, and the final curtains descend on scenes of reconciliation almost as inevitably as in the movies.

Better plotted, better written, and

more soundly based on actuality than the plays of Verneuil recently reviewed here (see *Books Abroad*, Summer 1945), these comedies fall halfway between the boulevard farce and serious drama. As Pagnol remarks, no one will find here a *Soulier de satin*—something to be thankful for, in my opinion—nor is there any left-wing experimentalism, but there is observation, kindness, and love of life, all making for good feeling and smiling acquiescence.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✱ Victor Serge. *Les derniers temps*.

2 vols. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1946. 262 and 260 pages.—Victor Serge is a veteran Leftist who broke with the present Russian régime in 1938. This novel traces the destiny of a heterogeneous assortment of Parisians caught in France's débâcle, and ends in escape and resistance. The characters are too numerous to be more than sketchily drawn. Those having most substance are Dr. Ardatov, exiled Russian revolutionist, for whom violence and terror are old stories after his experiences in Russia and Spain, and Félicien Mûrier, distinguished poet, who joins the Resistance after refusing collaboration with Nazi propagandists. These two no doubt reflect facets of the author's own history. There is also a kind of romantic lead in Justinien, French army deserter, who appears in the dubious rôle of murderer.

The author has a journalist's alertness for detail and dialogue. He effectively recreates the eerie mood of Paris on the eve of occupation and vividly portrays the effects of the disaster upon individuals of various social strata. However, his own general comment at the end, "Rien n'est fini" applies also to his not entirely satisfying novel.—*Robert W. Kretsch*. College of the City of New York.

✱ Louise Labé. *Sonnets*. Frederic Prokosch, tr. New York. New Directions. 1947. 51 pages. \$2.50.—Louise Labé (1525-1566), also known

as La Belle Cordière—both her father and her husband were wealthy ropemakers—has been called the outstanding woman poet of the 16th century. She was known for her wit and beauty, and these sonnets, addressed to an unknown lover (reportedly Olivier de Magny, another poet), are passionate missives indeed. Tender, exulting, despairing, they touch a sensitive woman's every mood.

Frederic Prokosch is a poet in his own right and has rendered Louise Labé's old French (one sonnet is in Italian) into beautiful English. Some of the English versions seem as spontaneous as the originals.—*Elizabeth Oakes*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✱ Christiane Desroches - Noblecourt.

Le style égyptien. Paris. Larousse. 1946. 220 pages + 64 plates.—For so small a book, this is a remarkably complete and enjoyable history of Egyptian art. The many indices are a useful feature which should be included in more pretentious art books; and the illustrations, though it is too bad they are not sharper, are a numerous, fresh, and interesting choice—not at all the usual repertory. Madame Desroches-Noblecourt's knowledge and sympathy communicate a new understanding of an art that has often seemed remote and exotic.

She takes pains to vindicate Egyptian art from the charge of monotony by sensitive analyses of the variations possible within the rigid tradition. This completed, solitary evolution of forms, peacefully, patiently developing through many centuries, gives insight into the nature of art itself. The cohesion, the tension, the impressiveness, and the concern for eternity of Egyptian art are related as elements of which all other manifestations of art since that time have partaken: not at all as the opposite of Greek and subsequent Occidental art, but as a pre-esthetic from which these others developed. In our present artistic tumult, it is heartening to study this art based on

an absolute spiritual axis; in comparison, our own lack becomes evident.—*Carol Seeley*. Temple, New Hampshire.

✎ Pierre du Colombier. *L'art allemand*.

Paris. Larousse. 1946. 172 pages + 64 plates.—The author of this manual seems unusually hampered by lack of space, and although the book has much useful information, it has not been able to develop its conclusions adequately.

M. du Colombier admires the indefatigable research and detail in German art, finds it engaging for certain primitive and vigorous qualities, and is impressed by the linear sensitivity which reaches its perfection in the greatest of German artists, Dürer. But he has not minimized Germany's borrowings, and need to borrow, from the art of France and Italy. The German characteristics least appropriate to the visual arts, over-conscientiousness and lack of selectivity, seem to him serious handicaps, and he finds German art generally confusing in character as well as in development.

The format of this little book is probably explained by the lack of paper in France, more serious now than during the Occupation. But one speculates whether the selection of illustrations was purposely made to present the most famous and the most grotesque.—*Carol Seeley*. Temple, New Hampshire.

✎ Paul Dumas. *Lyman*. Montréal.

L'Arbre. 1944. 31 pages + 20 plates.—The art of new countries has in modern times followed a certain pattern. At first the artist, isolated in a society absorbed in colonial expansion, must devote himself to humble tasks: recording historic events, portraiture, a few religious subjects. Next, at a time of greater leisure and prosperity, comes documentation on the new landscape, genre painting of the new life. But as he goes deeper into the meaning of art, the artist must be drawn to centers in older lands; his art must assimilate traditions, borrow, learn—in order, finally, to be given back to his own country, ready to try

creation.

John Lyman, Canadian, is at the third stage. He has studied in Paris, and his expression is derivative, his syntheses less than original. Yet his work is not without interest as part of the development of a new center of art. He brings good taste, an honest approach, and a sense of form—in short a feeling for art—to combat the usual regionalist and illustrative pictures loved by communities naïf in art.

Paul Dumas presents the man and his work understandingly and unpretentiously in a most attractive little book.—*Carol Seeley*. Temple, New Hampshire.

✎ Lucien Dollinger, Hans Haug, René Paira. *Alsace*. Paris. Vautrain. 1947.

244 pages + 25 plates.—This attractive travel guide is by far the best book of this type the reviewer has seen. After a short manuscript introduction by General DeLattre de Tassigny, who liberated Alsace after World War II, and several chapters on industry and agriculture, there are sections dealing with suggested sightseeing trips, art, architecture, history, and folklore. The illustrations, colored blockprints and pen drawings by J. M. Curutchet, are extremely well done and add greatly to the value of the book.

If this is a sample of the post-war travel guide, we don't care if we never see one of the familiar red-covered pre-war Baedekers again. These publishers have issued another in this *Tourisme-Art-Histoire* series, dealing with Normandy, and six more are in preparation.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✎ Linoel Vasse. *Paysage aztèque*. New York. Brentano. 1946. 179 pages.

\$1.75.—Lionel Vasse is a diplomat who, instead of sighing eternally for Paris like Ovid for Rome, fell in love with the land of his pleasant exile. No wonder: it was Mexico, whose many-sided and richly-tinted culture appeals to tour-

ists, scholars, artists, and sociologists. It is not so much the "Aztec landscape" he describes as the streets, markets, and baroque churches of Mexico City. Very brief sketches—with pencil as well as with pen; full of life, elegant, and without strain.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✂ René Bailly et Michel de Toro. *Dictionnaire des synonymes de la langue française*. Paris. Larousse. 1946. xiii+626 2-col. pages.—We hope this latest addition to the large family of Larousse dictionaries is a lexicographical robin whose arrival is evidence that the rigors of war and economic chaos have abated. It is the first dictionary of synonyms since the century began, and it has brought the French language very efficiently down to date. The contemporary technical vocabulary is fairly well though not always consistently taken care of, and the current colloquial idiom is rather generously represented. The plan is to group words of related meaning together in one paragraph, at the alphabetical position of the commonest or most important of them (cross-references make most of them easily accessible), and perhaps to repeat them in order of intensity (thus: *ABJECT, bas, méprisable, misérable, sale, sordide, vil* is rearranged: *misérable, sale, méprisable, bas, sordide, vil, abject*). The differentiation is not far from bewildering when our lexicographers undertake to separate out the connotations of such a group as: *NARCOTIQUE, soporifique, somnifère, soporifère, hypnotique, soporatif, soporeux, dormatif*. But usually the lines of demarcation are flatteringly clear when our learned instructors have once drawn them for us; and the book is positively absorbing reading. It deserves and will certainly enjoy a large sale in every quarter of the globe to which the marvelously ingratiating French language has penetrated.—*R. T. H.*

✂ Ralph Weiman. *Common Usage Dictionary. French-English, English-*

French. New York. Crown. 1946. viii+278 2-col. pages. \$3.—Dr. Ralph Weiman, Educational Director of the Living Language Courses and late Chief of the Language Section of the United States War Department, is supervising the publication of a series of practical language aids, including a Spanish-English Common Usage Dictionary on the same lines as this one, and similar dictionaries for Russian, Italian, German, and Chinese, which have not yet appeared. The two we have seen are excellent. We review the Spanish Dictionary elsewhere in this issue. Like it, the French Dictionary prints a minimum vocabulary in capitals and limits its entire list to words of everyday occurrence, follows the translation of each word, where necessary, by phrases and sentences illustrating the unexpected and important idiomatic uses of the word, and strives for complete naturalness and ease in the translations, with almost invariable success, although the translations seem sometimes a little more self-conscious and a little less incisive and inevitable than those in the Spanish volume. Since the total vocabulary from which the choices had to be made was much smaller in the case of the French than with that group of a score of languages known collectively as Spanish, the French volume comes nearer to serving as a general dictionary than the other one. We have found a few small errors, but in general the book is a workmanlike job at every stage of its production.—*H. K. L.*

✂ *L'année philologique. XV: Bibliographie des années 1940-1941 et complément des années antérieures*. Paris. Belles Lettres. 1943. xxiv+495 pages.—The present volume of *L'année philologique* offers yet another testimony to the unfailing zeal of French scholarship during the recent war years. The efforts of the editor, J. Marouzeau, since the early 1920's have been directed with eminent success toward the preparation of a comprehensive bibliography of Greek and Roman studies for the period

from 1896 to date. Two volumes (one still in preparation) cover the period from 1896 to 1924; since 1924 *L'année philologique* had appeared annually until the present volume, which, because of the restriction in scholarly production during the war, comprises the bibliography of a two-year period. As usual, this work contains not only a listing of the scholarly books and articles in the field, but also brief summaries of the most important of them.—*Henry S. Robinson*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ *Hommage à Romain Rolland.*

Charles Baudoin, ed. Genève. Mont-Blanc. 1945. 162 pages. 5.60 Sw. fr.—In this year of grace 1947, when history is rapidly catching up with us, when, as Romain Rolland wrote in a letter many years ago: "Il ne s'agit pas de plaisir à cette heure. Il s'agit d'être ou de ne pas être," it is good to measure the will to European and world understanding that that courageous soul above all others personified and nourished during the half century just past. It is good to realize how eagerly thoughtful men and men of good will everywhere rallied around this *grand seigneur de l'esprit* whose loyalty to all humankind was simple and sound as a rock. We need to have it said again that such a triumph by and for humanity as was his life was reached only after he had conquered himself in the kind of battle we all are fighting now. As he puts it: "... cette mêlée . . . ne se livrait point seulement sur vos charniers. Elle a sévi sur le mien, en moi, dans mes passions."

Some 45 items comprise this collection under the headings *Études et souvenirs, Messages, Poèmes, Trois lettres* [inédites] *de Romain Rolland*. A number of the tributes were presented to Rolland in honor of his seventieth birthday, and several of these appeared in the press at that time, notably in *L'Humanité* for January 26, 1936. A few of them were written after his death late in 1944. Thirty French names, great and small, are signed to them, five Swiss, and one

each from nine other countries, including Persia and China. Profits from the sale of this *gerbe de reconnaissance* go to the relief of children under the Swiss Red Cross.—*F. D. E.*

✱ Comtesse Jean de Pange, ed. *Lettres de femmes du XIX^e siècle*. Monaco.

Rocher. 1947. iii+252 pages.—A combination of circumstances has made this a very pleasing and profitable volume. The editor, a talented writer herself and no doubt the author of letters fully worthy to grace a similar compilation a hundred years hence, is keenly sympathetic with these eager great-grandmothers of hers who loved both life and letters, both God and men (other women too sometimes, but less often), both der-ring-do and domesticity. Early 19th century France, at least among its blue-stockings, was a time and place of extravagant emotions, and these poor women who loved so fondly, suffered so dramatically, and wrote so charmingly, will never lose their fascination for the soberest of their descendants. Both the idea of this book and its execution are admirable. Some thirty-nine lady letter-writers of the other century, as different from each other as the high-born Marquise de La Fayette and the foundling Julie Talma, the pious Madame Swetchine and the bloodthirsty Madame Lafarge, the prudish Madame de Lamartine and the promiscuous adventuress Anna Lindsay, yet alike in their skill with the pen and certainly, most of them, in the goodness of their hearts, are represented by a group of their letters, some of these already widely known but a few of them here printed for the first time, and by extremely skilful one-page biographies, which are marvels of deft condensation and illuminating use of anecdote. George Sand and Madame de Staël and Madame Vigée-Lebrun are here, but many of the names would mean little to a foreign reader if it were not for these jewels of pen-portraits, which give the volume

clarity, continuous interest, and even a sort of unity.—R. T. H.

✂ Paul Valéry. *Mauvaises pensées et autres*. Paris. Gallimard. 1942. 223 pages. 140 fr.—Paul Valéry collected, under the title *Tel quel*, the selections he had published from his notes and sketches; to these two volumes he added two more, containing new material, *Mélange* and *Mauvaises pensées*. They all show him (as he had already appeared in that early, isolated work, *Monsieur Teste*) as a *moraliste* in the French sense. These aphorisms and poems in prose range from the formulations of a very solitary man to those of one who increasingly participates in the life of the world—without our being able to

guess at what point of his career each was written. *Mélange* covers more than half a century. *Mauvaises pensées* presumably dates from his later years.

His celebrity has been such these last twenty-five years that a reaction is almost bound to come; but fame never altered his self-criticism. What Goethe said of Diderot is true of him: He was a unique individual. He vibrated with life. Once more we see him so in this volume—ever aware of his own insufficiency, for he had set his goal sufficiently high, ever and again amazed by the strange, hopeless, ceaseless, fascinating venture of the species Man. These pages evidence it, in the nervous prose that was his own, or in the cadences of Classical French.—Herbert Steiner. Pennsylvania State College.

Books in Spanish

(For other Books in Spanish, see "Head-Liners")

✂ Ricardo Donoso. *Las ideas políticas en Chile*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1946. 526 pages.—The Director of the Chilean National Archives here approaches the history of his country from a new viewpoint. He is dealing with the period from the movement for independence down to the eventful year 1891. His theme is the struggle for the establishment of a truly democratic government in a land where the background was such that progress was difficult. Basing his study on the ideas expressed by political and other leaders, he has given an illuminating picture of the processes through which the governmental organization passed.

He begins with a recital of the new ideas which were introduced at the close of the colonial period, and then sets forth the steps by which the independent government was organized. He traces his country's political development down to the adoption of the aristocratic constitution of 1833. He narrates

the struggle against the aristocracy and the struggle against the influence of the Church, with sections on religious tolerance, the problem of cemeteries, and the decline of the Church's influence. The suppression of the teaching of Latin marked the end of a last heritage of the colony. The steps which resulted in the final establishment of the freedom of the press and of elections are analyzed with meticulous care. A final chapter is entitled "Juridical Bases of the Democratic Organization." It is a record of social and political reform and reorganization which could not have been effected without the activity of men who devoted their lives to the championing of their ideas. Dr. Donoso has rendered a valuable service to his country and to scholarship in preparing this useful and interesting volume, which gives an intimate picture of the growth of Chile during the greater part of the nineteenth century.—Roscoe R. Hill. Washington, D. C.

✠ Angel Lázaro. *Retratos familiares*.

La Habana. Prisma. 1945. 137 pages. \$1.50.—Lázaro, son of a Spaniard and a Cuban woman he met while fighting in Cuba, is the author of six published volumes of verse and seven unpublished but produced plays. In the present volume he devotes his pen to a description of the members of his family. He begins with an affectionate sketch of his father and his mother. Then after an *Intermedio* lamenting the loss of Spain's colonial possessions, he presents us to his brother Domingo the business man, his oldest sister born in Cuba, and the others. All of them are unusual, including the second daughter who suffered violent attacks of melancholy and the younger girl who wanted to be a nun. Last comes an *autorretrato* of Angel, who was born, we learn, in Orense, but has spent most of his life away from Spain. While there is nothing world-shaking in the book, it is well written, with sympathy and psychological insight.—W. K. J.

✠ Félix de Llanos y Toriglia. *Maria I. de Inglaterra ¿La Sanguinaria?* Madrid. Espasa-Calpe. 1946. 492 pages. 50 ptas.—The Espasa-Calpe series of *Grandes Biografías* is handsomely got up and includes such attractive works as John Buchan's *Augustus*, Gregorio Marañón's *Tiberius*, Chesterton's autobiography, Eve Curie's life of her mother. Not all the editor's choices, however, have been as fortunate. This bulky record of the doings and sufferings of the unlucky daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragón is neither eminently scholarly nor particularly readable. The conscientious author has discovered a lot of things that were rather well known before. He is honest, and we agree with his general conclusions, but we are not so sure about some of his premises. Señor de Llanos maintains that Mary's bad reputation originated with spiteful heretics who hated her, and that innocent Spanish writers have repeated these calumnies when they should have been engaged in lauding her noble zeal

for the true faith. There appears to be some truth in his general allegation. The only recent qualification of Mary Tudor as fundamentally vindictive and cruel which this reviewer has noticed occurs in a highly considered Spanish reference book, and he finds her usually treated sympathetically and respectfully by modern English-, French- and German-language historians. But the authoritative historians treat her kindly because they regard her as a well-intentioned woman at heart, not because she was a violent religious zealot.

The book is the product of much hard labor, but at some points the labor was not hard enough. The bibliography is long but random and inaccurate. Misspellings abound, and one or two entries are so badly handled as to be unintelligible.—H. K. L.

✠ José Miró Argenter. *Cuba: crónicas de la guerra. Las campañas de invasión y de occidente, 1895-1896*. I: *La campaña de invasión*. La Habana. Ministerio de Educación. 4th ed., 1945. 313 pages, large format. Gratis.—This is one of the most important documents of the Cuban Wars of Independence. This new edition was distributed by the Cuban government in commemoration of the centenary of Cuba's most amazing leader, that incarnation of unselfish patriotism, Antonio Maceo. The Catalan-Cuban journalist José Miró fought beside Maceo through this campaign, so that his book is based entirely on personal experience and observation. The first edition of this "libro de mis amores," as the author calls it in his dedication to President José Miguel Gómez, appeared in 1909. It is hard for one of us who has always lived a sheltered and cautious life to realize the constant strain and horror which these patriots accepted for the sake of an ideal. Before Antonio Maceo gave up his own life for his little country, he had seen the death of his father, five brothers, his mother, and nearly all his other close relatives. None of the children of men have ever been more

sublimely courageous than these poor mixed-bloods who were determined that their little island would not yield to the Spanish oppressor as long as a Cuban was still alive to handle a weapon.

This valuable book is well printed and well made, but it is too bad that bulky volumes of this importance must be issued in paper bindings.—*H. K. L.*

✎ José Antonio Páez. *Autobiografía*. 2 vols. New York. Elliott. 1946. 1064 pages.—The Venezuelan Ministry of National Education sponsored this re-edition of the autobiography of the "great warrior of the plains." It is a facsimile of the original edition, which is in the Library of Congress. Two portraits of Páez, a tribute from the pen of José Martí, and a proclamation by Bolívar have been added to the two volumes. Páez, one of the fiercest and most ruthless of the South American revolutionists, was the terror of the plains and a deciding factor in the defeat of the Spaniards. His autobiography is a mine of information. Páez, like the conquistadores, had a sense of world history as well as of the importance of the moment, and it is fortunate for mankind that he recorded the great events in which he participated. It is regrettable that much of the contemporary material on both the Colonial and the Revolutionary period is now out of print or almost impossible to obtain. To the Ministry of National Education, Caracas, a gold star for its reprint of General Páez' autobiography.—*Lowell Dunham*. University of Oklahoma.

✎ Cortés Plá. *Isaac Newton*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1945. 264 pages. \$2.25 m-arg.—Professor Plá of the Argentine Universidad del Litoral is one of the solidest of Latin American scientists. His most important publications have dealt with Galileo and Newton, the latter of whom was born at almost the moment of the former's death, as if to symbolize the continuity of their labors. This life of the greatest of English sci-

entists is a sedate work which is not as brilliantly readable as Sullivan's in English, for example, but is packed with helpful information. There are even diagrams and mathematical formulas, a few of them, when they are necessary to clarify an essential point. It is unfortunate that so thorough a study has no indexes to make its information easily available.

Perhaps the book's chief merits are its scope and its unity. It is like one of those marvelous maps on which countless cities, villages, rivers, mountains, forests, rail lines, canals, are all clearly visible and carefully placed with reference to each other. All the "key" natural philosophers and mathematicians are here, and they all work together for good. After Galileo, one thinks first of Einstein. This book has an excellent section on relativity, and it is Cortés Plá's conviction that neither the 17th century physicist nor his 20th century *confrère* is complete without the other: "Einstein no ha destruido la obra de Newton . . . ella atraviesa la crisis que puede implicar la aparición de la relatividad. . . ." As Einstein himself said of his clear-headed forbear: "Newton was better aware of the weak sides of his thought-structure than the succeeding generations of students. This fact has always excited my reverent admiration. . . ."

It is not clear whether this is a first edition or a reprint. The *Prólogo*, by the other Argentine mathematician Aldo Mieli, is dated more than a year earlier than the date of printing.—*H. K. L.*

✎ César Silió Cortés. *Maquiavelo y su tiempo*. Madrid. Espasa-Calpe. 1946. 288 pages. 25 ptas.—The idea of this book is interesting, and it has been carefully and systematically worked out. A section on the great Florentine is followed by a *Segunda Parte* which considers the *Reacción de algunos escritores españoles de los siglos XVII y XVIII ante la doctrina de Maquiavelo* (the writers are Juan de Mariana, Pedro de Ribadeneyra, Quevedo, Saavedra Fa-

jardo, Sor María de Agreda, and Baltasar Gracián—five priests and a nun, a jury understandably not often sympathetic with a Machiavelli), and a *Tercera Parte: El Maquiavelismo y las prácticas de gobierno*, which examines the political practices of the Sforzas, the Florentine Medicis, the Great Captain Gonzalo de Córdoba, the Borgias, Louis XI, and Catherine de Médicis.

Unfortunately the substance of the book is less satisfying than the plan. It is discouraging that the historian is unwilling to be fair to the findings of the most objective students of Machiavelli's life and writings. As a moralist, señor Silió Cortés is edifying: Dishonest rulers always eventually come to grief. Machiavelli encouraged rulers to be dishonest. Hence his influence was bad. God punished him even in his lifetime and will punish all those who accept his doctrines.

It is an ungrateful task to pick flaws in a book with so pious a purpose. But since it purports to be a history and not a sermon, its readers must be reminded that Machiavelli was not a villain but a serious student of statecraft who believed in divorcing politics from religion and morality, whose opportunism was no doubt extreme but who was hated by many Catholics not for his sins but because he dared to criticize the Pope. When he wrote at the end of his life: "Amo la patria mia più dell' ánima," he wrote what seems to have been the simple truth. His error, doubtless, was in believing that his country could be best served by a tyrant who was a supple and not too scrupulous politician. His influence has probably been exaggerated; his reputation has added an ugly adjective to the vocabulary of politics, but most people who wield it know little or nothing about its origin and are neither better nor worse for their use of the sonorous vocable. His dry acceptance of the world as it was is less inspiring than his fellow-townsmen Savonarola's noble effort to uplift it, but Machiavelli's grayness shows almost white against the blackness of many of his associates. This

note is no apology for devious politics. It is an expression of regret that a historian has turned special pleader. Machiavelli was singularly free from dogmatism and prejudice in an age when these faults were general, and a prejudiced treatment of him in our own more tolerant time is a sad anachronism.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Francisco Trujillo Gurría. *Un capítulo de la historia de Tabasco*. México. Talleres Gráficos. 1946. 312 pages.—Secretary of Labor and Social Welfare in President Manuel Avila Camacho's cabinet, Trujillo Gurría has collected in this volume his best speeches, decrees, and pacts from his term as governor of the State of Tabasco, 1939-42. His main contributions were in the redistribution of land and the increase of educational opportunities for Tabascans. That potentially rich State has greatly progressed—politically, socially, and culturally—since the brutal rule of Canibal in the early 30's. Trujillo, Noé de la Flor Casanova, and now Francisco Javier Santa María, have been exemplary administrators.

This collection also includes congratulatory speeches of Tamón Beteta and Miguel Alemán (then Avila Camacho's Secretary of the Interior), and the inaugural address of Noé de la Flor Casanova. A brief biography of Trujillo (*b.* 1898, Villahermosa) adds to the usefulness of the documents.—*E. R. Moore*. Oberlin College.

✧ Rafael Heliodoro Valle, ed. *Bolívar en México 1799-1832*. México. Secretaría de Relaciones Exteriores. 1946. 142 pages.—The 59 documents which form this compilation are of unequal interest and importance. They consist mainly of governmental communications of the Mexican envoy in Colombia, Colonel Torrens. Their dates range from a letter written by Bolívar in 1799 at the age of fifteen to his early death in 1831. A few points of interest emerge even from the most trifling documents when, as here,

they are faithfully transcribed. This is so even in the two pages in which Colonel Torrens announces that he has congratulated Bolívar on his birthday: we learn of a duel arising out of a bottle of perfume and ending fatally. There is a cordial letter (1822) from Iturbide, first Emperor of Mexico, to Bolívar, but in the following year Bolívar writes to congratulate Mexico on the fall of the Emperor. In 1829 he makes Iturbide's son his aide-de-camp, and this threatens to involve international complications. The Mexican envoy in London writes to protest against Bolívar's ambition and declares that the one hope of Spain in its miserable state is to triumph vicariously in Mexico. Meanwhile Colonel Torrens complains to his government of the interference in Mexico of the American Minister Mr. Poinsett.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Blanco Villalta. *Historia de la conquista del Río de la Plata*. Buenos Aires. Atlántida. 1946. 166 pages. \$2.50 m-n.—This young but already famous Argentine historian had previously proved the thoroughness of his knowledge of his country's past, especially of the La Plata region. His new book, admirably readable and well organized, was written especially for children and young people, but those of us who are older will find it interesting reading also. Enrique de Gandía is thoroughly justified in qualifying it, in his excellent preface, as "containing the treasure of Argentine colonial history." The figures of Juan Díaz de Solís, Magellan, Gaboto, Pedro de Mendoza, Juan de Ayolas, Cabeza de Vaca, Irarala, and Garay are drawn with satisfying distinctness. The episodes of the conquest pass before us with the plasticity of a theatrical performance, never fatiguing and constantly interesting. The book has a variety of excellent illustrations, sketches, engravings, and ancient maps. There is a biographical index, a chronology, and a bibliography. The book has been very carefully edited.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Angel Ganivet. *Idearium español*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 342 pages. \$4.50 m-n.—This edition of the *Idearium español* of the great Spanish philosopher Ganivet is unique and will be of especial interest to all followers of the author; in addition to the essay *El porvenir de España*, which is generally published with the *Idearium* in popular issues, Emecé has included the lesser known *Cartas finlandesas*. These charming and acute observations made by Ganivet while he was living among the Finns have been somewhat difficult to acquire of late. This *Biblioteca Emecé* series is far superior in format to many of our own popular issues of the classics.—*Lowell Dunham*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ José Martí. *Obras completas*. 2 vols. La Habana. Lex. 1946. 2,062 and 1,926 pages.—This edition of the complete works of José Martí is a thing of beauty. The two books are bound in red leather and printed on the thinnest of paper. The contents are arranged under various sections, each treating some general topic. Thus we have chapters on Cuba, Latin America, and much on the United States, where Martí lived so long in exile, supporting himself by his writings and working for the freedom of his beloved Cuba. The short biographies of prominent Americans and his keen analyses of our life and customs are very interesting. There is also a section devoted to his verse, another to his theater, as well as notes on education, philosophy, and religion. The reader will be delighted with the admirable cross-indexing, which makes reference easy. It should be pointed out that Martí was a man who could write well on a great variety of subjects, and who, at his best, was a genius. He is rightly the idol of the Cuban people. His unselfish devotion to the cause of liberty and to his native land, for whom he laid down his life, together with his great gifts as a writer, make him a unique figure in Latin American history. It is a marvel that he could pro-

duce in the short forty-two years of his harried and persecuted life such a volume of excellent literature. One can recommend this work to those who wish to understand the Cuban people and to commune with the spirit of a great and good man.—*Calvert J. Winter*. University of Kansas.

✠ Luis Gil Salguero. *Aforismos de la libertad*. Montevideo. Letras. 1946. 52 pages.—The author of this book, who spent some time studying in the United States, is one of the most cultured Uruguayan writers. He is a teacher of philosophy, and he has published such thoughtful works as *Persona y destino* (1937), *Ideario de Rodó* (1943), *Emerson, análisis lírico* (1945), *Martí, política y cuidado de América* (1946), *Figuras de la evasión* (1946), *Al margen de la epistemología de Emilio Meyerson* (1946), and three volumes of aphorisms, one of which is now before us. In *Aforismos de la libertad*, the author participates intensely in the drama of his time, meets life heroically, stubbornly defends the noblest ideals. Small in size, his book is bulkier than many a large one in the germinative character of its ideas, which grow in the soul of the reader, which are "a lesson of light and love," as one of the chapters of the admirable book is entitled. The manuscript was prepared between 1934 and 1937.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✠ Eduardo Mallea. *El retorno*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 150 pages. \$1.50 m-arg.—What am I? What more am I than the sum of what happens to me and the limitations imposed by my physical being? These and other questions dealing with the mind and soul of man are the theme of these short meditations which at times take the form of essays, or, again, narratives in which the author puts himself into his characters. Among them are the tall man and the short man who represents the former's fears, the tall man never looking at the short one but over him; the

wife who is slowly dying in spirit because of her husband's coldness and reticence; the choleric man who is publicly violent and profane but privately humble and reverent; the extrovert who one day begins to think upon the meaning of life, becomes engrossed in his inner self, and thereby loses his former happy self for which he searches desperately; the young doctor who cannot cure his father.

The author suggests a solution for the problems posed by conjecturing that we are a part of a larger life, that our lives are not limited by our bodies and our own experiences, but that the exterior world, its objects and its persons, form a part of their fabric. He says significantly: "I cannot count the poles that attract me." Through imagination we may identify ourselves with a current in the thought-stream of another person, thus widening the river of our own lives. Moreover, the author suggests that we are also a part of things which almost happened or which were not completed. The impression is left that man is solitary as a separate atom, yet has solidarity with the universe.—*B. G. D.*

✠ Azorín (José Martínez Ruiz). *Los clásicos redivivos. Los clásicos futuros*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1945. 152 pages. \$1.50 m-arg.—Here appears Cervantes, weary from trudging from publisher to publisher with his thick manuscript under his arm; Fray Luis de Granada is a little friar waiting in a railroad station; Teresa de Jesús is a nun who owns a radio and a Ford; Feijóo directs a newspaper, aided by radio and television, while distilling from the news a liquor called "universality and relativity." From a thorough knowledge of the classics, Martínez Ruiz (Azorín) has written imaginative sketches of the old masters (Berceo, Gracián, Góngora, et al.) in modern situations. The theme of the first part of the book is that they still live by our side. The cleverest and most unkindly sketch concerns *Productos Lope de*

Vega, a firm which offers for sale by modern advertising nails, leather, condensed milk, novels, dramas, lyrics, etc. The second part is devoted to incidents presenting contemporaries (Pereda, Galdós, Pío Baroja, Darío, Unamuno), the discovery of the little-known José María Matheu, and an essay on the new poetry. Azorín's style has clarity, simplicity, a descriptive quality with emphasis on colors, and is consistent throughout. But the approach, fantasy in the first part and seriousness in the second, is quite different. This small volume will please those to whom both the classics and the moderns are old friends.—B. G. D.

✧ *Popol Vuh*. Adrián Recinos, ed. and tr. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 296 pages. \$12 m-n—This is the first volume of the projected *Biblioteca americana*. If the succeeding volumes are as well presented, the series will become indispensable.

Popol Vuh has been translated by a Guatemalan diplomat, lawyer, and scholar, from the Ximénez manuscript now in the Newberry Library in Chicago. The edition is preceded by a scholarly introduction in which Sr. Recinos discusses the Indian narrative, the Chichicastenango manuscript, the authorship of the work, the life and work of Father Ximénez, who made the first translation and whose manuscript gives the Quiché and Spanish side by side, and various other translations, chiefly French and Spanish. He adds a summary of ancient Quiché history.

There are a few typographical errors, and the bibliography, which Sr. Recinos seems to have desired to make complete, omits several recent editions. The notes are helpful, and there is a subject index, an index of authors and of documents cited, a bibliography, and a map of the Maya-Quiché region. —Hensley C. Woodbridge. Champaign, Illinois.

✧ Jorge Amado. *Tierras del sin fin*. Montevideo. Pueblos Unidos. 1944. 325 pages. \$1.50 m-n.—Although he is

only thirty-five, the author has already written a dozen books and has won a very distinguished place among Brazilian novelists. Indignation can sometimes write a novel as well as make verses. The cruel story of the horrible crime committed with complete impunity by the wealthy planter Colonel Horacio da Silveira (a mere incident in a career of cruelty) is told with a powerful restraint which conceals a burning indignation and is impressive. It is a proof of the author's insight that among the workers who are its potential victims this cruelty in its sheer ruthlessness inspires a certain admiration. The colonel's rival has a professional killer, the Negro Damián, a loyal soul who kills "without malice in innocence of heart." When he begins to doubt and lets his victim escape, he hurries off to a priest and in an agony of remorse confesses that he has been unfaithful and has not killed his man. All the children on the estate adore him. The murders are committed in order to round off the estates and get rid of troublesome Naboth's vineyards. "They are all going to Hell," says Fray Bento, and the curious fact is that in the intervals of greed, lust, and rage they are aware of this lamentable fact. Colonel Horacio is arrested, tried, and acquitted, he loses his wife, attempts are made to murder him, but we leave him smiling happily in a religious ceremony.—Aubrey F. G. Bell. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Rafael Bernal. *Un muerto en la tumba*. 1946. 161 pages. \$3.50 m-n.—*Trópico*. 1946. 129 pages. \$2.50 m-n.—3 *novelas policíacas*. 1946. 187 pages. \$3.50 m-n.—*Su nombre era muerte*. 1947. 257 pages. México. Jus.—We had not known Rafael Bernal till we came upon this group of thrillers, all four of them published within a period of less than a year, by a young man who has culture and talent but has not been sufficiently impressed by the canny proverb "Vísteme despacio, que estoy deprisá." He cultivates the detective story, but if he had limited himself to the detective

story this note would never have been written. *Un muerto en la tumba* (clever title—fresh corpse found in an ancient tomb in Oaxaca—the whole story probably invented to fit that paradox) is passable. The three *novelas policiacas* are completely machine-made, although it is true that the machine works smoothly. But the other books are different and are worth attention. Rafael Bernal comes from the south, and the glimpses of Chiapan man and nature in his powerful collection of realistic sketches, *Tió-pico*, are terribly, thrillingly alive and true. Bernal is at his best in the painful and generous story of exploitation, suffering, and solidarity of the poor, which is a Latin American specialty. His little alligator story *El Compadre Santiago* is almost unendurably horrible and beautiful. Wedged somehow into this ghastly book is a scrap of rollicking folklore, *Tata Cheto*, which is without exaggeration one of the most delightful mixtures of tomfoolery and sly cynicism ever slapped into a tasty literary pancake. In both of these, and in the four others, there is fine skill and subtlety. Finally, the volume *Su nombre era muerte*, the astounding story of a man who fled from civilization, learned the language of the flies, and thereby came near becoming the all-powerful tyrant of the human race, lacks only a little trimming and smoothing and adjusting to make it a rival of the best flights of Bulwer Lytton and H. G. Wells.

This young man is still too much the dilettante, but he might do something big.—R. T. H.

✂ Mihály Földi. *El hombre desnudo*. Buenos Aires. Argonauta. 1945. 302 pages. \$5 m-n.—Földi, a "best seller" Hungarian novelist, who was killed by the Nazis, was primarily interested in man's metaphysical destiny. *El hombre desnudo* is the second part of a trilogy which was published in Hungarian under the title *Isten Országá Felé* (Toward God's Country). It is, however, a separate story and can be read without the

other parts. The central theme is the eternal struggle between virtue and sin. The representative characters are in search of God. They are conscious of the paradoxical conflict of their earthly existence. Those who represent virtue, that is spiritual affirmation, are constantly tested by the temptation to deny. Ferenc Juhász, the major character, seeks ultimate reality, and in this process he inevitably faces dangers, suffering, distortions. In Földi's view it is the soul that forms the body, life itself, the magic possibilities of human existence, the inescapable reality of the indefinable. Death is not the end of life but the beginning of the real life. There is a literary affinity between Földi and Franz Werfel. The novel is verbose and confusing, and it is scarcely possible to judge its "spiritual" perspective without an awareness of the writer's neurotic relationship to modern life.—Joseph Remenyi, Western Reserve University.

✂ Alba Sandoiz. "*Taetzani*." México.

Ideas. 1946. 198 pages.—Written sometimes in careless and undistinguished style (which, however, the author is well able to gather into a richer condensation), this story of the love of a native Indian for a Spanish woman at the time of the conquest of Mexico shows a good acquaintance with native habits and beliefs. The story is artificial but incidentally contains much that will appeal to those who are interested in the subconscious history of Mexico. A few illustrations accompany the text, but they are not powerful enough to inspire the horror which they are evidently intended to express.—Aubrey F. G. Bell. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✂ Francisco Vegas Seminario. *Chicha, sol, y sangre. Cuentos peruanos*. Paris. Desclée de Brouwer. 1946. 271 pages.—In his foreword, Ventura García Calderón proclaims this author an excellent *costumbrista* and satirist who seems to be making fun of his country, but at the same time shows his affection

for it and its people. The fourteen stories in the volume show that Vegas Seminario has caught many phases of Peruvian life. In *El Despeñador* he shows an old man awaiting the executioner of old people who have outlived their usefulness. In *Un caso de espiritismo* we are treated to a farce of a man who takes up Spiritualism to find what happened to some missing money and only succeeds in discovering the unfaithfulness of his sweetheart. *El terrible General Carrascal* is set in Paris and tells of an exiled revolutionist awaiting the day when he will be called back to save Peru, although, as we learn, he has lost his ambition. Several of the stories deal with the introduction of Andean Indians to the coastal civilization, which sometimes improves them but sometimes has a less edifying effect. The stories are told in a smooth and picturesque style that marks the distinguished craftsman.—*W. K. Jones*. Miami University. .

✧ 19 *Poetas del cenáculo de poesía*. Santiago de Chile. Nascimento. 1947. 85 pages.—Under the sponsorship of Vera Zouroff, 19 Chileans have published three pages apiece of their writings, preceded by one page introducing them and their work and containing a pasted-in picture of each writer. Some of them, like Samuel Lillo and Rocuant, are already well known. Others have not yet made a reputation, but the present volume gives them a wider reading public.—*W. K. J.*

✧ R. Olivares Figueroa. *Sátiras*. Caracas. Ardor. 1946. 124 pages.—R. Olivares Figueroa has been one of the leading writers in Venezuela during the past decade and a half. The greater part of his work has been in poetry and criticism, though he contributes prose articles to *Elite* and other periodicals; he has also translated the French poet Paul Valéry. His critical work *Nuevos poetas venezolanos* is widely recognized as one of the best judgments to date on modern Venezuelan poetry. *Sátiras* is a new

edition of Books One and Two, published separately in 1942 and 1946 respectively. Although the poetry shows the definite influence of the modernist, it generally keeps the traditional forms. The *Sátiras* have a virile and defiant tone. Among the best are *Palabras para el último amigo*, *Maizales bajo la lluvia*, and *Sátira burlesca*. The volume is illustrated by an excellent pen portrait of the author and other drawings by Ramón Martín Durbán.—*Lowell Dunham*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Carlos Sabat Ercasty. *Las sombras diáfanas*. Montevideo. Independencia. 1947. 62 pages.—Señor Sabat Ercasty is a poet whom I should like to call "neo-traditional." This 27th publication of his since his literary début in 1917 is a collection of beautiful sonnets, which fall into two groups. Those of one group have the traditional eleven-syllable line; the others have fourteen-syllable lines. The second group is the larger, but the poet handles one type just as expertly as the other. These sonnets have the consistency of marble, but the limpid clarity with which the thought shows through the constantly simple and natural language suggests translucent alabaster. Here is further evidence that the unfortunate vogue of obscurity and incoherence in poetry has passed its peak.—*H. Seris*. Centro de Estudios Hispánicos, Syracuse University.

✧ José Bernardo Couto. *Diálogo sobre la historia de la pintura en México*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 167 pages. \$9 m-n.—Manuel Tousseint has carefully edited Couto's discussion of painting in Mexico during the 17th and 18th centuries. Couto (1803-1862) was the first to present a summary of the history of colonial painting; before his time there existed only isolated scraps of alleged information, much of it inaccurate, much of it exaggerated, about individual artists, but nothing about artistic movements and the development of painting. The editor con-

tinues: "The importance of the *Diálogo* is realized when we review the works that have followed it; his [Couto's] information is still valid, but his errors are copied together with his facts."

The text is that of the edition of 1872. The *Diálogo* is in the form of a conversation between the author, a Catalonian painter named Clavé, who lived in Mexico from 1847 to 1868 and who was Director of the Painting Collection of the Academy of San Carlos, and Pesado, the author's cousin. The work reads easily and merits Toussaint's comment: "... classic in the broadest sense of the word, classic in conception, classic in development, classic in language." The editor's notes, which are printed at the bottom of the pages, briefly discuss or identify further the painters mentioned in the text; occasionally there is criticism or approval of Couto's artistic standards or those of his time. The index appears to be accurate and complete, and the reproductions are clear.—*Hensley C. Woodbridge*. Williamsburg, Virginia.

✧ Aurelio M. Espinosa. *Cuentos populares de España*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 216 pages. \$2.25 m-arg.—The Aurelio Macedonio Espinosas, father and son, are among the most zealous of all collectors of Spanish-language folk material. Espinosa *padre* has published with the Stanford University Press a three-volume compilation of tales and fables all of which he gathered orally in Spain in 1920. There are 280 of them, constituting the largest such Spanish-language collection ever published. Espinosa *hijo* got together in 1936 a still longer list, which is however still in manuscript. The 67 stories in this little volume are taken partly from the father's collection and partly from the son's. They are grouped under four headings: *Cuentos humanos varios*, *Cuentos ejemplares y religiosos*, *Cuentos de encantamiento*, *Cuentos de animales*. Reproduced in the flavorful language of the peasant narrators, the stories are full of charm and are often arrestingly

thoughtful. In his introduction, the elder Espinosa (who, by the way, only recently retired from active service at Stanford University, after a long period of distinguished labor), calls especial attention to the uncanny similarity of theme among popular tales all over the world.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Edna Garrido. *Versiones dominicanas de romances españoles*. Ciudad Trujillo. Pol. 1946. 112 pages.—Edna Garrido has combed thoroughly the hinterlands of Santo Domingo, with their wealth of orally preserved poetry, to compile this interesting anthology of seventeen ballads on themes well known in all Spanish America. Armed with the best techniques of a trained folklorist, the compiler has included musical scores, comparative annotations, bibliographical references to related investigations, and all the circumstances of the actual compilation. It is significant that the volume is dedicated to Ralph Boggs, who has done so much to encourage Spanish American folklorists from his vantage point in Chapel Hill.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College, Library.

✧ Salvador Novo. *Nueva grandeza mexicana*. México. Hermes. 1946. 178 pages.—The title and the chapter headings of Novo's book are taken from the lengthy 17th century poem descriptive of the city of Mexico, *Grandeza mexicana*, by Bernardo de Valbuena, a book brought to popular attention a few years ago by the incomparable Biblioteca del Estudiante editions. The two books should be read together, so that one may feel the city as the constant, the observers as the variants. Since the charm of places lies chiefly in their unchanging aspects, Novo's and Valbuena's reactions are produced by approximately the same forces. One can imagine the city admiring her reflection in the mirrors of these two observers, the conventional old bishop of Puerto Rico, and the mercurial modern critic. Novo's travel

books, *Return Ticket*, *Jalisco-Michoacán*, and *Continente vacío*, are almost a genre. In *Nueva grandeza* we have the same brilliant prose, filled with what punsters have named Novocablos; the same strange humor, now warm, now cold; the same sharp, rich perception; the transfigured factual information; and the love without which a travel book becomes as the sounding brass. The book continues to be read with wonder and delight by the inhabitants of the city it describes.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Augusto Malaret. *Diccionario de americanismos*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 835 pages. \$12 m-n.—Biblioteca Emecé is to be commended for its publication of this important work by the distinguished Puerto Rican lexicographer. Malaret was a pioneer in the field of Latin American lexicography. After 19 years of hard work, he published in 1925 the first edition of his *Diccionario*. It was the first dictionary that covered the languages of all the Hispanic countries of the New World. A second edition followed in 1931. The present third edition has many revisions, additions, and corrections. The book is compact and very convenient to use and is within the financial reach of the average Latin American scholar. Now that the preliminary work has been done in the Latin American field by Malaret, Santamaría, and other Latin Americans, it is time for some English-speaking Hispanist to give us an adequate and comprehensive Spanish-English and English-Spanish dictionary.—*Lowell Dunham*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ *Aguinaldo puertorriqueño de 1843. Edición conmemorativa del centenario*. Río Piedras. Universidad de Puerto Rico. 1946. 206 pages.—Time was when collectors who boasted of an *Aguinaldo* could be counted on the fingers of one hand, but the handsome facsimile just released (in 1947, not 1946, in spite of the imprint date) by

the Junta Editora of the University of Puerto Rico puts this rarity within the reach of everyone. The importance of the *Aguinaldo* lies in the fact that it is the earliest non-serial Puerto Rican imprint with any serious literary pretensions. A pot-pourri of second and third rate colonial imitations of Spanish romantic styles, this anthology is nevertheless important as a work which helped to establish the dominant tone of Puerto Rican literature. Unfortunately, the edition title-page and appended introduction by Francisco Matos-Paoli were not sewn into the facsimile, and only an expert bibliographer will be able to distinguish it from the original after the Caribbean elements have worked on it for a few years.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✧ Carlos A. Echánove Trujillo. *Enciclopedia Yucateca Conmemorativa del IV. Centenario de Mérida y Valladolid (Yucatán)*. 8 vols. Mérida. Universidad de Yucatán. 1947. 5,600 pages + 1,500 ill. \$150 m-n.—This up-to-date work on Yucatan outmodes the well-known compilations of Ancona, Molina Solís, Ignacio Rubén Mañé, Zayas Enríquez, and others. It is inexpensive, the volumes are easy to handle, and it contains a wealth of information heretofore scattered in many publications.

Nearly all the contributions were written especially for the *Enciclopedia*. More than 50 specialists have had a part in it. The greater number of the Mexican contributors, including the editor, are natives of Yucatan. Nearly all the articles are by American scholars.

Beginning with the physical aspects of Yucatan, the work traces the Maya civilization in all its manifestations and presents the various cultural, literary, historical, and educational developments since the Spanish Conquest. For the first time the history of the theater in Yucatan is thoroughly treated. Careful attention is paid to Yucatan's racial, linguistic, sociological, economic, and po-

litical problems. The last volume, which has not yet appeared, will be a *Bibliografía general yucateca*.—José Sánchez. University of Illinois, Navy Pier, Chicago.

✱ W. Fernández Flórez. *El toro, el torero y el gato*. Madrid. Aguilar n.d. 196 pages + 10 plates.—Bullfighting (the baseball of Spain) is not a hobby but a necessity, affirms Sr. Flórez. He claims that tourists who know nothing of Spanish literature and products know Spanish bullfighting and that Spain, therefore, has a vested interest in it. But it does not progress; science, politics, all phases of life progress, but not bullfighting. It is quite important to do everything according to rule and tradition. Nevertheless, Sr. Flórez confesses that the fight he enjoyed most was one where everything was done wrong. His vivid and prodigious imagination, together with his lively wit, create a book that is delightfully amusing. He speculates on the origin of the bullfight—perhaps it represents the struggle of man against the forces around him, or perhaps collective fear seeking an escape. He has many other unique suggestions to offer, such as the substitution of the cat for the bull since bulls are large, stupid animals and cats have much agility and grace. The seemingly unbreakable *picador* would, he thinks, make a good aviator or soldier in this world of wars. Our grandfathers thought of bulls as the incarnation of masculinity. Who could imagine, then, a feminine creature with smoke pouring from her nostrils? But that has changed and smoking is a peculiarly feminine vice. So, why not women bullfighters?

It is recommended that these essays be taken in small doses for the greatest pleasure. The book is beautifully printed, and the illustrations in color are gems of humor.—B. G. D.

✱ Josué de Castro. *La alimentación en los trópicos*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1946. 204 pages.—Cli-

mate has a profound effect on metabolism. A satisfactory diet in the tropics depends on many factors, which vary in different regions. The present study is of alimentation in Brazil. The foods consumed in various parts of the country are investigated with the object of determining how nearly adequate a diet the people enjoy. The results of the quest show that in almost all regions studied, no matter what the basic food, there are deficiencies, either from the quantitative or qualitative standpoint, or both. A sad result of this deficiency in diet is the high rate of cretinism found in some districts, where a supply of iodine is lacking. This condition, formerly attributed to ancestry and the mixture of races, can be rectified by proper food balancing. In other parts it is milk and other calcium producing elements that are needed, and elsewhere there is an excess of carbohydrates. It is hoped that the causes of the present ills being known, steps can be taken to provide a balanced ration throughout the country.—Calvert J. Winter. University of Kansas.

✱ *Estudios Afrocubanos*. La Habana. Sociedad de Estudios Afrocubanos. 1945-1946. 245 pages. \$3.—Fernando Ortiz and a group of Cuban scholars launched this important ethnographic periodical in 1937, but the economic confusion into which the world was plunged a few years later forced them to discontinue it in 1941. They have resumed it with this large special number which will presumably be followed by smaller issues appearing several times a year. This Volume V is devoted almost entirely to Afro-Cuban music and consists of a dozen substantial articles by that amazingly learned and zestful scholar Fernando Ortiz himself, by Emilio Roig de Leuchsenring, Enrique Andreu, Gaspar Agüero y Barreras, and other authorities.—H. K. L.

Books in German

(For other Books in German, see "Head-Liners")

✱ August Bebel. *Aus meinem Leben*.

3 vols. Berlin. Dietz. 1946-47. 200, 444, and 200 pages.—The story of the famous leader of the German Labor movement prior to World War I is the story of the difficult beginnings, the first great struggles, and the flowering of the Social Democratic Party in Germany. Bebel's autobiography was among the first books burned and banished by the Nazis. It is therefore only just and fitting that a new edition appear among the first post-Hitler books.

In reading the story of this long, hard life, the life of a poor sergeant's son born in the dark days of the Vormärz, learning avidly while working as apprentice and laborer, joining the first small unions and workers' clubs, organizing a Socialist party, becoming a distinguished parliamentary speaker and foe of Bismarck, one comes to know not only an unusual character but a crucial period in German history. The work is carefully edited and amazingly well printed and bound.—F. C. Weiskopf. New York.

✱ Wilhelm Hausenstein. *Charles Baudelaire. Ausgewählte Gedichte*.

München. Alber. 1947. 306 pages.—The first half of this book consists of German translations of Baudelaire's poems. The translator makes a special effort to retain the cadence and the exact idea of the original, even at the risk of a degree of abruptness. The second half of the volume, the biography of Baudelaire, should interest English-language readers very much. It makes a courageous attempt to bring Baudelaire, whose life was filled with mistreatment and persecution and ended with self-exile, into the realm of positive values. With this end in mind the author reconstructs the phenomenon Baudelaire in all its elements: his ostensibly "dandified" life, his isolation within the vivacious French

society of the period between Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. Then, the stubbornly classical, rational, traditionally French foundation of his poetry, despite its superficial aspect of romanticism, baroque grotesqueness, wilfulness. And finally, the absolute sincerity of the man and the poet, his tireless search for truth, and consequently his inevitable turn to metaphysics and eventually to orthodox Christianity.

This brings us to the heart of the biography. The often-contradicted thesis that Baudelaire, for all the infamy that has been visited upon his name, was a convinced Christian and never ceased to be one, has found a passionate champion in Hausenstein: Baudelaire was never a libertine at heart; he was always conscious of the fundamental wretchedness of dissipation, although he was unable to resist temptation. His life was a constant repetition of the three steps: temptation, fall, penance. The religious tradition and his own personal religious conviction were so constantly present in his life that he lived in a constant inferno. And this fact, Hausenstein urges, gives him his place in the world of the positive, in that great, world-embracing entity which is the Catholic Church. "He was a Christian with the guilty conscience of the sinner," says Hausenstein, and he champions his thesis with the noble energy of a deep emotion. And everyone who accepts his postulates must find his argument unanswerable.—Werner Richter. New York City.

✱ Werner Richter. *George Washington, Vater einer neuen Nation*.

Zürich. Rentsch. 1946. 202 pages + 15 plates.—If this unpretentious biography is to be taken as a contribution to the re-education of the German people, it can only be welcomed. For in telling the story of Washington's life—perennially

fascinating to all who love this country, unfailingly mysterious to those who deny that action is more than reaction—the biographer cannot fail at the same time to trace the strange birth and the improbable maturation of this nation. Never was the realization of a political idea and ideal more firmly linked with the personality of a single man. Basing his account largely on American sources, to which most Germans would not have access in any case, and not a few of which would probably have been banned by the Nazis, Richter tells the familiar story straightforwardly and well, not neglecting the man Washington in favor of the general and statesman, yet not smothering the public character in anecdote or trivial gossip. Nor does he idealize Washington by minimizing or ignoring the patent failures in his career. It may be safely said that any German who reads this story attentively will gain invaluable insights into the motive forces which still continue to impel this nation on its way.

In view of the good which this book should do, it seems to me unfortunate that the author has not shunned that hybrid speech to which most of our imported citizens tend. No stylist in Germany would say "er landete eine Armee" or speak of "der virginischen Nobilität" or pile up such foreignisms as *Avantgarde*, *Charme*, *Normalität*, *Pres-tige*, *Plantage*. If the book makes its way in spite of its stylistic defects, it should serve its cause well.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✕ Alfred Stucki. *Carl Hilty. Leben und Wirken eines grossen Schweizer-s*. Basel. Friedrich Reinhardt. 158 pages. 7.50 Sw. fr.—Carl Hilty is best known through his book *Glück*, which, according to the author of this biography, has sold over 192,000 copies. It is a condensed summary of Hilty's religious and humane philosophy of life, which has given comfort to innumerable readers. Hilty is one of the best representatives of the "modern" idealist who com-

bines vast erudition in all literary and cultural traditions with a very personal though undogmatic Christianity. Professionally, Hilty was professor of law at the University of Bern. He was one of the first proponents of a unified legal code in Switzerland. As editor of twenty-two *Politische Jahrbücher*, he was one of the strongest influences in moulding the Swiss political ideal of a democratic culture, anxious to achieve social justice, but strongly opposed to Marxism or any other collectivism motivated by hate and envy. The biography is a dry and factual account.—*Gustav Mueller*. University of Oklahoma.

✕ Robert Lohan. *Amerika, du hast es besser*. New York. Ungar. 1946. 376 pages. \$3.—Every effort to help the Germans understand through the medium of their own language what democracy means to a nation of 135,000,000 souls which has practiced it for some 170 years is distinctly laudable. Such efforts are naturally in many cases somewhat biased. This particular book is of the better type with the possible exception of its adoration of a certain Mr. Roosevelt, an adoration which inclines this reviewer to the belief that the author is close to University circles. The extensive bibliography is useful and the book has few errors, but—how can the German in Germany buy this book at three dollars a copy? To be really useful such a book should be printed in something like the Pocket Book format and be distributed by the State Department's almost defunct OIC. This type of book is futile if it is not distributed in Germany by the thousands.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✕ Will Schaber, ed. *Die vier Freiheiten*. American Political Thought. New York. Ungar. 1946. 167 pages. \$2.—At first sight, a mere compilation like this might not seem to deserve much attention. But there are compilations which are contributions. When Will Schaber prepared this book for German

readers, he gave it a *Vorwort* which declares with new clarity and force that America's strength has always lain and will continue to lie in her capacity for self-criticism. Then he proves it by citation from Roger Williams, the first American religious dissenter; Pastorius, the seventeenth century abolitionist; Patrick Henry, who saw that life has no meaning without liberty; Thomas Paine, George Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Carl Schurz, Walt Whitman, Theodore Roosevelt of the "square deal," Woodrow Wilson, Raymond Gram Swing, Quentin Reynolds, Marion Hargrove, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Thomas Mann, Wendell Willkie, Harry S. Truman, and General Eisenhower. It is trite: so are the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. The total impression of it, so wisely put together, is a new conviction of inescapable fact.—*R. T. H.*

✱ Hans-U. Steger. *Die hohe Politik*. Bern. Scherz. 1946. 143 pages, large format. 5.90 Sw. fr.—As is natural in an age of upheavals, the political cartoonist is today one of the most important and consequently one of the most expert of all creative workers. Every country has clever cartoonists and some countries have great ones. Hans Ulrich Steger in Bern is much better than the average. A quiet man, set *au-dessus de la mêlée* in a small neutral country, he has studied the war period and the post-war imbroglio with keen interest, with detachment, with gentle pessimism. Manuel Gasser has put together in this attractive volume perhaps a hundred of Steger's cartoons from *Die Weltwoche* and *Der öffentliche Dienst*. Steger sometimes draws beautifully. There is a chubby portrait of Churchill which should have pleased the subject enormously. Steger can be pathetic and sublime, as in the cartoon on the Pétain trial, in which the tragic Marshal is conceived as a sad old hound sitting in the midst of a ring of quarreling, biting curs (probably the cartoonist did not mean to record a final judgment of the merits of

the whole problem). He can put a sermon into a scene, as in the blasting magnificent *Die feindlichen Brüder*, showing a lame and patched Chiang Kai-Chek and a one-legged, broken-armed Communist attacking each other with weapons, while two Red Cross nurses (one looking strangely like a famous Russian statesman and the other much like a certain high American official) stand and wait placidly with their first-aid equipment till the duel shall be over. . . .—*R. T. H.*

✱ Oskar Pfister. *Das Christentum und die Angst*. Zürich. Artemis. 1946. xix+530 pages. 27.50 Sw. fr.—The author is a Protestant minister and a psychoanalyst. He has worked practically as well as theoretically in both directions for thirty years, declining academic offers, because he preferred to stay in a position where he could offer practical help and advice. The book is a fine summary of a life's work.

The first part is psychological. It analyzes fear both in its vital meaning (fear of losing life, dread of the death of all vital satisfactions) as well as in its spiritual meaning (fear produced by guilt of conscience). Pfister shows how this double dread, when not understood, confessed, or utilized in creative work, leads to spurious (superstitious, magical, pathological) defenses, which only patch up symptoms without removing the root of the trouble. They become, instead of being helps, sources of the secondary dread of not having observed them. He shows the operation of these complexes both in individuals and in social organizations, where they become mass-slogans, leading to mass-persecutions.

The second part applies these psychological categories to the history of the Biblical-Christian religion, from the records of the Old Testament to the present time. Thus viewed, the history of religion shows a regular rhythm of increasing and decreasing anxiety. The religious relief from anxiety is seen in the ideal of love, which is identified with

faith and trust.—*Gustav Mueller*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Heinrich Schmidt. *Philosophisches Wörterbuch*. Leipzig. Kröner. 1931 (New York. Rosenberg, 1945). iii+486 2-col. pages + 8 plates. \$3.50.—This first-class reference work covers all important philosophical terms, explaining them briefly and rather accurately. It also includes brief biographical sketches of the philosophers, outlining their systems, listing their works, and quoting famous passages. There is a positive-naturalistic tendency in the author's comments, deviating somewhat from that non-partisan objectivity which is desirable in a work of this kind. The book carries a number of portraits.—*Gustav Mueller*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Paul Baumgartner. *Jeremias Gotthelfs Zeitgeist und Bernergeist*. Bern. Francke. 1945. 205 pages.—"Bernergeist" stands here for the permanent values in morals, religion, and human contact; "Zeitgeist," for the vampire-like spirit of contradiction. Gotthelf is fundamentally a Christian. He has no place in party politics. Therefore the conservatives are apt to call him a revolutionary, and the radicals label him a reactionary. It took a long time in Switzerland as well as abroad to appreciate Gotthelf's work accurately. Even Gotfried Keller was wrong when he wrote: "When one closes Gotthelf's book, one has the impression that a Capuchin finishes his sermon, wipes the sweat from his brow, and sits down to a cool swill, saying—I have told them off all right. A sausage, good hostess. . . ."

Two important monographs have especially furthered and deepened our knowledge of Gotthelf. They are W. Muschg's *Gotthelf. Die Geheimnisse des Erzählers* (München, 1931) and W. Gunther's *Der ewige Gotthelf* (Zürich, 1934). Muschg's work is mainly distinguished by its intuitive approach, while Gunther's excels in esthetic empathy. Baumgartner seeks to combine the two

methods and strikes at the root of the Gotthelf problem by emphasizing Gotthelf's ethics and by elucidating his literary and spiritual conflicts as a challenge to our trend toward secularization. Gotthelf represents Christian culture. The book is most opportune in an age when moral values are yielding ground to a purely relative conception of life.—*A. Closs*. University of Bristol.

✧ *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte in Grundzügen*. Contributions by L. Beriger, A. Bettex, W. Burkhard, E. Ermatinger, F. Ranke, F. Strich, M. Wehrli, A. Jaeck. B. Boesch, ed., Bern. Francke. 1946. 363 pages. 14.80 Sw. fr.—This series of monographs by specialists is no mere enumeration of names and masterpieces. Neither is it superficial "writing-down" for the careless reader. It is a solid, scientific transverse section through German creative writing from the early Middle Ages to the year 1933; not a book to skim, but to study.

The presentation of the Old High German period by Professor Burkhard, the scholarly author of the *Kleines alt-hochdeutsches Lesebuch*, really throws light on an intricate subject. And all the other studies have been successful in pointing out the intellectual, cultural, and artistic currents in which the individual poets have moved.

It is an inspiring book, and will help the teacher of literature give life to the subject. It is not the ideal integrated view of literature, art, music, and culture in all its aspects. But it furnishes material for that long-awaited structure.—*Robert Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✧ *Kleines Literarisches Lexikon. I: Weltliteratur*. Bern. Francke. 1946. 371 pages. 9.50 Sw. fr.—The first volume of a general dictionary of literary figures, including philosophers, historians, and critics, who are famous and influential in the annals of world literature. Non-German literatures are treated in

the first volume, which is especially useful for its inclusion of Far Eastern-Hindu and Chinese as well as the old Oriental literatures. The treatment is strictly factual and includes a handy summary of editions and writings about the authors and works. The second volume is to deal with German literature.—G. M.

✧ Gottfried von Strassburg. *Tristan und Isolde*. August Closs, ed. Oxford. Blackwell. 1944. liv+185 pages. 8/6—This edition begins with more than 40 pages of an introduction which, briefly, deals with courtly life at the time of Eleanor of Poitiers, sources and basic elements of the Tristan story, and Gottfried's life. A chronological table of the important dynasties from about 1100 to 1300 A.D., and a list of the 27 chapter headings (designed by the author for the sake of convenience) with line references precede the text of the poem. The text is rendered in the usual spelling of Middle High German and is slightly abbreviated. Page annotations are mostly of an etymological or a semantic nature; others refer to historical matters. A 14-page glossary and the 31 Rules of Love of Andreas Cappellanus, in Latin and in English, complete the work.

The reputation of the eminent British Germanist, August Closs, assures his edition of *Tristan und Isolde* a permanent place among the scholarly editions of Medieval German texts.—Fritz Frauchiger. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Paul Valéry. *Rede zu Ehren Goethes*. Fritz Usinger, tr. Jena. Rauch. 1947. 46 pages.—Paul Valéry's address was delivered in 1932, at the Sorbonne, on the 100th anniversary of Goethe's death. Karl Rauch secured the rights for a German edition. But just as the papers were being signed, in 1942, the authorities of the Third Reich stepped in. Karl Rauch was forbidden to exchange letters with foreign writers. His own literary activity was "prohibited for the duration of his life." Trusting that Hitler's Thou-

sand-Year Reich would soon be over, Karl Rauch had the translation set up secretly. Technical difficulties prevented his bringing it out immediately after Hitler's fall. Now it is presented to the German public in a series called *Zeugnisse europäischen Geistes*.

Fritz Usinger has made a competent translation. The German reader, in following Valéry's bold metaphors and keen interpretations, gains a picture of the portrayer as well as of the portrayed. Thus the slender volume seems really to be what its publisher wished it to become: a first contribution to a spiritual conversation between a Germany struggling for her redemption and a world striving toward a new order and peace.—F. C. Weiskopf. New York.

✧ Oskar Maurus Fontana. *Die Türme des Beg Begouja*. Wien. Frick. 1946. 103 pages.—This novel takes us to the well-filled wheat and corn towers of the wealthy Serbian Beg Begouja. The people in the country around these towers, however, are driven crazy by a famine. Somebody has spread the news that these poor people are to have the Beg's grain. Immediately the entire country leaves its villages and fields and moves closer to the granaries. The Beg finally opens the doors to his priceless treasures and turns them over to the people, after a heavy fight against his own family and, above all, against himself. The novel is the story of this fight and this change. But the tale is not only the report of the taming of this one miser. *Die Türme des Beg Begouja* is a symbolic tale or ballad or saga, and it reaches its aim; it rises higher than everyday politics, misery, unhappiness, and hope. Its message is couched in an unsentimental, poetic language, like old Serbian folk legends.—Frederick Lehner. West Virginia State College.

✧ Frank Heller. *Der meistgehasste Mann Europas*. Der Roman eines Abenteurers. (Aus dem schwedischen *Europas mest hatade man* von Anna

Helfenberger-Hallberg ubersetzt.) Zürich. Pan. 1946. 264 pages. 11.50 Sw. fr.—The subtitle is revealing, and when one adds that the man of the title is Metternich (not Hitler!), little more information is needed. Our adventurer, a young Swede named Giorgio, is both a political conspirator and an engaging rascal, whose impudence often helps him on his way, though it sometimes gets him into scrapes. The action is laid in Italy, and there is plenty of action and color, also a variety of well-drawn characters; since the tone is generally gay, there is at most the suggestion of cruelty, rather as bogey than as realistic stage decoration. The dreaded Carbonari are introduced, but they act like operatic villains. Of course Metternich himself takes a hand in the action—ostensibly incognito but actually known to almost everybody on the stage—and the ending is that normally provided by a *deus ex machina*. There are some very good politico-philosophical discussions, and the final chapter contains extracts from letters of Metternich to Giorgio, extending from 1831 to 1859, in which the author presents the letter-writer as shrewd political observer and prophet. Excellent entertainment.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✠ J. P. Jacobsen. *Frau Marie Grubbe*. Bern. Scherz. 1946. 280 pages. 9.50 Sw. fr.—A new edition of the famous novel by the Danish author of *Niels Lyhne*. The original Danish edition appeared in 1873, but the tragic story of a loving woman and her hard way downward in the social scale and upward in the scale of moral integrity, as well as the poetic beauty of Jacobsen's masterful prose, have lost nothing of their original actuality.—*G. M.*

✠ Josef Vital Kopp. *Sokrates träumt*. Zürich. Benziger. 1946. 440 pages. 16.50 Sw. fr.—Like Robert Graves' *I, Claudius*, this solidly documented historical novel has the lively irrelevancies of a diary. Chairephon, Socrates' disciple,

reports his master's dreams of justice and the good life. Parallels between Greek political problems and our own are implicit, never unduly forced. The author's style, in its beautiful sobriety, is adequate to his subject. On the whole, military leaders and demagogues, Alcibiades, Nikias, Gorgias, emerge clearly; Socrates himself is either reduced to a voice refuting ethical relativism and opportunism, or transfigured into an almost Christlike image. The book's chief merit lies in its convincing portrayal of the little people's heroism in revolutionary periods, whether they are educators or, between political debates and underground fighting, gardeners. In this sense, the novel is truly a "Trostbuch" and, as it were, a "Mahnbuch."—*Marianne Bonwit*. University of California.

✠ G. E. Lessing. *Emilia Galotti*. E. L. Stahl, ed. Oxford. Blackwell. 1946. 80 pages. 6s.—Commemorating the 200th birthday of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who had no detractors in England and has always been considered here as a good German and "a great European," J. G. Robertson remarks that the flaws in his *Emilia Galotti* were inherent in the drama "from the beginning." But he insists on the dramatic strength of the characters in a play which is indeed one of the foundation stones of the modern theater in Germany.

Dr. Stahl's unbiased and modern approach to the Emilia Galotti problem is most refreshing. He proves Lessing's keen sense of tragic guilt in the poignant motivation of Emilia's death. It seems to us that Lessing did not sacrifice the human tragedy to a purely borrowed motif, but that Emilia is conscious of guilt. Whether she commits suicide or whether she receives the desired death from her father's hand remains almost irrelevant. The tragic end is inevitable. In this well prepared edition the conflict we have indicated and the relationship between the characters and the situation in the drama are seen in their right per-

spective. The introduction is thoughtful and the notes are carefully prepared.—*A. Closs*. University of Bristol.

✧ M. J. Saltykow and I. A. Gontscharow. *Bilder und Gestalten aus dem alten Russland*. Wedel in Holstein. Curt Braun. 1946. 252 pages.—An excellent selection of satirical sketches and stories by two masters of Russian irony and humor, translated by Paul Kutzner and beautifully illustrated by Marianna Richter. In view of the dire lack of satirical and humorous literature in German (eloquently described by Eric Kästner in his essay *Die ermüdete Literatur*), these pearls of the "literature with the laughing eye" seem to fill a bad gap, both as matter for German readers and as a sort of textbook for budding German satirists. There are five stories by Saltykov (Tailor Grishka, The Tripped Lieutenant, A Juror Tells of His Life, A Robber's Life, Arrival of the Revisor), and three servant portraits from older times by Goncharov.

Notes and a short introduction would have been helpful.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York.

✧ Albert Steffen. *Karoline von Gundoderode*. Dornach, Switzerland. Schöne Wissenschaften. 1946. 171 pages.—Karoline's intimacy with Death contrasts strongly with her friend Bettina Brentano's love of Life. Hers was a three-fold tragedy: the wilful woman loved timid, comfort-loving professors; the poetess, a feminine Hölderlin, perished when reality fell short of her vision; her soul was more gifted for pain than for joy. Albert Steffen invests her short life with cosmic rather than personal meaning. Natural occurrences appear symbolic, supernatural forces real. The diction is marred by over-precise antitheses and somewhat uncomfortable shifts between prosaic thoughts in iambics and magnificent poetry. But out of this disunity of purpose and achievement rises the figure of that canoness who should be remembered not only because she took

her own life and left money to buy bread for poor children, but because she wrote noble German verse.—*Marianne Bonwit*. University of California.

✧ Friedrich Wolf. *Lucie und der Angler von Paris*. Berlin. Aufbau. 1946. 175 pages. 3 mk.—In this slender volume the author of *Professor Mamlock* and other internationally known plays has collected four of his stories with a French background written during and shortly after his Parisian exile of 1937 to 1939. There are three short sketches (*Gaston*, *Jules*, and *Kiki*) and a longer one which gives its name to the whole collection. They are effective recreations of the atmosphere of France during the crucial years just before World War Two and during its first years. *Kiki* is Wolf's literary monument to the men of the Vernet concentration camp of which Wolf himself was an inmate.

It is characteristic of the literary situation in Germany today that a volume of stories is published in a first edition of 10,000—and immediately sold out.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York.

✧ Martin Rikli. *Seltsames Abessinien*. Zürich. Interverlag. 1946. 207 pages + 46 plates.—An interesting pre-war report on a rapidly developing country in the heart of the Dark Continent. The author had a unique opportunity to come into close touch with the Negus, by virtue of his official position as Royal film reporter. In a pleasant, facile style His Majesty's Superintendent of Movies tells the outside world about the geography of Abyssinia and its population, its culture and religion, its art and its educational efforts, its modernized army. He writes sympathetically of the activities of the Emperor Haile Selassie ("Power of Trinity") and his patriotic devotion to his country. The book is a worthy supplement to Herz's *Im Herzen Abessiniens* and Anstein's *Afrika, wie ich es erlebte*.—*Robert Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✱ *Deutsche Beiträge zur geistigen Ueberlieferung.* Arnold Bergsträsser, ed. Chicago. University of Chicago Press. 1947. ix+252 pages. \$4.—Contents: Otto Georg von Simson, *Das abendlandische Vermächtnis der Liturgie*; Wilhelm Pauck, *Martin Luthers Glaube*; Fritz Caspari, *Erasmus: Leistung und Forderung*; Ulrich Middeldorf, *Martin Schongauers klassischer Stil*; Matthijs Jolles, *Das religiöse Jugendbekenntnis Lessings*; Arnold Bergsträsser, *Der Friede in Goethes Dichtung*; Hans Rothfels, *Stein und die Neugründung der Selbstverwaltung*; Werner Richter, *Schiller und die Nachwelt*; Herbert Steiner, *Erinnerung an Hofmannsthal*; Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy, *Rückblick auf "Die Kreatur"*; Fritz K. Richter, *Ernst Wiecherts "Hirtennovelle"*; Karl Schefold, *Das klassische Altertum in der . . . Forschung 1940-45*.—In his "Vorwort" the editor writes, "In der deutschen Ueberlieferung sind Kräfte enthalten, die als edle und unentbehrliche Teile zur geistigen Welt des Abendlandes gehören. Zu ihrer Deutung und ihrem Fortleben möchte dieses Buch beitragen." It is to be noted that six of the contributors formerly held prominent posts abroad, and that Schefold is at Basel; most of the writers are now in or near Chicago, whose Literarische Gesellschaft is mainly responsible for the publication of the volume. So far as I am able to judge so diverse a body of scholarly matter, all the articles are substantial contributions to their respective fields. In the end, however, such a volume lacks a unifying principle; neither librarian nor individual will know quite what to do with it, and no ordinary review can do it justice.—*Bayard Q. Morgan.* Stanford University.

✱ Friedrich Schlegel. *Vom Romanistischen Geist.* Renate Riemeck, ed. Wedel in Holstein. Brauns. 1947. 362 pages.—Curt Brauns, a novelist in his own right, began his career as a publisher the year before Hitler rose to pow-

er. Under the Third Reich he continued publishing for some time, bringing out classical works and translations. Then the Nazi censorship clamped down on him. In 1945 he was one of the first to secure a license from the British occupying authorities. Classical works and translations make up part of his list, but there are new authors too.

The essays of Friedrich Schlegel, long out of print, are Number One in a series *Meister der kleinen Form*. There is some question as to whether the work of the Romantic writers is the best food to wean away a starved-out German reading public from the trash of the *Reichskulturkammer*; but there can be no doubt that Friedrich Schlegel's essays are beautifully written and filled with the human dignity so alien to Nazi literature.

Among the contents are Schlegel's glowing tribute to Georg Forster, who has never been given his deserts in German histories of literature; the early study entitled *Orpische Vergangenheit*; the long essay on Gothic architecture; and the enthusiastic review of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*.

The book is well printed, but the paper is very bad.—*F. C. Weiskopf.* New York.

✱ Richard Weiss. *Volkskunde der Schweiz.* Zürich. Rentsch. 1946. xxiv + 436 pages + 147 plates + 8 maps. 22 and 24 Sw. fr.—The first part of this *Volkskunde* deals with basic questions, such as the concept and history of folklore investigation, folklore as a functional science and not merely as an adjunct to other sciences, and the unwisdom of stopping with the mere mechanical accumulation of folklore items and data. The author warns also against the danger of fostering interest in folk customs and traditions as an instrument of narrow nationalism.

Although a layman can read the book with interest and profit, the scientist will find in it valuable information and an examination of the basic concepts and

methods of folklore. The general public will respond mainly to the second part, which brings a surprising amount of interesting matter on such subjects as settlements, buildings, crafts, clothing, customs, folktales, folk festivals, games, superstitions, etc. There are more than 300 illustrations, maps, and charts.

Swiss folkloristic investigation has ranked as high as that of any other nation, and this author has made ample use of the findings of outstanding students among his countrymen and has included a number of contributions from colleagues. A comprehensive bibliography would have been helpful but has been omitted on account of lack of space. The Notes replace it to some extent, since they list the most important books and articles in each field. There is an index of subjects and authors. The text is thoughtful but lucidly phrased. It is an excellent book, scholarly, thorough, attractive.—*J. Malthaner*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Georg Leyh. *Die deutschen wissenschaftlichen Bibliotheken nach dem Krieg*. Tübingen. Mohr (Paul Siebeck). 1947. 217 pages.—In the past, German research has owed no small part of its high quality to the remarkable collections in and services of the university, provincial, and municipal (not public in the U.S. sense) libraries. Today many of these libraries are virtual wrecks. Even if the *Deutscher Gesamt-Katalog* (stored somewhere in Pomerania) is ever brought back to Berlin as a going concern, it will be necessary to start from scratch again, for its entries represent millions of books which have been lost, burned, or confiscated. Dr. Leyh's extraordinarily careful survey of the situation, conducted in 1946, is quite remarkable in view of the confused conditions in Germany at present. The larger part of his work is concerned with detailed accounts of the losses and administrative problems of nearly all the larger libraries still existing within the borders of the

present Reich.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

According to Anthony J. Klancar (*American Year Book*, 1947) about 25,000 Americans are now studying Russian in American schools and colleges.

The distinguished French anti-militarist writer Emmanuel Berl is now living in the Argentine. His *Histoire d'Europe* is appearing in four volumes.

The Lausanne quarterly publication *Tous les livres*, which lists the French-language publications in Switzerland, is distributed in this country by Stechert-Hafner, Inc., 31 East 10th St., New York 3.

According to official Spanish statistics, 3,244 books were published in Spain in 1946, of which 1,322 were belletristic. More than a thousand of them were translations, largely of English and American authors.

The Public Library of Cebu, Republic of the Philippines, is quoted in *The Record* of the U. S. Department of State as reporting that "The present reading room is at times so full of people that many have to read standing."

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Madrid issues a handsome illustrated periodical called *Spanish Cultural Index*, with information about Spain's current activities in science, literature, history, sociology, law, theology, philosophy, and fine arts.

In view of the large Italian element in the Argentine, it is natural that many Italian books are read there. The Casa Peuser, San Martín 200, Buenos Aires, distributor for the Italian publishers, offers for sale the post-war books of 35 publishers in Italy.

Books in Various Languages

(For other Books in Various Languages, see "Head-Liners")

✱ Nelo Drizari. *Spoken and Written Albanian*. New York. Hafner. 1947. xviii+188 pages. \$3.50.—Of all the Albanian grammars the reviewer has examined, in German, English, French, and Italian, this is definitely the best. In 16 preparatory lessons the student acquires a basic vocabulary, useful idioms, and feeling for Albanian grammar. From Lesson 17 on, the grammar is handled systematically but always in connection with practical drill exercises and reading material. It is to be hoped that the only living language of the Illyric branch of Indo-European will in the future be given the attention it deserves. Students of the Romance languages will find it worth while to know something of a prematurely-born language which suffered Romanization while it was still in the embryonic state. Its study throws much light on the "engulfing, transforming influence" of Vulgar Latin on the other European languages.—Robert Laessig. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✱ Chaim Rabin. *Arabic Reader*. London. Lund Humphries. 1947. viii+174 pages. 12/6.—A nice little book which teaches the student how to read unvocalized Arabic texts. It is made up of skilfully selected, really "modern" material, proverbs, anecdotes, a section on Ibn Saud, the future of Arabic language, the negotiations which gave birth to the Anglo-Egyptian treaty, etc. Will make an excellent practical supplement to such books as Bruennow-Fischer, *Arabische Chrestomathie aus Prosaschriftstellern* and Harder, *Arabische Chrestomathie*.—Robert Laessig. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✱ Yuen Ren Chao. *Cantonese Primer*. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1947. vii+242 pages. \$4.—The

reviewer of a Chinese textbook by Yuen Ren Chao can approach his task with the comfortable knowledge that this eminent linguist presents the facts of his language as they are, scientifically and empirically arrived at. What is more, he knows the East and West equally well, and, a humanist in the truest sense, he is a symbol of the best cultural features of both. That is why this book, modestly called a primer, is significant.

Cantonese is one of the important dialects of Chinese. It is spoken by almost all the Chinese residents in the United States. Although this book is a conversational grammar, there is a chapter on radicals and a list of the 214; all Chinese text is in romanized form. For those who are interested in characters, the author has prepared a companion volume, *Character Text for Cantonese Primer*. According to him, "foundation work" in Chinese proceeds most efficiently if the student is allowed to leave the characters until later. Yuen Ren Chao indicates tonal differences by spelling rather than by diacritical marks, in analogy with Gwoyeu Romatzyh, the National Romanization System of China. The 66 pages of introduction contain, among other things, the best and most up-to-date concise history of the Chinese language and its dialects which this reviewer has seen. In particular, he should like to place chapter V, *Method of Study*, on the list of required reading for any present or future teacher of any language.—Fritz Frauchiger. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Hana Klenková. *Náš President*. Praha. Melantrich. 1947. 111 pages. 25 Kč.—One of the most readable and profitable of the books dealing with the little known personal life of President Beneš. It is the type of book which Americans enjoy reading, and an Eng-

lish translation might prove profitable.—*Joseph S. Roucek*. Hofstra College.

✱ Alois Lang. *F. M. Dostojevsky*.

Praha. Vyšehrad. 1946. 325 pages. 117 Kč.—Czechoslovak literature has been strongly influenced by the Russian realists. A large number of Czechoslovak novelists recognize Dostoevsky as their predecessor, and he is more widely read in their country than any other Russian author. Next to F. X. Salda's, Lang's is the best and most authoritative study of Dostoevsky in Czech. It is particularly effective in tracing the influences which made him what he was. The author, a retired teacher of Catholic theology, is very sympathetic and successful in analyzing the great novelist's religious and mystical turn. There is probably nothing better of its kind in either Russian or English.—*Joseph S. Roucek*. Hofstra College.

✱ Pavel Stránský. *O Státě Českém*.

Praha. Sfinx. 1946. 327 pages. 115 Kč.—A sort of cyclopedia of Czech history, supplying basic information on places, persons, and events, with the accent on social aspects. It is a thoroughgoing reference work which must be added to your library if you are a specialist on Central European affairs.—*Joseph S. Roucek*. Hofstra College.

✱ Kim Malthe-Bruun. *Kim. Uddrag af Dagbog og Breve skrevet af Kim fra hans syttende til hans enogtyvende Aar*. København. Thaning & Appel. 1946. 200 pages. 7.75 kr.—These excerpts from the diaries and letters of a Danish youth constitute a remarkable document. As the book opens, Kim is a lad of seventeen, naïve, and not very interesting, it would seem. As the book ends, Kim is a resistance fighter of twenty-one, wise as a sage and ready to meet death without fear in front of the German firing squad. The book is an unusual illustration of growth, showing the processes through which a boy becomes a man, and, simultaneously, a

budding writer and a determined partisan.

Kim did not develop the easy way. Failing to make headway in school, he became a sailor. On the sea, close to the elements, in company with primitive comrades, he experienced life simply, directly, superbly. With this ballast of actual living, he returned to books, finding a new meaning in them. Having passed his *examen artium*, he again took to the sea. He was now able to use the results of his book-learning—words—wonderful tools, through which he attempted to balance impressions with expressions, fumbling, but sometimes touching the sublime.

Then, a seeker after truth and a person of integrity, Kim joined the Resistance movement. Caught on a boat while smuggling weapons into Denmark, he was imprisoned by the Germans and finally sentenced to death.

During his imprisonment, his spirit rose to unbelievable heights. All fear had vanished from him. He was untouchable, had become like a "big, living, vibrating animal, perfectly pure."

By Kim's death, Denmark lost a potential writer but gained a shining example of a David challenging Goliath.—*Jens Nyholm*. Northwestern University.

✱ Tom Kristensen. *Mellem Krigene*.

København. Gyldendal. 1946. 372 pages. 14.75 kr.—Tom Kristensen's special significance on this side of the North Sea is his service in promoting Anglo-American literature in Denmark. His essays in *Politiken* and elsewhere on Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Hemingway, Joyce, Erskine Caldwell, and Faulkner have meant a great deal in shaping Scandinavian opinion of America. Likewise, his frequent reviews of Swedish and Norwegian authors have strengthened the cause of Scandinavian unity. The present volume, a selection of Kristensen's essays by Regin Højberg-Pedersen, contains good, bad, and indifferent

pieces, but mostly the first mentioned.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✧ *Johannes Pedersen. Den arabiske Bog*. København. Bermann-Fischer. 1946. 159 pages.—This exhaustive study of the development of the book among the Arabic peoples is not only a contribution to Islamic literary history, but it also shows in a striking manner how Arabic book-making was one jump ahead of book-making in Christendom before Gutenberg. An interesting feature is the chapter on Islamic libraries, which is distinctly superior to the essay on "Muslim Libraries" by Saul K. Padover in J. W. Thompson's *The Medieval Library*. The sections on Arabic calligraphy and writing materials are handled with especial skill and are based on literary and bibliographical evidence rather than the hearsay that has floated around Western Europe since the Crusades.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✧ *John Hewitt Mitchell. The Court of the Connétable. A Study of a French Administrative Tribunal during the Reign of Henry IV*. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1947. ix+166 pages. \$3.—A painstaking study, on the basis of the records in the French National Archives, of a judicial institution whose history is an important element in the history of France from somewhere near the beginnings of organized French government to the end of the Old Régime. The two courts which grew out of the exercise by French military leaders of their judicial functions, the *curia marescallorum* and the *audiencia constabularii*, were separate drum-head activities till the reign of Louis XI. These courts and their successor, the united *Connétable et Maréchaussée de France*, developed, by an evolution almost as difficult to trace as that by which the simpler forms of animal life have matured into more complicated creatures, from the summary and informal military tribunal into a civil (administrative) tri-

bunal with trained judges and lawyers and all the trappings and pettifoggery which the legal fraternity find indispensable everywhere. Mr. Mitchell shows that this ancient administrative court was an important stabilizing influence throughout, and especially in the period of reorganization after the Religious Wars. He bolsters his study with many documents and adds a carefully elucidated bibliography.—*H. K. L.*

✧ *Josef Patai. Star Over Jordan*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1946. 358 pages. \$3.75.—The sub-title of this translation from the Hungarian by Francis Magyar reads: "The Life (and Calling) of Theodore Herzl." Dr. Herzl was born and brought up in Patai's home city, Budapest, but lived the greater part of his life in Vienna where he first, toward the end of the nineteenth century, conceived the idea of the Jewish State and materialized this idea into Zionism. In view of the present strife in Palestine, the book is therefore definitely timely for those who are in sympathy with what we now call the "conservative element" among the Jews in Palestine.

The book would have been more valuable if the translation had been better and if Patai had not written in so "schwärmerisch" a style. On the whole, however, it is a contribution to the history of the first decades of Zionism and it contains an adequate bibliography.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✧ *Cecil Roth. The History of the Jews of Italy*. Philadelphia. Jewish Publication Society. 1946. xiv+575 pages + 20 plates. \$3.—A historian must be objective, but objectivity is difficult to attain if we are too closely identified with the people or the movements about which we write. Cecil Roth is the author of many works dealing with the Jews in history, and there can be no question about his knowledge of them. Allowing a little for his natural partiality for his own people, it is the opinion of this re-

viewer that he maintains essential objectivity.

The story begins with the traditional settlement of the Jews in Italy, long before the days of the Empire, and continues down to the present. In a sense it is the same story which we find concerning the Jews in all other parts of the world after the destruction of the Palestinian state; a history of aliens maintaining their religious and cultural activities in conflict with their host countries. The traditional period is handled with intelligence, and the historical period is treated with restraint. Conflicts, of course, were inevitable, but in the main Mr. Roth is fair enough in telling the story of those conflicts. It should be remembered that he is writing a history of the Jews in Italy and not a history of Italy. Perhaps we ought to read that, too.—*A. K. Christian*. University of Oklahoma.

✠ Ernst Wiechert. *Forest of the Dead*. New York. Greenberg. 1947. vi+135 pages. \$2.50.—Ernst Wiechert chose to remain in his country through its darkest hours in spite of a Gestapo-imposed silence and a soul-rending pre-war experience in Buchenwald concentration camp. This *Forest of Beeches* he has preferred to call *Totenwald*, or *Forest of the Dead*, for even in the days when he was a prisoner there, when most of the inmates were still German nationals, more people left Buchenwald dead than alive. In 1938 Wiechert, motivated principally by the arrest of Pastor Niemöller and by an overwhelming feeling of personal responsibility and national shame, had written a letter of denunciation to the branch office of the Nazi party in his district, a letter which he knew would mean prison for him.

In 1946 he wrote *Der Totenwald* out of his prison and concentration camp experience. It is the first volume of its nature from the pen of one of Germany's literary élite. It is a literary, as well as a historical, document. And now at last we have *Der Totenwald* in English,

masterfully, poignantly translated by Ursula Stechow. Written in the third person, these memoirs are in form objective and dispassionate; but their content is so highly charged that their true nature is pure passion. Wiechert himself stated that he wrote not what his eyes perceived but what his soul felt. He was very right; this slim volume touches the conscience. His dedication is fitting: To the dead, in memory; to the living, in shame; to those who come, in warning.—*Elizabeth Oakes*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✠ *The Land of the Dead. Study of the Deportations from Eastern Germany*. New York. Committee Against Mass Expulsion. n.d. 32 pages. \$0.25.—Following the Potsdam Agreement of August 2, 1945, some ten million Germans were deported from East Prussia, Silesia, Eastern Pomerania, Eastern Brandenburg, and Posen-West Prussia into the shrunken Reich. From the Sudetenland, Hungary, and the Balkans came another five million Germans to make a grand total of fifteen million, from which we must subtract the uncounted hundreds of thousands who died en route and countless others held as slave laborers in Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Balkans.

The pamphlet gives figures to prove the obvious, namely, that the remaining German territory cannot provide food, shelter, and employment for these millions. American and British taxpayers are already paying the bill—in the last analysis it will probably be paid by the American taxpayers alone. This pressure of population naturally alarms neighboring countries and there is great danger that it will ultimately drive Germany into the Soviet camp.

Trusted American leaders of public opinion are the sponsors of this brochure. Only a few of them can be named here: Dorothy Thompson, H. V. Kaltenborn, John Dewey, Norman Thomas, William Henry Chamberlin, Oswald Garrison Villard, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, and the Reverend John La Farge, S.J.

It is their hope that the German peace treaty will provide for "Germany's Eastern frontiers in such a manner as to permit most of the deported populations to return to their homes."—*W. A. W.*

✧ Ruth Emily McMurry and Muna Lee. *The Cultural Approach. Another Way in International Relations.* Chapel Hill. University of North Carolina Press. 1947. 280 pages. \$3.50.—This hopeful title introduces a history of the activity of governments looking toward the increase of cultural understanding. Nearly all nations have fostered such activities, some of them for generations, others for the most part only recently, but all the larger countries have grown increasingly conscious of the importance of such efforts. In some instances, as with the U.S.S.R., they are very obviously directed toward a political objective; and they are not always entirely candid, although the British statesman Sir Malcolm Robertson expressed the conviction that "dissemination of truth is . . . the most effective form of propaganda." The history of such movements is already a very big and complicated subject, and these authors have worked very hard at its encompassment and have collected an enormous mass of data, even though they have limited themselves mainly to the larger countries. This is a little disappointing; the book could profitably have been larger. But even in its present form it is a standard work which every student of international affairs must know. It has extensive sections on the foreign relations programs, past and future, of France, Germany, Japan, Russia, Great Britain, Chile, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, the United States, and incidentally, therefore, of all the countries with which those mentioned have had important cultural dealings. Written in a conspicuously quiet and cautious tone, the book deals directly with facts rather than with the authors' opinions of their significance. But it is clearly prompted by a fine and definite purpose. The authors

have discovered that "The conviction that better cultural relations lead to better economic relations is held by most countries engaged in cultural activities abroad." Also, we are sure, to better spiritual relations and the eventual outlawing of war. This book is a record of one phase of the mostly honest effort of nations to find a way of getting along better together.—*R. T. H.*

✧ *Letters and Poems of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.* Clifford Bax, ed. and tr. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. 71 pages. \$2.75.—Mr. Bax has doctored the English of eight letters, and handsomely translated from the French twelve lame sonnets, all of which purport, no one is likely ever to know whether justly or not, to be the work of Mary Stuart. If they are not forgeries, these items have great documentary value, even though from the literary point of view they are worthless. If spurious, they have no merit of any sort. They do of course have the tantalizing interest which attaches to all enigmas touching the great, and Mr. Bax has made readable poetry out of trash (the French original is here for comparison). He has filled out a few pages into a fairly sizable book by adding an introduction which summarizes evidence that has been set forth many times before. The book is attractively got up.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Kahlil Gibran. *Spirits Rebellious.* New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. vi+121 pages. \$2.75.—Gibran could write timeless truths in a way that makes the reader feel he is taking a walk in a quiet wood or bathing in a cool stream; it soothes the spirit. But he could also write with a scorch like fire and the three stories in this small volume are of the latter kind; in them one feels that pettiness, greed, hypocrisy, injustice, and intolerance are burned away. Their themes concern the woman who defied public opinion to be honest with her own heart and find true happiness, the three who broke the laws of man to obey the

laws of God, and in the last and longest story, the monk who chose expulsion rather than become a part of an Order based on ignorance, extortion, and deceit. This story is a bold denunciation of the priesthood, and for it the book was burned in the Beirut market and the author excommunicated from his church. This, like Gibran's other works, is to be sipped, not gulped.—*B. G. D.*

✧ H. R. Hays. *The Takers of The City*. New York. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 376 pages. \$2.75.—This able historical novel combines the techniques of Prescott, Conrad, and Cather. Mr. Hays, like Prescott, is an amateur in the best sense as he breathes life into an old chronicle of Spanish oppression in 16th century Mexico. The journey of the Dominican friars under Bishop Bartolomé de Las Casas from Campeche to Ciudad Real (the City of the title) is magnificently dramatized, in the best manner of the great narratives of Prescott. But Mr. Hays goes deeper. In his careful study of the Indian "naturals," particularly in his portrayal of the unhistorical heroine, Lucita, he imparts a sense of the permanent mystery of aboriginal peoples. The torture and sacrifice of the Spaniard Herrera before the clay idol of Tzotz recalls the horror and yet the dignity of heathen rites in *The Heart of Darkness*. Like Cather, Mr. Hays is chiefly intent on restoring an exemplary liberal from the dark pages of early American history. Las Casas is a gallant fighter for liberty, who suffers, like Cather's archbishop, Jean Latour, the hatred and duplicity of many vested interests before he finally makes the minute significant gains that presage ultimate victory. Perhaps the history and the story do not entirely come to terms, and the characters, for the most part, retire lifeless to the page when their brief actions are halted, but the theme of the book is pressing on our times: that conscience is the exclusive property of no one age or race or caste, but the glorious heritage of every human being,

whereby he rises to manhood, leaving the brute behind.—*Leonard B. Beach*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Homer. *The Odyssey*. E. V. Rieu, tr. New York. Penguin Books. 1946. 311 pages.—It is frequently said that, with the exception of the Bible, the *Odyssey* is the most widely-read book in the western world. Yet few Americans today are able to read it in the original Greek, and the English translations, of which there are many, are noteworthy chiefly for either their amazingly poor literary style or the liberties which they take with the original text. It is, therefore, a distinct pleasure to read this new translation, written in smooth, easily-moving prose, as modern in tone as any recent novel. If some of the inherent nobility and dignity of Homer is occasionally marred by present-day idiom which sometimes verges on slang, the combined readability and accuracy of the whole work more than compensates for this. The publishers are to be congratulated not only upon this volume but upon their entire projected plan of issuing new, first-rate translations of many other great works in world literature.—*H. L. Stow*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Fritz von Unruh. *The End Is Not Yet*. New York. Storm. 1947. 540 pages. \$3.50.—The author of this work was an important, successful, and unconventional dramatist in Germany prior to the coup d'état of 1933. He has been for some years in this country, and the English translation is published ahead of the original German text. While it is certain that the style of the translation is none too good, I can hardly think that I should like the original any better. Unruh claims that "The characters of this novel are symbolic." But he names and presents Hitler, Göring, Hess, Ribbentrop, and others, showing them in words and actions which merely caricature them in order to make them either ridiculous or repulsive, and which have

no relation to symbolism as I understand it, nor to reality as anybody understands it. To me this "novel" seems to be only an interminable series of inconsequential nightmares, full of needlessly scabrous detail, incessant cursing and name-calling, and boring repetition (Olenka the dancer says "Olala" seven times in the first six pages), and winding up with a supposedly significant scene (in which the Gauleiter about to shoot a group of "Judocrats" is shaken by an appeal to his better nature, conscience, or something, and shoots himself) which could have occurred just as well two hundred or more pages before.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✧ Estanislao Del Campo. *Faust*. Walter Owen, tr. Buenos Aires. The Translator. 356 Sarmiento. 1943. xiv+104 pages, large format.—Latin America should be grateful to Walter Owen. He loves the great Latin American poems, *Martín Fierro*, *La Araucana*, *Fausto*, and being himself a poet, he is spreading their fame in the countries of English speech through English versions. His published translations of José Hernández's epic and the earlier part of *Ercilla's* are excellent. But when he undertakes to English Del Campo's slangy tale of a *gaucho* who climbed to the gallery of the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires in 1866 and listened with wonder and tearful sympathy to a performance of Gounod's *Faust*, he undertakes the impossible. His plan was to "transvernacularize," as he neatly phrases it, from *gaucho* Spanish into North American cowboy lingo. How this Buenos Aires Scotchman has learned so much about the idiom of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok, passes this reviewer's comprehension. But he could not have done the job adequately without having spent years on the Western plains. Dropping a cockney phrase into a Wild West stanza is worse than getting salt in the sugar-bowl. It just won't do. If the translator could have kept to the level of his comment on Faust's infatuation for Mar-

garet:

He told us that all the pile of books
He had read till his eyes were dim
Weren't helpin' his case with a goldy-locks
That hadn't no use for him

Or

And now please pass that talkin'-juice;
My talk-box is gettin' wheezy

he would have made a beautiful book. But alas! he hasn't kept to that level.

The translator's notes are scholarly and highly interesting. Sample: "atrocious" and "criollos" aren't a bad rhyme if you pronounce "criollos" as they do in Buenos Aires. The pictures, signed by Enrique Rapek, are beautiful.—*R. T. H.*

✧ R. P. Keigwin. *The Jutland Wind and Other Verse from the Danish Peninsula*. Oxford. Blackwell. 1944. 115 pages. 7/6.—It takes a poet to translate poetry, and even then the perfect translation is nothing short of a miracle. One must not look for miracles in this little book of translations from Danish poetry. But one does find in it the reflection of a poetic mood—usually restrained, frequently sad, occasionally bursting with a white flame of ecstasy. This mood is characterized by the mournful moaning of the wind (Johannes V. Jensen), the desolate melancholy of the moors (Steen Steensen Blicher), the humble happiness for simple things (Jeppe Aakjaer), and the sudden thrust of joy born out of the brief, intoxicating summer (Thøger Larsen).

The collection spans a period of 300 years—from the early part of the 17th century to 1940. It contains 40 poems (with the originals facing the translations) representing twenty writers, all of whom have somehow been associated with the Peninsula of Jutland, most of them through birth. With a few glaring exceptions, the selections are typical of the "Jutlandic line" in Danish poetry. A brief historical introduction confirms the impression that this small book of poetry from a remote corner of the world is truly a labor of love.—*Jens Nyholm*. Northwestern University.

✧ Pablo Neruda. *Residence on Earth*.

Selected Poems. Angel Flores, tr. New York. New Directions. 1946. 206 pages. \$3.50.—Pablo Neruda, Chilean diplomat and intense poet of the ultra-modern type, is much imitated and much translated. There is presumably no pose about him, no affectation of unintelligibility. Being honest and unwilling to resort to meaningless *clichés*, he is difficult. But his senses and his emotions are of the keenest, and if we read him faithfully, the dullest of us are able now and then to vibrate with him.

Of these poems the most characteristic have no local habitation, but the most moving deal with the Spanish Civil War, which shocked the poet to the marrow of his being. All the poems are full of marvels. Angel Flores, also endowed with talent and sensitiveness, has translated Neruda well but has sometimes allowed his task to become too easy. He is too often satisfied with Latin cognates which at best are stiff and at worst inaccurate. He *can* be almost as telling as his original, as in the heartbroken verses on the fighting in Madrid:

I used to live in a suburb
of Madrid, with bells,
with clocks, with trees. . . .

My house was called
the house of flowers, for everywhere
geraniums burst: it was
a beautiful house
with dogs and little children. . . .
Come see the blood along the streets,
come see
the blood along the streets,
come see the blood
along the streets!

—R. T. H.

✧ Charles Péguy. *God Speaks*. Julian

Green, tr. New York. Pantheon. 1945. 85 pages. \$1.50.—This translation of Péguy's *Mystères* is an excellent little book to read to any good listener who loves poetry. For it demands to be spoken. It contains ten moderately long poems which the religiously inclined will want to hear repeatedly. Or if even a non-religious reader is interested in hearing what the French poet and the

translator were able to do with everyday words, let him read aloud these ten poems in that many days and he will be convinced that marvelously insinuating blank verse, in the rhythms of thought plainly spoken, is possible outside the pale of so called "literary styles." Well may he abandon himself into the hands of a translator who is a recognized master of both French and English. The English-speaking reader who reads French but whose ear is not attuned to the rhythms of French speech may find Julian Green's translation more rewarding than the original poems.—W. A. W.

✧ Irena Piotrowska. *The Art of Poland*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. xiv+238 2-col. pages + 160

ill. \$6.—This book will be of use mainly as an encyclopedic reference work on the art phenomenon in Poland. On the theory that the art of Poland is essentially of folk origin, as much space is given to craft as to the fine arts, even including such fields as bookbinding and postage stamps, as well as the more traditional embroideries and silver craft.

On the basis of this book it appears that Polish art is eclectic. Its influences have been West European and the country itself has shown little originality to differentiate it sharply from its neighbors. Its main characteristic is a vigor bordering on violence: violence of composition, strong contrasts of black and white, figures that are often close to the grotesque.

The book is more statistical than evocative, and is not conspicuous for either sensitivity or selectivity.—Carol Seeley. Temple, New Hampshire.

✧ H. R. Huse. *Reading and Speaking Foreign Languages*. Chapel Hill.

University of North Carolina Press. 1946. 128 pages. \$2.—This is actually a dangerous book. It is so well written, it uses the paradox with such pleasing mastery—an art for which the author of *The Illiteracy of the Literate* is known—that it may well convince or mislead

many readers. The result will be disastrous to modern language teaching; and that is not the result Professor Huse wants to attain. He means well. He means to help the study of modern languages. But his whole conception of the problem in language teaching is based on a strange fallacy. This fallacy is twofisted. To condense fifty pages into one line, it can be stated as follows: learning to *speak* a language is both *impossible and dangerous*. To show that it is dangerous, he piles up quotations from past linguists and psychologists which look very strange when all we have to do is look around us in New York, as in Oklahoma, at home as in class, to see millions of bilingual children who are neither stutterers nor morons. As to the unsurmountable difficulty in learning to speak, Professor Huse accepts it as a premise instead of looking for its cause. Linguists are now close to discovering this cause; they are already fairly certain that it lies in the initial psychological habits that are formed; and when the cause is known, the solution is not far away.

Professor Huse's solution to a coming language crisis is to separate *speaking* and *reading* completely, to teach the first in exceptional cases and to make the second—translation—the ultimate achievement of language study. Again we are compelled to say that he errs. He is blind to the fact that those two disciplines are an indispensable help to one another, and that both—and mainly the second—will surely die when they are divorced. Look at what is happening to Latin and Greek since we do not speak them. Look at French in 1941 when the incentive of going to France seemed to vanish.—*Pierre Delattre*. University of Pennsylvania.

✱ S. D. Stirk. *German Universities—Through English Eyes*. London. Gollancz. 1946. 72 pages. 1/6.—The author of this monograph, who was Lecturer in English at the University of Breslau from 1930 to 1936, is not with-

out hope for the German university system. Citing the motto *Corruptio optimi pessima* (There is nothing so bad as the best gone wrong), he believes that "if they can overcome their 'corruption,' the German universities may in the future serve the German people, Europe, and the world even better than they did in the past." Academic corruption goes hand in hand with the decay of the noble concepts of *Wissenschaft*, *Lehrfreiheit*, and *Lernfreiheit*. This corruption is in a large part attributable to the Nazis, though it is clear to this reviewer that the charlatanry, inefficiency, and self-aggrandizement of the Weimar period are much to blame, just as they are much to blame for the rise of Nazism itself, along with the romantic conception of a *Führer* in a "spiritual and intellectual, as well as in a political, sense"—a conception fostered to some extent, thinks Dr. Stirk, by such thinkers, if they may be called so, as Stefan George, who by a curious irony was completely out of sympathy with the National Socialist "revolution" for which, as far as the universities and intellectuals were concerned, he did much to prepare the way. Along with a careful and well-informed analysis of the problem, Dr. Stirk offers very practical suggestions for the immediate future of German universities, called by Dr. Abraham Flexner as late as the early forties "still the best in the world."—*Thomas Pyles*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Spiros Minotos. *Sto Nesi ton Phaeacianon* (To the Island of the Phaeacians). New York. The Author. 1947. 175 pages.—This well written and well printed volume, with many excellent illustrations, including old engravings, deals with the island of Corfu (Kerkyra), the glamorous island of the Phaeacians mentioned in the Odyssey. It has obviously been for the author a labor of love, and it will throw invaluable light on the medieval history of Corfu and its progress and vicissitudes during the many years before it was

finally reunited with Greece.—*Clarence A. Manning*. Columbia University.

✧ *Juan de Bianchetti. Gramática Guaraní (Avá Nêê) y principios de filología*. Buenos Aires. Quillet. 1944. 182 pages.—A smaller part of this book is devoted to a grammar of what seems to be a standardized form of Guaraní. The grammar is arranged according to the traditional Latin model. For the Guaraní text, the author uses his own orthography. The other parts of the text contain the praises, often in poetically inspired terms, of the "mother tongue" Guaraní, or Avá Nêê; a foreword by Secundino Ponce de León; and several chapters on *Nociones Filológicas*, such as the origin of language.

There is in this book a good deal of the enthusiasm and the confusion of disciplines that are usually expected to be found in works on philology as practiced several generations ago.—*Fritz Frauchiger*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ *Tivadar Acs. New-Buda*. Budapest.

The Author. 1941. 322 pages.—After the Hungarian rebellion of 1848-49, Hungarian political émigrés organized a community in Decatur County, in southern Iowa, and named it New-Buda. Their leader was László Ujházy, a man of exceptional ability and integrity. The community eventually ceased to exist, and its members and their descendants were absorbed by the melting-pot of America. The historian Tivadar Acs has performed a meritorious task in writing this book about the New-Buda pioneers. There is much factual information in his work; it contains the kind of material which harmonizes with a certain trend of American civilization and culture. The author deserves credit for the care with which he has organized his material, and for the spirit that motivated him.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✧ *Sándor Szathmári. Utazás Kazokhánban*. Budapest. Magyar Elet.

1946. 346 pages.—The demoniacal character of life invites writers to a pathetic or sardonic interpretation of human existence. For the genuine satirist reality needs no obvious caricaturing in order to be authentic; it is sufficient to combine actualities with plausibilities, and the result is inevitably satirical. Sándor Szathmári's novel, following the pattern of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, rails at modern reality. It is significant that the book is a best-seller in Hungary. The illusions and delusions of present-day Hungarian readers induce them to enjoy "distortion," because it seems to mirror truth. There are times when sick people like to read about sick people.

In Szathmári's novel, Gulliver faces a world of technological perfection and soullessness. It resembles the world that Aldous Huxley portrayed in *Brave New World*. Gulliver wishes to understand man's soul, but facing this task would enhance the meaning of human ambition and struggle. The rulers of the "new society" consider him anti-social. He is punished by being sent to a land—some sort of concentration camp—in which people still possess a soul. But these "soulful" people live a confused, incredible, tortured, and tormenting life, which convinces Gulliver that their "soul" is antithetical to everything that is identified with common sense. After this nightmare-experience he is eager to return to his country.

Szathmári's satirical novel is longer than it should be and has defects of composition. But it presents an amusing, amazing, weird, and in parts distinctly original vision of a universe in which man has allowed himself to be mesmerized by selfishness, stupidity, greed, and empty but dangerous phrases.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✧ *István Vas. Kettős Orvény*. Budapest. Társulat. 1947. 216 pages.—

One of the really valid collections of contemporary Hungarian poetry. It contains István Vas's poems for the past ten years. The selection is authentic,

generally immune to up-to-date tricks of versification, the product of a poet who knows how to focus his mind and heart on significant experiences. It is a somewhat complex poetry, abundant in speculative thought, but rarely cumbersome. The poet's sense of reality and metaphysical curiosity and the language used for the expression of his instinctive and conscious reaction to love, life, death, reveal on an empirical and spiritual level a spirit that moves with sureness within the sphere of his native land as well as within the boundaries of the universe. A part of the book consists of a diary, inspired by the terror of recent times when the author's life was in constant danger. Even the "modernism" of certain poems suggests creative riches which defy the lurking mannerism of a macabre-technique. It is appropriate to mention here that some time ago Shakespeare's *Richard the Third* was translated into Hungarian by István Vas, and that his translation—except for a few minor deviations—is a reliable interpretation and transplantation of the English bard's representative play.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✠ Hallgrímur Pétursson. *Passíusalmur*. Reykjavík. Landsbókasafn Íslands. 1946. 98 pages.—For over two and a half centuries Hallgrímur Pétursson's own manuscript of his famous meditations on the Passion has been handed down from one generation to another in Iceland until at last it has come to a final depository in the Landsbókasafn, the national library. It is a fitting tribute to this manuscript of one of the greatest monuments of Lutheran hymnology that it should be published *in toto* in facsimile. The ninety-two pages of the manuscript are reproduced with remarkable clarity and may be easily read with one or two exceptions, where the difficulty is traceable to the condition of the original rather than to the lithprinter. There is a brief essay on the provenance of the manuscript by Páll Eggert Ólason.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western

Michigan College Library.

✠ Luciano Bolis. *Il mio granello di sabbia*. Torino. Einaudi. 1946. 85 pages.—The most harrowing story of personal courage, stoicism, and self-sacrifice yet recorded, to my knowledge, about partisan warfare during World War II. Its author and protagonist, Luciano Bolis, was, at the age of twenty-six, secretary of the Action Party of Liguria which, under the leadership of Ferruccio Parri, contributed so gallantly to the liberation of Italy. While Northern Italy was under the rule of the Nazi-Fascists, Bolis was arrested, questioned, and subjected for weeks to "non-scientific" and "scientific" torture. All this time he refused to talk. He was finally informed by his Fascist torturers: "You will be given one last night to think it over. Either you give us the names we want or you will be kept hanging from the ceiling for fifteen days with your hands tied behind your back. You'll have all the food you want . . . but nothing to drink." Bolis was returned to his cell and trussed to a chair. There he asked himself: "Is it humanly possible, under the pressure of inhuman pain, to remain faithful to one's ideal?"

After hours of dispassionate reasoning he concluded that the only way out was to destroy his physical self to save his integrity and his companions. He freed his hands and with a razor blade secreted in his trouser seam, he slashed his wrists. But death did not come. He then tried to sever his jugular vein. But he miscalculated. He dug, tore, pulled at the tissues inside his throat until he lost consciousness and the blade slipped from his fingers. When he was found in a pool of blood he was rushed to a hospital. Then followed renewed efforts to die, repeated interrogations, and finally the re-establishment of his contacts with his companions, the rebirth of the will to live and to continue the fight, and his thrilling escape from the hospital.

The story, as the author himself is at pains to point out, is without literary

pretensions. There is no clever build-up, no writing for effect. And therein lies the major virtue of the book. It is an unprecedented document about a man who believed himself dead and who, by an almost miraculous chance, returned to life and was able to describe his experience.—*Michele Cantarella*. Smith College.

✱ Joyce Lussu. *Fronti e frontiere*. Firenze. Edizioni U. 1945. 242 pages. 190 l.—Despite brilliant examples of militant anti-Fascism in her own family, Joyce Salvadori, who had made her first appearance in the world of letters during the late thirties with a highly praised volume of poems, kept aloof from politics. Thrown into active political life by the unexplained withdrawal of her passport while on a Mediterranean cruise, she fled to France. There she married the noted anti-Fascist leader Emilio Lussu. Together they worked relentlessly for the cause of anti-Fascism. In *Fronti e frontiere* Signora Lussu relates the daring activities of the underground group "Giustizia e Libertà" in which both she and her husband played such a heroic part from the fall of France until the liberation of Rome where they were found by the Allied troops.

The book abounds in examples of abnegation, courage, and sacrifice on the part of humble people, among them soldiers and civil servants. There are hair-raising episodes of miraculous escapes from traps set by the Gestapo, the Ovra, and the Vichy police, the most thrilling of which is, perhaps, the clandestine passage into Switzerland of the old Socialist leader Modigliani. The climax, however, is Signora Lussu's return to Rome while it was still under German rule and her daring mission, mostly on foot, to the Allied line to establish liaison with the Italian anti-Fascists whom she and her husband had rescued and who were now being returned to Salerno by the Allies; the crossing of the German lines, her joy at being with the Americans, her shock at discovering that

she was being kept a virtual prisoner under suspicion of espionage, and finally the clearing of the misunderstanding with the appearance of her brother Max, a colonel in the British Army.

The sober, factual, and impersonal style, the keen observations of life in neutral and belligerent countries, the personalities involved, make of this book a distinguished document of the heroic and unpublicized struggle that went on behind fronts and frontiers during World War II.—*Michele Cantarella*. Smith College.

✱ Franco Monicelli. *Vent'anni perduti*. Roma. Faro. 1945. 22 pages. 220 l.—What were the experiences, feelings, and reactions during the Fascist wars of the youth who was ten years old when Fascism came to power? We have had books dealing with the inner thoughts of the Fascist leaders, but what about the mass of young people who made up the infantry of the Fascist state? The author's reactions are important because he typifies a large section of that Italian youth that was chronically afflicted with the *indifferentismo* prevailing in Italian life. They did not seek out Fascism, they had a vague idea that it was bad, but finding no core of resistance within themselves they followed or were swept like chaff into the vortex of its deeds and misdeeds. Monicelli deals especially with what he saw and felt during his life as an Army officer in Africa, Greece, and Yugoslavia. He gives a graphic account of the confusion, incompetence, arrogance, and corruption prevalent among the generals; the civilian murders they ordered; and the tragic physical and moral plight of the Italian soldier who, incapable of hating the enemy, was nonetheless forced to kill him in order not to be killed and dared not desert because he knew that he had become the object of universal hatred.—*Michele Cantarella*. Smith College.

✱ Ferdinando Giannessi. *Invito alla poesia moderna*. Milano. Poligono. 1945. 140 pages. 280 l.—A new, young

critic comes to the defense of modern poetry in a book consisting of a long and stimulating essay followed by a little anthology of six poets (Ungaretti, Montale, Quasimodo, Sinigaglia, Gatto, Sereni) in which the poems are discussed at length. The tone of Giannessi's introduction is both unassuming and hostile, and no doubt he will create some enmities on both sides of the question of modern poetry; but his writing is provoking and alert. It is a shame that the book will not have a circulation in America, where one hears the same questions asked: "Why are they so obscure? Why can't they write like the nineteenth century poets that we all admire?" The problems which the author discusses apply not only to modern poetry but, as he points out, to modern painting and other arts as well. And, as he did not point out, the problem is an international one. The poems he selects for his anthology are, for the most part, the most popular ones of the various poets; but Giannessi's criticisms will make re-reading profitable. — *William Fense Weaver*. University of Virginia.

✠ Dante Alighieri. *La Divina Commedia*. 3 vols. Manfredi Porena, ed. Bologna. Zanichelli. 1946. — Attilio Momigliano's admirable edition of the *Divina Commedia* marks an important milestone in the history of the esthetic interpretation of the Dantean masterpiece. In it the beauties of the work are abundantly pointed out with rare critical acumen. However, the level at which Momigliano's commentary is most effective is the university level and beyond. A different approach is needed for the less mature secondary school groups, and this is supplied by an edition which has appeared contemporaneously with it. Porena's footnotes concern themselves mainly with literal meaning. Discussions of difficult passages and miscellaneous questions, where necessary, are taken up separately at the end of the cantos. Putting understanding of the text first and, after this is attained, deepening it by

further explanation is an excellent pedagogical procedure which cannot fail to be productive of worthwhile results. Yet Porena's edition is far more than a high-school text; it is the fruit of several decades of the rich experience of a man who ranks high in Dante scholarship. His word not only carries authority; it also carries persuasion. Guided by it the reader, no matter what the state of his knowledge may be, is led to new revelations and to accentuated enjoyment of this greatest of all ultramundane journeys.—*Joseph G. Fucilla*. Northwestern University.

✠ Francesco Pasinetti. *Mezzo secolo di cinema*. Milano. Poligono (New York. Heinman). 1946. 157 pages, large format. 550 l.—Poligono has in progress a *Biblioteca Cinematografica* of which a dozen volumes have appeared or are about to appear. Several of these are studies of individual producers or actors. Several are screen plays, with illustrations. Others, like the one before us, are historical studies. *Mezzo secolo* is not a catalogue of plays, although its index does list between seven and eight hundred films. Its author calls it a "panorama"—it is less a continuous narrative than an illumination of the high points in the course of the half-century which had elapsed since the day in late December 1895 when the Lumière brothers ran for the first time in Paris their series of flickering "moving" lantern pictures of events of the day (the manuscript was completed in 1945). Extremely interesting are the comments of contemporaries at various points in the story. Someone told Georges Méliès, when the first pictures were launched, that the invention might excite curiosity for a time by virtue of its novelty, but that it had no commercial possibilities. By 1901 Charles Pathé was prophesying that "The cinema will be the theater, the newspaper, and the school of tomorrow." And by 1911, Ricciotto Canudo declared that "We need the cinema to create that integrated art toward which all the arts

have through all time been trending."

This collection of fascinating chapters on Georges Méliès, David Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, F. W. Murnau, Eisenstein, Pudovkin, René Clair, King Vidor, John Ford, on down to the Fleischer brothers and Walt Disney, with its several dozen fairly well reproduced scenes from films, deserves all praise. It is mostly modest narrative without depth, but there is food for the reader's thinking, in abundance. The proofreading should have been done more carefully.—*H.K.L.*

✧ Sigmund Skard. *Lang vår: dikt.*

Oslo. Gyldendal. 1946. 161 pages—Sigmund Skard's many friends in the United States will be pleased with this latest collection of his poems. The warmth and richness of *Vestanfor havet*, an earlier collection, reappears in the present volume with something of added maturity and depth. Skard is able to deal with historical themes such as Marco Polo with a scholarly appreciation for the age as well as a poet's instinct for human values. For other poems the background of the Norwegian landscape furnishes frequent opportunity for original and impressive imagery. In dealing with the people themselves, he shows a profound faith in the basic virtues of his countrymen, in the values of their past and in the hopefulness of their future.—*Lawrence S. Thompson.* Western Michigan College Library.

✧ Herman Wildenvey. *Filomele: Dikt.*

Oslo. Gyldendal. 1946. 284 pages. 12 kr.—After eleven bibliographically but not poetically sterile years, Herman Wildenvey has published his largest single volume. It is divided into three parts: (1) Years before 1940; (2) The Jail without Walls: a Diary of the Occupation; and (3) New Freedom. The first part contains many poems on commonplace themes, an encomium to Scandinavia with clever literary allusions, a graceful and witty tribute to the actress Johanne Dybwad, a gravely sa-

tirical account of the New York World's Fair with comments on political happenings, viewed with a somewhat jaundiced eye. Here we have the same Wildenvey who has distinguished Norwegian verse for three decades, but all the while there are rumors of war and common-sense pleas for political decency. The second part is introduced by the title poem on Philomela, who, according to Hellenic legend, was transformed into a nightingale for having defended her virtue, while her assailant was burned by her avengers. Wildenvey's bitter observations on the Occupation and his contempt for the Germans are the commonest themes for the poems in this section, but there are also grandiose tributes to Norwegian tradition such as the piece captioned *Farvel til Tidens Tegn*. The third part, *New Freedom*, brings us back to normalcy, but, rather disappointingly, there is nothing which may be interpreted as a new Wildenvey, only more of the always delightful same. While the poet has kept pace with the times, he has not grown or changed.—*Lawrence S. Thompson.* Western Michigan College Library.

✧ Arthur P. Coleman and Marion M.

Coleman, eds.—*Mickiewicz in Music.* Twenty-Five Songs to Poems of Mickiewicz. 1947. xiv+161 pages, large format. \$3.—*Mickiewicziana.* Articles, Translations, Bibliographies. 50 pages, large format. 1946. Columbia University, New York. Klub Polski.—Those tireless and talented disseminators of Slavonic culture, the Colemans of Columbia University, are the heart and soul of the Polish Club of that institution, and the Klub Polski does things. Among other things, it has gone to work to remedy an illogical and unfortunate situation; namely, that one of the three or four greatest poets in all Slavic history is almost unknown in the English-speaking world. The club is already beginning to plan noteworthy activities for the year 1955, the centennial of the poet's death. They have opened their Mickie-

wicz campaign with two interesting publications. The handsome album *Mickiewicz in Music* has a long introduction which dwells on the unique "musicality" of this poet's verse, on his own conviction that poetry and music are different aspects of the same art and that the Polish language is music quite as much as it is speech, as well as on his own personal musical activities. There are extensive bibliographies and indexes, and the larger part of the book is made up of the scores of 25 songs, set to the poet's words by himself and various great musicians with Polish and English words, and with helpful background information. The other volume, which is mimeographed, has a sort of anthology, a bibliography whose preparation must have cost enormous labor, and several charming essays like the one on Mickiewicz's Beatrice, Maryla Wereszczak, whom the poet is said to have loved before he ever set eyes on her, beginning with the moment when he saw a sparkling white frock of hers without Maryla inside it.

We must not forget to remark that Marion Coleman here proves herself a very skilful translator of verse. Or to voice the opinion that Arthur and Marion Coleman deserve to receive very large and very bright medals from several East European governments. If there is any way of persuading nations to dwell together peacefully, they are finding the way.—R. T. H.

✕ Belmonte. *No tempo dos Bandeirantes*. São Paulo. Melhoramentos. 1944. 322 pages. 35\$.—This is the third edition of this work; the first was published in 1939. It is an account of the early history of São Paulo, especially in the 15th and 16th centuries. The settlement had difficulty surviving the attacks of hostile Indians, but in spite of many massacres it was gradually fortified and was able to defy the enemy. The author does not write a formal history but contents himself with sketches of various phases of the daily life of the inhabitants

of São Paulo and the surrounding plateau. He has ransacked the existing records and has given us an interesting narrative illustrated by drawings of the period and others that are his own. The Bandeirantes were a group of hardy men who lived in the city and who would sally forth over the *sertão*, or plain, in search of booty. This text is attractive and of special value to those interested in the Brazilian culture of that period of colonial history.—Calvert J. Winter. University of Kansas.

✕ Cruz Costa. *A filosofia no Brasil*. Porto Alegre. Globo. 1945. 177 pages.—This volume of essays, fittingly dedicated to Sílvio Rabelo, is prefaced by a paragraph translated from Azorín, beginning, "A consciência de um povo se manifesta pelo conhecimento de si mesmo." Cruz Costa seeks to contribute to this self-knowledge by tracing the philosophical currents active in Brazil; first, the Portuguese *Weltanschauung* which underlay the discovery and conquest; then the restrictive effect of the Jesuits in the early colonial period; the French influences in the eighteenth century, despite criminal prosecution of encyclopedism; the Recife German school of the nineteenth century led by Tobias Barreto. Cruz Costa devotes sections to Clovis Bevilacqua, Farias Brito (as described by Rabelo), Damião de Góes, and Garcia de Orta. The theme of the book, echoing on every page, is the need of Brazil to fashion her own systems of thought, either transforming European systems, or creating new ones based on the particular material and political development of Brazil, avoiding always the *fantasia sem proveito*, which is one of the chief and most inviting sloughs. The closing essay, *O novo humanismo*, on Russia, is interesting in the light of subsequent Truman-Dutra arrangements. The book will be more interesting to Brazilians than to philosophers such as Ueberweg, who in their histories devote six lines to the course of philosophy in Central and

South America, excluding Brazil.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Fran Martins. *Noite feliz*. Fortaleza (Ceará, Brasil). Clá. 1946. 122 pages.—Fran Martins stands high among contemporary Brazilian novelists. His first collection of short stories, *Manipueira*, appeared in 1934. Then came four novels, *Ponta de rua* (1937), *Poço de paus* (1938), *Mundo perdido* (1940), and *Estrela do Pastor* (1942), followed by two more groups of short sketches. *Noite feliz* consists of five little stories. They reveal again the author's characteristic merits, his keen observation of life in little villages, of humble destinies and anonymous lives, which are reproduced with great wealth of physical and spiritual detail. He belongs with the best and most popular of the Latin American realists who have been so active in the last fifteen years. He is a profound psychologist, not a photographer, but a faithful artist, who paints with stylized, rapid, incisive, and essential strokes. The stories are strikingly equal in merit.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Mário Quintana. *Canções*. Porto Alegre. Globo. 1946. 173 pages.—Beautiful lyric poems by a writer whose name has apparently not yet gone into the histories of Brazilian literature. Among the loveliest of these tenderly charming songs are *Canção de vidro*, *Canção paralela*, and *Canção azul*, titles which might have been appended to Debussy's piano compositions. The three songs of the seasons, *Canção da primavera*, *Canção de outono*, *Canção de inverno*, might give you the impression that you were listening to a colorful orchestra suite by Ravel, and *Canção de nuvem e vento*, with its dialogue between the cloud and the wind, could inspire a composer to a symphonic poem à la Debussy. The *Canção meio acordada* is curiously reminiscent of the German impressionist poet Max Dauthen-dey's *Der Mond ist wie eine feurige Ros'*. The illustrations by Noemia con-

tribute to the effect of the appealing verses.—*R. Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✧ Karl H. Menges. *Qaraqalpaq Grammar. I: Phonology*. New York. King's Crown. 1947. xviii+110 pages. \$2.50.—A thorough and scholarly study of an important Central Turkish dialect, by a well-equipped German Turkologist. This book usefully supplements the work begun by W. Radloff and continued by Wilhelm Bang-Kaup. The author promises to complete his study soon with a presentation of the morphology and syntax of this dialect, and a selected vocabulary.—*Robert Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✧ Ján Bodenek. *Ivčova biela mat'*. Turč. sv. Martin, Slovakia. Matica Slovenská. 1945. 144 pages. 92 kč.—Ján Bodenek, editor of Slovakia's finest literary monthly, *Slovenské pohľady*, has here produced a delicate Slovak classic for children. Four full-page colored illustrations and eight in black and white make the book perfect.

Little Ivan never gets enough to eat and cannot love or understand his mother. When he discovers his father surreptitiously gorging himself on sausage, his misery is abysmal. One day his teacher punishes him for not doing his lessons. He is taken to her home and treated to coffee and wonderful cakes which he has never seen in his life before. His teacher's kindness eventually leads him to discover his own wonderful mother and her great love for him, evoking as great a love and sacrifice in return.—*Ivan J. Kramoris*. Marquette University High School.

✧ Margita Figuli. *Tri gaštanové kône*. Turč. sv. Martin, Slovakia. Matica Slovenská. 6th ed., 1947. 174 pages. 66 kč.—This novel, an "interior monologue," first published in 1940, is a psychological study of a simple Christian hero, extraordinarily conscious of his faith and living it.

We are introduced to the Christian as he returns on horseback to his golden-haired childhood sweetheart, Magdalene. The horse is not his, he has no possessions, no home, he seeks not riches, glory, or worldly vanities. His life is dedicated to the pursuit of the Christian virtues, in which Magdalene's love shall strengthen him. He encounters his rival, a rich, profligate criminal, atheist, sadist, and drunkard. Magdalene loathes this fellow, but her mother favors his suit.

Forced to delay the marriage, the hero departs. On the next day, surprised and dishonored by the detested suitor, Magdalene is compromised into marrying him and entering upon a life of unrelied misery. Returning, the Christian hero is faced with an unchristian dilemma. He must kill the husband or run off with the wife. He is saved from both crime and sin by the husband, who obligingly takes himself out of the world.—*Ivan J. Kramoris*. Marquette University High School.

✧ František Švantner. *Nevesta hól'*.

Turč. sv. Martin, Slovakia. Matica Slovenská. 1946. 188 pages. 57 Kč.—Unlike any other work in Slovak literature, this tale of the fantastic and grotesque, the vulgar and obscene, is executed with such savage gusto and love of life in all its aspects—real and ideal—as to make the anemic censor of morals shudder at its most “uplifting” passages. “Good morning!” the author bursts out. “Ho, ho, ho!” his characters bawl. “Hosanna!” respond the hills. Offspring of a lustful, murderous wolf-woman and a drunken, gluttonous human pig who eats fire, holds glowing coals in his hands and terrifies the Devil—“Saint Gabriel, pray for us!”—the heroine soothes frenzied horses with her breasts, makes music on a steel wire like millions of pine-needles rustling, the moon breathing on a dense forest, dew sifting down a deep well, the wind wooing a spider-web, bellflowers tolling in the fields, the sun dancing on a high tableland, golden fireflies whir-

ring around the fragrant tips of silver-firs at night. “Hu, hu, hu!” all creation cries. “Thanks to Thee, Heavenly Father!”

Yet Zuna, too, is a murderess and a bawd.—*Ivan J. Kramoris*. Marquette University High School.

✧ *Studier tillagnade Anton Blanck den 29. december 1946*. Uppsala.

Almqvist och Wiksell. 1946. 375 pages.—With some notable exceptions, Festschriften are not the most satisfactory reading. But Anton Blanck's jubilee volume, dedicated to him upon his retirement as professor of literature at Uppsala, is composed of twenty-one essays carefully pointed at the theme around which Blanck built all his criticism: the fundamental connection between what Taine calls *le moment* and the literary product. The topics of the essays contributed by Blanck's pupils range from Homer to Birger Sjöberg, from Greek literature through French, Spanish, English, and Danish, to Swedish literature. If it is permissible to single out one essay for special attention, it should be Victor Svanberg's *Litteraturhistoria och samhällshistoria*, in which Blanck's successor at Uppsala reveals his sociological, one might almost say socialistic, conception of literary history.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✧ A. V. Moran. *Türkçe-İngilizce Sözlük*. Istanbul. The Author. 1943.

1462 pages.—K. M. V. Okçugil. *İngilizce-Türkçe Okul Lügati*. 2nd ed., 1614 pages. *Yeni Türkçe-İngilizce Okul Lügati*. 1945. 694 pages. *Telâffuzlu İngilizce-Türkçe Okul Lügati*. 2nd ed., 1946. 868 pages. Ankara. Kanaat Kitabevi.—Of the recent Turkish-English dictionaries indicated above, Moran's is by far the most accurate and useful. While it is not a flawless work, the errors are relatively few in number, if not in seriousness, in proportion to the scope and contents of the whole. The deficiencies of this work lie principally in the

awkward and unclear translations of the Turkish entries and in Turkish structure.

Compared with Moran's extensive and certainly up-to-date work, Okçugil's dictionary is an extremely poor excuse for a book. Disregarding even the limitation in scope and contents arising from the omission of the most common idiomatic and slang expressions, as well as from the minimal and inadequate translations of the entries into English, many other aspects of this work are unsatisfactory. The mistakes are more numerous and serious than those in Moran's dictionary, since they occur not only in English but also in Turkish, thereby disclosing a marked unfamiliarity with both languages.

While the English-Turkish dictionaries compiled by Okçugil are somewhat superior to his Turkish-English section, they are far from commendable. Both the first and second editions of the English section contain many misspellings, "made-up" English words, faulty syllabication, as well as incorrect and faulty usage. But the greatest defect of these works is the system of transcription utilized to indicate the pronunciation of the English entries. A work which only confuses and creates needless difficulties for those studying a foreign language and which cannot adequately serve to meet the needs of those needing a reference book can be used only with extreme caution.—*Eleanor Frankle*. Mount Vernon, New York.

✧ *Peretz*. Stories and Essays. Sol Liptzin, ed. and tr. New York. Yiddish Scientific Institute. 1947. 380 pages. \$4. —It is difficult to see the advantage of this bilingual edition of Peretz ("Perets," with "s," is phonetically more correct). The reader who knows his English and Yiddish well enough to get the full benefit of the original—for which, incidentally, he must also be well versed in Hebrew—will frequently be irritated by the shortcomings of the English version. For one counting on improving his hold on English by the parallel perusal of the texts, there is in store a goodly portion of bewilderment and confusion. The translation suffers from a straining for literariness, where instead literalness, close adherence to the nearest equivalents of the conversational, idiomatic, racy, and colorful phrases of the original, would not only have been more informative but more artistic. The original's warm atmosphere of intimacy between the story-teller and his audience is all but lost in the stiff translation.

It is rather odd that Peretz should be exalted as a Yiddish classic and at the same time be considered a popular author, when the beauty of his style, shot through with Hebrew expressions and even passages taken over bodily from Hebrew literature, is bound to be missed to a large extent by the reader who knows only Yiddish.—*S. Lomanitz*. Oklahoma City.

Jean Cocteau is filming Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*.

Maurice Maeterlinck and his wife returned to France in August.

Universitas, Zeitschrift für Wissenschaft, Kunst und Literatur, the excellent monthly magazine edited from Tübingen by Dr. Serge Maiwald, is now in its second year. Its business address is Stuttgart-S., Tübingerstrasse 53.

"The scientific libraries of Berlin had over 12,000,000 books. Only 2,500,000 remain."—From *The American-German Review*.

There are now two American theaters in Paris.

In connection with the Mexican literacy campaign, Mexican envelopes now carry the injunction: *Si sabe leer, enseñe; si no sabe, aprenda*.

The Editor Parenthesizes

Our collaborator the Denver sculptor and lecturer Arnold Rönnebeck appears in our *Not in the Reviews* section in the guise of a Franciscan monk. To our knowledge he has never entered even the Third Order of that brotherhood; but he feels, and no doubt with justice, that the cowl brings out a spiritual fact. As he phrases it in a letter to us: "People ask, But why as a monk? No answer. It had to be like that. The garment is cut exactly after Giotto's frescoes. In Fiesole and in Assisi the life of the Franciscans fascinated me. I am a different personality when I wear this cowl. I can then talk in Latin to the birds and the squirrels. . . ."

The Far Eastern Institute of the University of Washington in Seattle has for a year or two been issuing 18 times a year a mimeographed periodical called *Soviet Press Translations*. Since July 1947, the magazine has been appearing

in printed form. It consists of 32 large double-column pages, and the subscription price is \$10.00 a year. It would be hard to overestimate the timely importance of this publication. These translated articles and editorials from *Izvestia*, *Pravda*, *Trud*, *Ogonyok*, and other influential Russian papers deal with problems which are of vital interest to all Americans. In this time of desperate crisis it is essential that leaders of thought in this country, and for that matter as large a fraction as possible of our population, be kept informed of how the Russians feel, of what they are thinking, saying, doing. Professor Ivar Spector, the editor, and his scholarly assistants, do not tell us what to think or do about Russia, they only inform us faithfully what the Russian press is telling the Russian people. It is to be feared that our yellow and yellowish newspapers are doing both more and less than this.

The Once Over

French History, Biography, Memoirs

- ✠ Jean Ably. *Interprète volant*. Paris & Grenoble. Arthaud. 1946. 223 pp.+16 plates. 144 fr.—From Grenoble to Munich with the American 7th Army. Map.
- ✠ Grégoire Alexinsky. *La Russie révolutionnaire*. Paris. Colin. 1947. 268 pp. 280 fr.—From the blind mass movement under Bolotnikov (1585) to the order under Stalin.
- ✠ Marc Bloch. *L'étrange défaite*. Paris. Franc-Tireur. 1946. 194 pp. 80 fr.—By a Sorbonne professor, active in the Underground, murdered by the Nazis in 1944.
- ✠ Jean Champenois. *Le peuple russe et la guerre*. Paris. Juillard. 1947. 268 pp. 275 fr.—A journalist's account of what

the Russians thought and felt about the war.

- ✠ Jules Cotte. *Un ingénieur français en U. R. S. S.* Paris. Calmann-Lévy. 1946. 361 pp. 250 fr.—A potpourri of information: personal, technical, demographic, military, political. . . .
- ✠ Jean Dacier. *Ceux du maquis*. Paris & Grenoble. Arthaud. 1945. 202 pp. 90 fr.—Exploits of a company of FFI in the Vercors, summer 1944.
- ✠ Jeanne Danemarie. *Soeur Rosalie Rendu. Fille de la Charité (1786-1856)*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 245 pp. 100 fr.—Founded, with Ozanam, the Saint-Vincent-de-Paul Society.
- ✠ Lucien Descaves. *Deux amis. J.-K. Huysmans et l'Abbé Mugnier*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 166 pp. 80 fr.—By a confi-

dant of both. Based on unpublished letters.

✎ Roger-Francis Didelot. *Gallieni, soldat de France*. Paris. Dupont. 1947. 245 pp. 145 fr.—An inspired and inspiring patriot on the Marne, in the Sudan, Madagascar, Tonkin. . .

✎ L.-P. Fargue et al. *Saint-Exupéry*. Paris. Confluences. 1947. 282 pp. 240 fr.—Tributes to the apostle of action by Richard Aldington, Roger Caillois, Pierre de Lanux, and others.

✎ Constantin de Grunwald. *La vie de Nicolas I^{er}*. Paris. Calmann-Lévy. 1946. x+311 pp. 275 fr.—“An impartial account, based on documents hitherto available only to German and Polish writers.”

✎ Daniel Halévy. *Nietzsche*. Paris. Grasset. 1944. 548 pp. 200 fr.—Result of 50 years’ study. Author was Nietzsche’s first translator.

✎ Léon Herrmann. *Le treizième apôtre*. Bruxelles. Office de Publicité. 1946. 82 pp.—St. Paul, “the real founder of Christianity.” Map.

✎ Pierre de Lanux. *New York, 1939–1945*. Paris. Hachette. 1947. 223 pp. 140 fr.—What the Big Town thought, felt, and did about World War II.

✎ J. Leflon. *Monsieur Emery. L’église concordataire et impériale*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1947. 565 pp. 210 fr.—Little gray-coated Superior of the Company of St. Sulpice wisely steers the Church (1800–1811).

✎ Léon Lemonnier. *Elisabeth d’Angleterre*. Paris. Hachette. 1947. 316 pp. 225 fr.—“Fearful prudence and implacable will.”

✎ Pierre Mac Orlan. *Montmartre. Souvenirs*. Bruxelles. Chabassol. 1946. 157 pp.—Drawings by Robert Sterkers.

✎ Claude Mauriac. *Malraux ou le mal du héros*. Paris. Grasset. 1946. 272 pp. 150 fr.—More critical than biographical.

✎ J. Mauriange & M. Payerne. *Enfin la France*. Paris & Grenoble. Arthaud. 1946. 263 pp. 130 fr.—*Comment j’ai réussi ma dernière évasion* and *Mémoires d’un évadé*.

✎ Comtesse Jean de Pange, ed. *Lettres*

de femmes du XIX^e siècle. Monaco. Rocher. 1947. iii+252 pp.—Forty women, letters on a variety of themes and occasions. Many previously published.

✎ Marcel Prenant. *Darwin*. Paris. Hier et Aujourd’hui. 1946. 221 pp. 110 fr.—Short biography, discussion of his contributions to science, by a Sorbonne professor.

✎ *Le procès du Maréchal Pétain*. Mont-réal. Variétés. 1946. 339 pp.—Official texts of indictment and defense, and other documents: letters, proclamations, etc.

✎ Rémy. *Le livre du courage et de la peur*. 2 vols. Paris. Trois Couleurs. 1946. 221 pp. + 28 plates, 203 pp. + 28 plates.—Supplements the author’s *Mémoires d’un agent secret de la France Libre*.

✎ Claude Roy. *Lire Marvaux*. Neuchâtel. Baconnière (Paris. Seuil). 1947. 149 pp. 140 fr.—The delicate 18th century artist still has a message.

✎ Maurice Sachs. *Le sabbat. Souvenirs d’une jeunesse orangeuse*. Paris. Corrèa. 1946. 443 pp. 195 fr.—Young Jew writes *je* as easily as *Jean-Jacques*.

✎ *Silence, on vole!* Paris & Grenoble. Arthaud. 1946. 162 pp. + 14 plates. 220 fr.—French fighter squadron in the RAF. Humorously told and illustrated

✎ Gérard Walter. *André Chénier, son milieu et son temps*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 386 pp. 220 fr.—His poetry was unknown to the Revolution, but his acid political pen was a menace.

French Public Questions

✎ Victor Alba. *Insomnie espagnole*. Paris. Franc-Tireur. 1946. x+217 pp. 120 fr.—Spanish fascism and those who groan under and resist it. Preface by Jean Cassou.

✎ Emmanuel Berl. *Prise de sang*. Paris. Laffont. 1946. 156 pp. 80 fr.—It’s no crime to have hated war and tried to avoid it.

✎ Georges Bernanos. *La France contre les robots*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 225 pp. 105 fr.—And for Revolution: this time to free the spirit and mind of man.

- ✠ Louis Gautier Vignal. *Lettre aux Italiens*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 146 pp. 120 fr.—They who have betrayed Western civilization and their own interests must now return to sanity.
- ✠ Roger Latu. *Rome ou Moscou?* Paris. Bonne Presse. 1946. 199 pp. 90 fr.—France's salvation: Christian democracy, not Marxist materialism.
- ✠ Henry Morgenthau, Jr. *L'Allemagne est notre problème*. Paris. Plon. 1947. vi + 239 pp. 150 fr.—Translated by Denise Baye.
- ✠ Albert Ollivier. *Fausse sorties*. Paris. Jeune Parue. 1946. 317 pp. 150 fr.—A collection of editorials written during the two years following the Liberation.
- ✠ Saint-Just. *Pages choisies*. Paris. Point du Jour. 1947. 324 pp. 350 fr.—Selections from the writings of the "Archangel of the Terror."
- ✠ André Beucler. *Dimanche avec Léon Paul Fargue*. Paris. Point du Jour. 1947. 104 pp. 390 fr.—Sunday visits to a bed-ridden poet.
- ✠ Mme Longworth Chambrun. *Shakespeare retrouvé*. Paris. Larousse & Plon. 1947. 494 pp.—His times, life, and work, based on recent research.
- ✠ Robert Charbonneau. *La France et nous*. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1947. 79 pp.—Charbonneau defends French Canada's literary autonomy against certain acrid French critics.
- ✠ Y. E. Clogenson. *Alphonse Daudet*. Paris. Janin. 1946. 211 pp.—"Painter of his time."
- ✠ Luc Estang. *Présence de Bernanos*. Paris. Plon. 1947. xxix + 319 pp. 180 fr.—And *Dans l'amitié de Léon Bloy* by Bernanos.
- ✠ Jean Fougère. *Thomas Mann, ou La séduction de la mort*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 171 pp. 99 fr.—First French *étude d'ensemble*.

French Philosophy and Religion

- ✠ A. Gratry. *Les sources*. Montréal. Fides. 1946. 239 pp. \$1.—*Vade mecum* for the Catholic intellectual.
- ✠ H. de la Selle. *Sous mon chêne*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1947. 141 pp. 72 fr.—Sermons in stones.
- ✠ M. M. Philipon. *Le message de Thérèse de Lisieux*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1946. 126 pp. 30 fr.—On the 50th anniversary of the young Carmelite's death.
- ✠ Marguerite Savigny-Vesco. *L'amour et l'amitié chez les saints*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1947. 223 pp. 150 fr.—To make them loved by showing how accessible they are.
- ✠ Jean Wahl. *Tableau de la philosophie française*. Paris. Fontaine (Montréal. Parizeau). 1946. 235 pp.—For the general reader. From Descartes to Sartre and Merlou-Ponty.
- ✠ Raoul Mortier. *Les textes de la "Chanson de Roland"*. 10 vols. Amer. Agt.: L. H. Bowen, Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin. \$32.—Makes available 12 versions of the *Chanson*.
- ✠ Jules Mouquet & W. T. Bandy. *Baudelaire en 1848: "La Tribune Nationale"*. Paris. Emile-Paul. 1946. 340 pp. 140 fr.—Extensive citation of editorials, etc., from the 12 numbers on which Baudelaire's name appears as editorial secretary. Introductory comment.
- ✠ Jean Pommier. *Dans les chemins de Baudelaire*. Paris. Corti. 1945. 384 pp.—Collection of studies dealing exhaustively with Baudelaire and incidentally with others.
- ✠ Philippe Soupault. *Eugène Labiche, sa vie, son oeuvre*. Paris. Sagittaire. 1945. 187 pp. 105 fr.—Labiche's theater, shorn of its cosmic atmosphere, paints middle-class society.
- ✠ Gonzague Truc. *Paul Claudel*. Paris. Nouvelle Revue Critique. 1945. 175 pp. 54 fr.—This critic finds the key to Claudel's work in Catholic faith and doctrine.

French Literature

- ✠ René Bertelé. *Henri Michaux*. Paris. Seghers. 1947. 221 pp. 190 fr.—Considers both Michaux's modernistic poetry and his eccentric paintings.

French Fiction and Drama

- ✧ Raymond Abellio. *Heureux les pacifiques*. Paris. Portulan. 1946. 438 pp. 225 fr.—Novel of political action, 1934–1944, *Roman à clef*.
- ✧ Colette Audry. *Aux yeux de souvenir*. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 235 pp. 205 fr.—Autobiographical novel by a young female Existentialist.
- ✧ Marie-Louise Bataille. *Sixième acte*. Paris. Juillard. 1947. 241 pp. 140 fr.—Imaginary sequels to well-known plays, prepared for radio.
- ✧ Pierre Béarn. *Jean-Pierre et la navigation*. Paris. Pavois. 1945. 392 pp., large format. 450 fr.—Treatise on navigation in the form of a juvenile which recounts the experiences of a 13-year-old apprentice sailor.
- ✧ Pierre Béarn. *Les oiseaux sont ivres*. Paris. Pavois. 1946. 245 pp. 150 fr.—Ten painfully evocative short stories.
- ✧ Marc Chadourne. *La clé perdue*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 321 pp. 135 fr.—Refugee to California, like others in the *Débâcle* of 1940, seeks a reason for living; a young American girl helps him find the key.
- ✧ Emile Condroyer. *Malgorn le baleinier*. Paris. Nouvelle France. 1946. 275 pp. 120 fr.—“A French *Moby Dick*.”
- ✧ Robert Gaillard. *Louisiane. I. Michi-Sépé*. Paris. Dumas. 1947. 558 pp. 350 fr.—*Histoire romancée* of the epic of La Salle. Large map.
- ✧ Reiner van Genderen Stort. *La petite Inez*. Paris. Sixaine. 1946. 216 pp.—The Dutch original of the blind Van Genderen Stort’s masterpiece appeared in 1925.
- ✧ Marion Gilbert. *Trois jours et trois nuits*. Paris. Self. 1946. 254 pp. 130 fr.—... d’amour.
- ✧ André Guilliot. *Le mystère de la Dame à la Licorne*. Paris. Montbrun. 1947. 49 pp. 250 & 375 fr.—On the tapestry called *A mon seul désir*.
- ✧ René Guillot. *Contes de la brousse fauve*. Grenoble & Paris. Arthaud. 1945. 235 pp. 120 fr.—Twelve African tales of the supernatural, told by “a white man turned black.”
- ✧ René Guillot. *La grande Renaude*. Paris & Grenoble. Arthaud. 1946. 193 pp. 100 fr.—The good Saintonge earth has the leading rôle.
- ✧ Paul Haurigot. *Le diable innocent*. Paris. Juillard. 1947. 276 pp. 120 fr.—Psychological study of a collaborationist.
- ✧ Franz de Jessen. *Katia*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 458 pp. 200 fr.—Russia before 1914. Author many years Danish literary correspondent of *Le Temps*.
- ✧ A. M. de Jong. *Un enfant parmi les hommes*. Paris. Sixaine. 1946. 276 pp.—A modern Dutch *Gavroche*.
- ✧ Charles Liénard. *Dix filles dans un pré*. Paris & Grenoble. Arthaud. 1946. 256 pp. 130 fr.—First novel by a journalist.
- ✧ Pierre Mac Orlan. *Les clients du “Bon Chien Jaune.”* Paris. Ecrits de France. 1946. 143 pp. 75 fr.—Adventure on the Breton coast, late 18th century.
- ✧ Robert Morel. *Saga*. Paris. Juillard. 1945. 258 pp. 120 fr.—Simple farmer folk in Scandinavia.
- ✧ Irène Némirovsky. *Les biens de ce monde*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 253 pp. 150 fr.—Small-town bourgeois families at the turn of the century.
- ✧ Charles Plisnier. *Mères. Mes bien-aimés*. Paris. Corrêa. 1946. 421 pp. 195 fr.—Psychological novel. Center: a dying mother.
- ✧ David Rousset. *Les jours de notre mort*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 786 pp. Maps.—Author of *L’univers concentrationnaire* makes a gripping novel out of his experiences.
- ✧ Jean-Paul Sartre. *La putain respectueuse*. Paris. Nagel. 1946. 161 pp. \$1.80.—A situation like the Scottsboro case.
- ✧ Léon Tolstoï. *Oeuvres inédites et posthumes, 1850–1910*. Paris. Dupont. 1947. 251 pp. 120 fr.—A dozen sidelights on the growth of his genius.
- ✧ André Valio. *Le navire immobile*. Paris. Montbrun. 1947. 43 pp. 250 & 375 fr.—Surrealism. Illustrated by Louis V. Molné.
- ✧ Louise Weiss. *La Marseillaise. III:*

L'étendard sanglant. 2 parts. New York. Brentano. 1947. 309 & 256 pp. \$3.25.—Finishes the panorama of France just before and during World War II.

French Verse

✧ Charles Baudelaire. *One Hundred Poems from Les fleurs du mal*. C. F. MacIntyre, tr. Berkeley & Los Angeles. University of California Press. 1947. xiv + 400 pp. \$5.—Originals on facing pages. Notes. Illustrated.

✧ Louise Labé. *Sonnets*. New York. New Directions. 1947. 53 pp. \$2.50.—Sixteenth century love poems, translated by Frederic Prokosch.

French Arts

✧ Marcel Aubert. *Le vitrail en France*. Paris. Larousse. 1946. 164 pp. + 64 plates.—From the 6th to the 20th century. Glossary.

✧ Jean Cocteau. *Le foyer des artistes*. Paris. Plon. 1947. ii+231 pp. 120 fr.—Articles on the Parisian artistic scene: *Ce soir* (1937-38), *Comoedia* (during the Occupation), and later pieces.

✧ António Horta Osório. *Psychologie de l'art*. Lisbonne. Alfa. 1946. xxxvii + 576 pp.—Painting, sculpture, architecture, decorative arts.

✧ Louis Réau. *L'art roumain*. Paris. Larousse. 1946. 108 pp. + 48 plates.—Prehistoric to present-day, major and minor arts.

French Theater

✧ Jacques de Plunkett. *Fantômes et souvenirs de la Porte-St-Martin*. Paris. Ariane. 1946. 399 pp. + 22 plates. 230 fr.—Amusing biography of a theater that always was in the thick of things.

✧ Tristan Rémy. *Les clowns*. Paris. Grasset. 1945. 487 pp. 390 fr.—Limited to French circus clowns. Cover by Toulouse-Lautrec, many drawings and photographs.

French Travel

✧ Paul Coudun. *Au pays des gauchos*.

Paris. Susse. 1946. 189 pp. + 16 plates.—Forest, country, city of Argentina and Brazil, seen by an engineer.

✧ Henri Duquaire. *Images du Maroc berbère*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 112 pp. + 54 ill., large format. 300 fr.—Photographs (excellent) and text on facing pages.

✧ Paul Reboux. *Notre (?) Afrique du Nord*. Bruxelles. Chabassol. 1946. 315 pp.—Gloomy view of political conditions in North Africa.

✧ Jérôme et Jean Tharaud. *Vieille Perse et jeune Iran*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 245 pp.—A sensitive and lovable people. Early 1940's.

French Reference Books

✧ *L'année philologique*. XV: *Bibliographie critique et analytique de l'antiquité gréco-latine*. Paris. Belles Lettres. 1943. xxiv+495 pp.—Covers 1940 and 1941.

✧ René Bailly. *Dictionnaire des synonymes*. Paris. Larousse. 1946. xiii+626 pp.—Includes technical and popular terms, even slang.

French Science

✧ Pierré Devaux. *Les aventuriers de la science*. Paris. Magnard. 1946. 224 pp.—Lives of Watt, Ampère, Galois, and Edison with a personal flavor.

✧ Pierre Humbert. *L'oeuvre scientifique de Blaise Pascal*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 263 pp. + 16 plates. 200 fr.—Survey of his contributions to mathematics and science.

✧ Henri-René Olivier. *Microbes en déroute*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1946. 171 pp. + 18 plates. 90 fr.—For children, synthesis of healing science on the march.

French Miscellaneous

✧ Joë Bousquet. *L'oeuvre de la nuit*. Paris. Montbrun. 1946. 39 pp. 250 & 375 fr.—Surrealistic prose.

✧ Jean Cassou. *Les enfants sans âge*. Paris. Sagittaire. 1946. 241 pp. 150 fr.—True short stories.

✧ Jean Rousselot. *Max Jacob*. Paris. Laf-

font. 1946. 183 pp. 120 fr.—The great Jewish poet "who made us think of God."

✧ Paul Valéry. *Mauvaises pensées et autres*. Paris. Gallimard. 1942. 223 pp. 140 fr.—Aphorisms and poems in prose.

Spanish History, Biography, Memoirs

✧ Arturo Capdevila. *Rubén Darío, un bardo rei*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 165 pp. \$1.50 m-n.—Purpose is to point out in his life and work "the ethic of his esthetic."

✧ Eduardo J. Correa. *El balance del Avila Camachismo*. México. Con el autor. 1946. lxi+560 pp. \$10 m-n.—Detailed evaluation of his administration.

✧ Eduardo J. Correa. *Pascual Díaz, S. J., el arzobispo martir*. México. Con el autor. 1945. 263 pp. \$6 m-n.—Stubborn defender of the Mexican Church against the secular government.

✧ Alberto Giordano. *Cien músicos de América*. Buenos Aires. Morán. 1946. 347 pp. \$6 m-n.—Short biographies.

✧ Antoni Gronowicz. *Chopin*. Buenos Aires. Biblioteca Nueva. 1946. 191 pp. \$3.50 m-n.—Translated by A. L. Svanascini.

✧ Albert Guérard. *Napoleón III*. Buenos Aires. Peuser. 1947. 328 pp. \$9 m-n.—Well-made translation of an English original published by the Harvard University Press in 1943 and reviewed in *Books Abroad*, Vol. 18, p. 290.

✧ María Teresa León. *El gran amor de Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1945. 271 pp. \$8 m-n.—Movie version was made from this interpretation. *Rimas*, its source, are included.

✧ Felix de Llanos y Torriglia. *María I de Inglaterra*. Madrid. Espasa-Calpe. 1946. 492 pp. 50 ptas.—Mary Tudor was not bloody but blessed.

✧ Sostenes Rocha. *Los principales episodios del sitio de Querétaro*. México. Secretaría de la Defensa Nacional. 1947. 121 pp.—Military expert, a witness, recounts the battles of March and April 1867. Two large maps.

✧ Manuel Serrano y Sanz, ed. *Aventuras del Capitán Alonso de Contreras*. Madrid. Occidente. 1943. i+247 pp. 15 ptas.—Soldier of fortune of 17th century.

Spanish Public Questions

✧ Arturo Capdevila. *El César contra el hombre*. Rosario. Rosario. 1947. 191 pp. \$5 m-n.—A poet, historian, and sociologist affirms "the real Caesar is the landowner."

✧ Ezequiel A. Chávez. *¿De dónde venimos y a dónde vamos?* México. Colegio Nacional. 1946. 268 pp. \$15 m-n.—Divided into two parts: autobiographical and Mexican national problems.

✧ Juan A. Lessing. *Problemas del derecho de nacionalidad*. Buenos Aires. Tip. Editora Argentina. 1946. 163 pp. \$2.50 m-n.—Present confused situation; proposal for a central nationality bureau under the U. N.

✧ José Martí. *Ideario separatista*. La Habana. Ministerio de Educación. 1947. 185 pp.—Compiled, with a long introduction, by the Martí specialist Félix Lizaso.

✧ J. A. Osorio Lizarazo. *La isla iluminada*. México. Con el autor. 1946. 222 pp.—Problems of the Dominican Republic.

✧ Alberto Salomón y Osorio. *Mi fe democrática*. Lima. Miranda. 1946. 315 pp.—Papers on democracy and international solidarity, by a well-known Peruvian publicist.

✧ Ernesto Zeller Mayer. *¿Con qué derecho?* Buenos Aires. Con el autor, Vilmonde 454. 1946. 149 pp.—Rumanian liberal wants "the light of day" let into international dealings.

Spanish Philosophy and Religion

✧ Luis Gil Salguero. *Aforismos de la libertad*. Montevideo. Letras. 1946. 52 pp.—Thoughts of a public-spirited philosopher.

✧ Fray Luis de Granada. *Introducción del símbolo de la fe*. México. Espasa-

Calpe Arg. 1946. 278 pp. \$2.25 m-arg.—Famous Dominican monk and writer (1504-1588).

✧ Ramón Insúa Rodríguez. *Historia de la filosofía en Hispanoamérica*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1945. 203 pp.—From Mexico to Argentina, men's thought has evolved along common lines.

✧ Eduardo Mallea. *El retorno*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 150 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—Meditations.

✧ Charles Péguy. *Nota conjunta sobre Descartes y la filosofía cartesiana seguida de una nota sobre Bergson y la filosofía bergsoniana*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 349 pp. \$6.50 m-n.—Two posthumous papers. Critical Introduction by Carmen R. L. de Gándara.

✧ Juan Straubinger. *Ester y el misterio del pueblo judío*. Buenos Aires. Desclée de Brouwer. 1943. 132 pp.—New notes and explanations added to those in the Félix Torres Amat translation of the Bible.

✧ E. T. Whittaker. *El principio y el fin del mundo*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 153 pp. \$3.50 m-n.—Riddell lectures, 1941: religion and modern scientific thought.

Spanish Literature

✧ Joaquín Casaldueiro. *Sentido y forma de "Los trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda"*. Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1947. 289 pp. \$6 m-n.—A study of Cervantes' neglected last novel.

✧ Willis Knapp Jones. *El drama en las Américas: algunas diferencias*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1946. 23 pp.—North and South American drama compared. English translation by the author.

✧ Concha Meléndez. *La inquietud sosegada*. Rio Piedras. Universidad de Puerto Rico. 1946. 123 pp.—"The poetic art of Evaristo Ribera Chevrement."

✧ Adrián Recinos, ed. & tr. *Popol Vuh, las antiguas historias del Quiché*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 296 pp. \$12 m-n.—New translation based

on documents discovered in 1941. Introduction, map.

Spanish Fiction and Drama

✧ Serafín y Joaquín Álvarez Quintero. *Teatro completo. XXXV: Comedias y dramas*. Madrid. Espasa-Calpe. 1946. 307 pp. 18 ptas.—*Rondalla, Los duendes de Sevilla, Cien comedias y un drama*.

✧ Pío Baroja. *El laberinto de las sirenas*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 247 pp. \$2.25 m-arg.—Thirteenth of the Baroja novels to be incorporated in the *Colección Austral*.

✧ Rafael Bernal. *Su nombre era muerte*. México. Jus. 1947. 257 pp.—A Mexican Timon of Athens barely misses becoming the executioner of the human race.

✧ Arturo Cancela. *Historia funambulesca del Professor Landormy*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 2nd ed., 1944. 352 pp. \$5 m-arg.—Fantastic satire.

✧ Arturo Capdevila. *Consumación de Sigmund Freud*. Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1946. 133 pp. \$3 m-n.—Dr. Freud takes the Soul on a voyage to the land of the subconscious.

✧ Camilo Castelo Branco. *Amor de perdición*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 214 pp. \$2.25 m-arg.—Long critical and explanatory Foreword. The first Portuguese edition appeared in 1861.

✧ Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. *Novelas ejemplares*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 659 pp. \$6.50 m-n.—Preface by Jorge Luis Borges.

✧ Joseph Conrad. *Victoria*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 439 pp. \$6.50 m-n.—Translation by Ramón D. Pérez, frontispiece by Fornieles.

✧ Eduardo J. Correa. *El derecho de matar*. México. Con el autor. 1946. 222 pp. \$6 m-n.—For honor's sake.

✧ Fabián Dobles. *La rescoldera*. San José de Costa Rica. L'Atelier. 1947. 91 pp.—And 10 other short stories.

✧ Jorge Felices. *Enrique Abril, héroe*. San Juan, P. R. Imprenta Venezuela. 1947. 206 pp. \$2.—Medical student to whom Medicine means little and Poetry much.

- ✎ Manuel José Forero. *Diálogos de la historia colombiana*. Bogotá. Voluntad. 1946. 175 pp.—Differing opinions on 14 topics: Columbus, the Conquest, Slavery, Jiménez de Quesada, the Fatherland. . .
- ✎ Francis Bret Harte. *Bocetos californianos*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 303 pp. \$4.50 m-n.—Fourteen of his best, beginning with *Mliss*.
- ✎ William Makepeace Thackeray. *Memorias de Barry Lyndon*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 409 pp. \$4.50 m-n.—With a *Nota preliminar* by Arturo Cancela.
- ✎ Agustín Yáñez. *Al filo del agua*. México. Porrúa. 1947. 401 pp. + 16 plates.—Laid in a repressed, joyless, church-ridden village of mourning women who wait for death, or worse yet, fall in love.

Spanish Verse

- ✎ Dámaso Alonso. *Hijos de la ira*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. n.d. 168 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—Reprint of the first edition, plus five other poems.
- ✎ Rafael Arévalo Martínez. *Por un caminito así*. Guatemala. Avila. 1947. 152 pp.—The famous satirist proves himself also a charming and thoughtful poet.
- ✎ Eduardo J. Correa. *Renglones rimados III*. México. Con el autor. 1947. 205 pp. \$6 m-n.—Landscapes, nostalgic and fanciful verses. More of the "streets" series.
- ✎ Eduardo J. Correa. *Viñetas de Termapolis*. México. Con el autor. 1945. 206 pp. \$6 m-n.—Some 60 poems on varied themes. Explanatory notes.
- ✎ Vicente Echeverría del Prado. *Tallos de abismo*. México. Lira. 1946. 59 pp.—Sonnets.
- ✎ Alfonso González Carbó. *Sonetos de mi reino interior*. México. Clásica. 1946. 110 pp.—"Classic in form, modern in subject-matter."
- ✎ Diego O. Marrero. *El divino puntero*. México. Orión. 1946. vi+221 pp.—Poems written as a youth, poems written as a man.
- ✎ Manuel Moreno Jimeno. *La noche*

ciega. Lima. Con el autor, Sebastián Barranca 190. 1947. 57 pp. quarto.—With five futuristic drawings by Judith Westphalen.

- ✎ Angel Muñoz Igartúa. *Versos de ayer y de hoy*. Manati, P. R. Imprenta Rosado. 1946. 199 pp.—Cheerful verses by a Puerto Rican lawyer-poet.
- ✎ Carlos Sabat Ercasty. *Las sombras diáfanas*. Montevideo. Independencia. 1947. 62 pp.—Sonnets, some with 11-syllable, others with 14-syllable lines.
- ✎ Federico Carlos Sainz de Robles. *Historia y antología de la poesía castellana (del siglo XII al XX)*. Paris. Aguilar. 1946. 1717 pp.—More than 500 poets. Introduction, notes, vocabularies, indexes.

Spanish Travel and Geography

- ✎ Calixto Bustamante Carlos Inca (Concolorcorvo). *El lazarillo de ciegos caminantes*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 255 pp. \$2.25 m-arg.—Detailed descriptions of Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru by a witty early writer.
- ✎ Rodolfo Moreno. *Más allá del Oriente*. Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1946. 309 pp. \$6 m-n.—Objective view of Japan, by a former Argentine ambassador to that country.
- ✎ Salvador Novo. *Nueva grandeza mexicana*. México. Hermes. 1946. 178 pp.—A "view of the Mexican capital, reminiscent of the poem with the same title by the 16th century Bishop Bernardo de Valbuena.

Spanish Textbooks and Reference Books

- ✎ Alejandro Casona. *Nuestra Natacha*. William H. Shoemaker, ed. New York & London. Appleton-Century. 1947. xxxv+178 pp. \$1.50.—With a valuable introduction by the Editor.
- ✎ Carlos A. Echánove Trujillo. *Enciclopedia Yucateense*. 8 vols. Mérida. Universidad de Yucatán. 1947. 5,600 pp. + 1,500 ill. \$150 m-n.—The work of more than 50 specialists.

✧ John E. Englekirk. *Bibliografía de obras norteamericanas en traducción española*. México. Instituto Internacional de Literatura Iberoamericana 1944. 119 pp.—Creative literature, social sciences, natural sciences.

✧ Jorge Fidel Durón. *Índice de la bibliografía hondureña*. Tegucigalpa. Imprenta Calderón. 1946. 211 pp.—Further progress toward a master bibliography of Honduran imprints.

✧ Joaquín Ospina. *Diccionario biográfico y bibliográfico de Colombia*. I: A-F. Bogotá. Cromos. 1927. 831 pp.—From the Conquest to 1927. . . . Outstanding personalities in all fields of human endeavor.

Spanish Miscellaneous

✧ Isabel Aretz-Thiele. *Música tradicional argentina*. Tucumán. Universidad Nacional. 1946. 743 pp.—Authentic popular melodies, 932 of them.

✧ J. Jijón y Caamaño. *El Ecuador interandino y occidental antes de la conquista castellana*. Vol. IV. Quito. Ecuatoriana. 1947. 788 pp., large format.—The learned historian and philologist continues his study of pre-Spanish Ecuador with an examination of several of the languages then spoken in the region.

✧ W. Fernández Flórez. *El toro, el torero y el gato*. Madrid. Aguilar. n.d. 196 pp. + 10 plates.—Bullfighting (also life and people) discussed with wit and gentle satire. Amusing illustrations in color.

✧ *Anales*. Jan.-Dec. 1945. Vol. LXXIII, no. 322. Quito. Universidad Central del Ecuador. 1946. 547 pp. \$5 m-n.—Lectures on various subjects, *Crónica universitaria*, library bulletin.

✧ León Benarós, ed. *Pájaros criollos*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 140 pp. + 18 plates. \$5 m-n.—Mostly Argentine, but ranges farther. Description, legend, and verse.

✧ *Revista de Indias*. July-Sept. 1946. Madrid. Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas. 270 pp. 15 ptas.—History, science, art, book reviews, plates, maps.

German History, Biography

✧ August Bebel. *Aus meinem Leben*. 3 vols. Berlin. Dietz. 1946-47. 200, 444, & 200 pp.—Re-edition of the great labor leader's autobiography.

✧ Oskar Farner. *Huldrych Zwingli. I: Seine Jugend, Schulzeit und Studentenjahre. II: Seine Entwicklung zum Reformator*. Zürich. Zwingli. 1946. 340 & 488 pp. 9.50 & 14.50 Sw. fr.—Scholarly treatment, with documents, bibliography, iconography.

✧ Wilhelm Hausenstein. *Charles Baudelaire*. München. Alber. 1946. 306 pp.—Translation of selected poems. Passionate defense of the poet.

✧ Joachim Kirchner. *Das deutsche Zeitschriftenwesen. I: Bis zum Ausbruch der Französischen Revolution*. Leipzig. Harrassowitz. 1942. 329 pp.—German periodicals through the 17th and 18th centuries.

✧ Rudolf Pechel. *Deutscher Widerstand*. Zürich. Rentsch. 1947. 343 pp. 10.50 Sw. fr.—By a *Widerstand* leader.

✧ Stefan Zweig. *Balzac*. Stockholm. Bermann-Fischer. 1946. 576 pp. 17.50 Sw. fr.—Manuscript was 10 years in preparation. Edited after Zweig's death by Richard Friedenthal.

German Public Questions

✧ Johannes R. Becher. *Erziehung zur Freiheit*. Berlin & Leipzig. Volk und Wissen. 1946. 181 pp.—Papers on a peaceful reconstruction of Germany.

✧ Hans-U. Steger. *Die hohe Politik*. Bern. Scherz. 1946. 143 pp. 5.90 Sw. fr.—Cartoons: acid comment on the passing scene.

German Literature

✧ Arnold Bergstrasser, ed. *Deutsche Beiträge zur geistigen Ueberlieferung*. Chicago. University of Chicago Press. 1947. ix+252 pp. \$4.—Twelve authors: Bergstrasser, Herbert Steiner, Werner Richter. . . .

✧ Sonja Marjasch. *Der amerikanische Bestseller*. Bern. Francke. 1946. 176 pp.

—Study of the reception in Switzerland of certain American and British best-sellers between 1937 and 1940.

✱ Paul Valéry. *Rede zu Ehren Goethes*. Jena. Rauch. 1947. 46 pp.—Delivered in 1932 at the Sorbonne. German by Fritz Usinger.

German Fiction and Drama

✱ Dieter Cunz. *Samuel Maclea: Totentanz*. Madison, Wisconsin. Rep. fr. *Monatshefte*, Vol. XXXIX, Jan. 1947. 29 pp.—Maclea: German-born Baltimore liberal journalist, wrote this *Everyman* in 1849.

✱ Oskar Maurus Fontana. *Die Türme des Beg Begouja*. Wien. Frick. 1946. 103 pp.—How the heart of a grasping Serbian landowner is softened.

✱ M. J. Saltykow & I. A. Gontscharow. *Bilder und Gestalten aus dem alten Russland*. Wedel in Holstein. Braun. 1946. 252 pp.—Humorous and satirical sketches.

✱ Georg Schaeffner. *Ende in Venedig*. Bern. Scherz. 1946. 344 pp. 12.40 Sw. fr.—“Story of an unusual marriage; laid in a Swiss town, Vienna between the two wars, Paris, Versailles, Venice.”

✱ Sammy Schmitt. *Das Glück ein Narr zu sein*. Winterthur. Mondial. 1946. 118 pp.—Optimistic little story based on the experiences of a German Jewish refugee.

✱ James Ramsey Ullman. *Der Weisse Turm*. Stockholm. Bermann-Fischer. 1946. 543 pp.—Located in Switzerland, but an American original. Translated by Justinian Frisch.

✱ Franz Werfel. *Stern der Ungebohrenen*. Stockholm. Bermann-Fischer. 1946. 663 pp. \$4.80 U.S.—This formidable *Reiseroman* was written between 1943 and 1945.

German Verse

✱ Clair Hayden Bell & Erwin G. Gudde, eds. *The Poems of Lupold Hornburg*. Berkeley & Los Angeles. University of California Press. 1945. ix+150 pp.—Examination of meager remains of a 14th century Franconian poet.

✱ Carl Albert Lange. *In meiner Sprache*. Wedel in Holstein. Braun. 1946. 128 pp.—Verse adaptations from Lucian, Ovid, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pushkin, etc.

✱ Karl Wolfskehl. 1933: *A Poem Sequence*. New York. Schocken. 1947. 123 pp. \$3.50.—Written in Italy in 1933–34; English translation on facing pages.

German Miscellaneous

✱ Richard Weiss. *Volkskunde der Schweiz*. Zürich. Rentsch. 1946. xxiv+436 pp. + 147 plates + 8 maps. 24 Sw. fr.—Housing, food, clothing, sports, speech, song, etc., all beautifully illustrated.

✱ Georg Leyh. *Die deutschen Wissenschaftlichen Bibliotheken nach dem Krieg*. Tübingen. Mohr (Paul Siebeck). 1947. 217 pp.—A comprehensive survey of the effects of the war on German research libraries.

✱ Friedrich Schlegel. *Vom romantischen Geist*. Wedel in Holstein. Braun. 1947. 362 pp.—Selected essays of Schlegel's, long out of print.

Czech Miscellaneous

✱ Alois Lang. *F. M. Dostojevsky*. Praha. Vyšehrad. 1946. 325 pp. 117 Kč.—Sympathetic study of the great Russian novelist by a Catholic theologian.

✱ Jaroslav Seifert, Vítězslav Nezval, Miroslav Míčko, V. V. Stech. *Ludvík Kuba*. Praha. Janeček (New York. Heinman). 298 reproductions. \$30 U.S.—The best work of the famous ethnographer-painter who is now in his eightieth year.

✱ Ignát Malina. *Slovník nářečí mistřického*. Praha. Věd a Umění. 1946. 195 pp.—Dictionary of the Mistic dialect.

Danish Miscellaneous

✱ Emil Frederiksen. *Ung dansk Litteratur, 1930–1945*. København. Schønberg. 1945. 272 pp. 8.75 kr.—A capable guide to recent Danish literature.

✱ Tom Kristensen. *Mellem Krigene*. København. Gyldendal. 1946. 372 pp.

14.75 kr.—A selection from his previously published literary essays.

✧ Johannes Pedersen. *Den arabiske Bog*. København. Bermann-Fischer. 1946. 159 pp.—History of the development of the book among the Arabs.

English Public Questions

✧ Stanley McConnell. *I Speak for the Centre*. Toronto. Commonwealth. 1945. vi+151 pp. \$2.—“A practical, attainable science of distribution. . . . The essential basis of world peace.”

✧ *Some Economic Aspects of Postwar Inter-American Relations*. Austin. University of Texas Press. 1946. 117 pp.—Eight papers presented at conference of Institute of Latin-American Studies, April 1946.

✧ B. J. Vaswani. *India and America*. Karachi, India. Indo-American Fellowship. 1947. 90 pp. \$0.50 U.S.—Cultural and commercial pamphlet for use of U.S. businessmen.

English Philosophy and Religion

✧ Donald Attwater, ed. *Modern Christian Revolutionaries*. New York. Devin-Adair. 1947. xiii+390 pp. \$4.—Kierkegaard, Eric Gill, G. K. Chesterton, C. F. Andrews, Berdyaev.

✧ A. E. Mander. *Logic for the Millions*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. xi+206 pp. \$3.—“. . . guide for the ever-growing number of people who recognize the need for clarity in modern life.”

✧ Walter Owen. *The Ordeal of Christendom*. London. Richards. 1939. 105 pp.—“(In Russia we shall see) the first blossoming of the spiritual Renaissance that spreading westward will regenerate Christendom and eventually the world.”

English Literature

✧ Lars Ahnebrink. *The Influence of Emile Zola on Frank Norris*. Uppsala. Lundquist (Cambridge. Harvard University Press). 1947. 68 pp. \$1.25 U.S.—

Similarity of plot, technique, incidents.
✧ Elizabeth Hamill. *These Modern Writers*. Melbourne. Georgian House. 1946. 218 pp. 5 s.—Joyce, Huxley, Eliot, et al., plus an essay on contemporary Australian poetry.

✧ Fred Marnau, ed. *New Road, No. 4. Directions in European Art and Letters*. London. Grey Walls (New York. New Directions). 1946. 206 pp. + 12 plates. 10/6.—A selection of contemporary European poetry, prose, paintings, etc.

✧ Elsie Pell. *François Mauriac. In Search of the Infinite*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. 93 pp. \$2.75.—Psychological *mise au point*.

✧ *Symposium*, Vol. I, no. 1, Nov., 1946. Syracuse, N. Y. Syracuse University Press. ix+185 pp. \$2 (\$3 a year).—“. . . to publish scholarly articles dealing with all modern foreign languages and literatures.”

English Fiction

✧ Chi-Chen Wang, ed. *Stories of China at War*. New York. Columbia University Press. 1947. xi+158 pp. \$2.50.—By Chinese authors, 1937–42; soldiers, guerillas, peasants, workers, intellectuals.

✧ Kahlil Gibran. *Spirits Rebellious*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. vi+121 pp. \$2.75.—Short stories: *Madame Rose Hanie*, *The Cry of the Graves*, *Kahlil the Heretic*.

✧ Jacques Roumain. *Masters of the Dew* (Gouverneurs de la rosée). New York. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. x+180 pp. \$2.50.—Translation by Langston Hughes and Mercer Cook of the work of a brilliant, short-lived Haitian novelist, scholar, and champion of the oppressed.

✧ Italo Svevo. *Confessions of Zeno*. New York. New Directions. 1947 (Knopf. 1930). 412 pp. \$3.50.—With a note on Svevo by Renato Poggioli.

English Verse

✧ Endre Ady. *Threescore Poems*. Antal Nyerges, tr. Washington. American Hungarian Federation. 1946. xiii+54

pp.—Literary and biographical note on author and translator by Marta Neufeld.

✻ Ján Botto. *The Death of Jánošík*. Pittsburgh. National Slovak Society. 1944. 30 pp.—Epic of the legendary Slovak hero-humanitarian. Translation and Preface by Ivan J. Kramoris.

✻ Estanislao del Campo. "*Faust*." Walter Owen, tr. Buenos Aires. The translator, 356 Sarmiento. 1943. xiv+104 pp.—Gounod's opera seen through the eyes of an unlettered gaucho.

✻ *Letters and Poems of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots*. Clifford Bax, ed. & tr. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. 71 pp. \$2.75.—"the sonnets . . . translated for the first time . . ." with the originals.

✻ *The Selected Writings of Dylan Thomas*. New York. New Directions. 1946. xxiv+184 pp. \$3.50.—Poems and stories. Introduction by John L. Sweeney. Portrait.

✻ *The Sonnets of G. S. O.* Buenos Aires. Walter Owen, 356 Sarmiento. 2nd ed., 1946. xix+225 pp.—An even hundred, with notes and glossary.

English Reference Books

✻ *A Check-list of Current Serials in the U. S. Zone of Germany*. Washington. Library of Congress. 1946. 23 pp.—Not covered: American sector of Berlin, the Bremen Enclave.

✻ Sally Brewster Jamieson. *English Translations of Latin American Literature*. Washington. Pan American Union. 1947. 17 pp.—Corrected through January 1947. All these books can be borrowed from the Columbus Memorial Library of the Union.

Wolf Leslau. *Modern South Arabic Languages. A Bibliography*. New York. N. Y. Public Library. 1946. 29 pp.—Much remains to be done on these rapidly disappearing Semitic languages.

✻ *A List of Books by Scandinavians and about Scandinavia*. New York. American-Scandinavian Foundation. 4th ed., 1946. 39 pp.—Scandinavian literature in translation; authoritative works on the Scandinavian countries and their people.

English Miscellaneous

✻ Julius Kornis. *Hungary and European Civilization*. Washington. American Hungarian Federation. n.d. 41 pp.—Recapitulation of her proud rôle in it.

✻ John Hewitt Mitchell. *The Court of the Connétable*. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1947. ix+166 pp. \$3.—French administrative tribunal at work during the reign of Henry IV.

✻ Irena Piotrowska. *The Art of Poland*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. xiv+238 2-col. pp. + 160 ill. \$6.—Architecture, sculpture, painting, folk art, etc. Illustrated in black and white.

Finnish Miscellaneous

✻ Olavi Kares. *Heränneen kansas vaelus*. 2 vols. Helsinki. Söderström. 1947. 482 & 484 pp. 600 mk.—Vols. 3 and 4 of a history of a significant religious revival in Finland in the late 19th century.

✻ Ella Kivikoski. *Suomen rautakauden kuvasto*. Helsinki. Söderström. 1947. 205 pp. 450 mk.—First volume of an illustrated history of Finland's Iron Age.

✻ Aaro Hellaakoski. *Huojuvat keulat*. Helsinki. Söderström. 1947. 170 mk.—Ninth volume of verse by a significant contemporary poet.

Hungarian Miscellaneous

✻ Tivadar Acs. *New-Buda*. Budapest. The author. 1941. 322 pp.—History of a short-lived Hungarian settlement in southern Iowa.

✻ Sándor Szathmári. *Utazás Kazohiniában*. Budapest. Magyar Elet. 1946. 346 pp.—Another satirical *Gulliver's Travels*, whose butt is the soullessness of modern society.

✻ Péter Ertsey. *Neve se volt*. Szeged, Hungary. Szukits Kiádas. 1945. 64 pp.—Prevailing melancholy verses by the editor of the review *Tiszatáj*.

✻ István Vas. *Kettős Orvény*. Budapest. Társulat. 1947. 216 pp.—A collection of the eminent poet's verses of the past ten years.

Italian Biography and Memoirs

- ✧ Luciano Bolis. *Il mio granello di sabbia*. Torino. Einaudi. 1946. 85 pp.—Horror of the Third Degree under the Nazi régime in northern Italy.
- ✧ Umberto Bonomo. *I nostri santi*. New York. Vatican City. 1946. 351 pp. \$1.50.—Thumb-nail biographies of some 150 saints.
- ✧ P. Vittorino Facchinetti. *Vita di San Francesco d'Assisi*. New York. Vatican City. 1946. 255 pp. \$1.50.—Many illustrations.
- ✧ Joyce Lussu. *Fronti e frontiere*. Firenze. Edizione U. 1945. 242 pp. 190 l.—War-time memories of a heroic anti-Fascist.
- ✧ Franco Monicelli. *Vent'anni perduti*. Roma. Faro. 1945. 22 pp. 220 l.—Portrait of the spiritual "indifferentismo" of young Italians under Mussolini.

Italian Miscellaneous

- ✧ Beniamini Joppolo. *La giostra di Michele Civa*. Milano. Bompiani. 1945. 132 pp. 170 l.—An Italian soldier caught in the spiritual chaos of the Fascist period.
- ✧ Dante Alighieri. *La Divina Commedia*. 3 vols. Manfredi Porena, ed. Bologna. Zanichelli. 1946.—An annotated edition for students whose knowledge of Dante is not extensive.
- ✧ Francesco Pasinetti. *Mezzo secolo di cinema*. Milano. Poligono (New York. Heinman). 1946. 157 pp. 550 l.—Rapid history. Many illustrations.
- ✧ Charles Merbury. *Proverbi vulgari*. Charles Speroni, ed. Berkeley and Los Angeles. University of California Press. 1946. 88 pp. \$1.75.—A rare collection of proverbs first printed in England in 1581. Introduction, notes, bibliography.
- ✧ *Dizionario letterario Bompiani delle opere e dei personaggi di tutti i tempi e di tutte le letterature*. I: *Movimenti spirituali. Opere*. A-B. Milano. Bompiani. 1947. xv+348+495 pp. + 114 plates.—To be complete in 6 volumes.

Latin Miscellaneous

- ✧ *Doctrina Christiana*. Washington. Library of Congress. 1947 (Manila. 1593). 50+38 pp.—Facsimile of the first book printed in the Philippines.
- ✧ Laura Keeler. *Geoffrey of Monmouth and the Late Latin Chroniclers, 1300-1500*. Berkeley and Los Angeles. University of California Press. 1946. viii+151 pp. \$1.75.—Gospel truth or fable? Various interpretations of the *Historia Regum Britanniae*.
- ✧ J. van Ooteghem. *Bibliotheca Graeca et Latina*. Namur. Etudes Classiques. 2nd ed., 1946. 387 pp. 150 Bel. fr.—Covers more ground than one small volume had previously done.

Portuguese Miscellaneous

- ✧ Diogo do Couto. *Décadas*. Vol. I. Lisboa. Sá da Costa. 1947. cxxiv+255 pp. 20\$.—Portugal in the East Indies. Continuation of the *Décadas* of João de Barros.
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Swedish Miscellaneous

✧ *Studier tillägnade Anton Blanck den 29. december 1946*. Uppsala. Almqvist & Wiksell. 1946. 375 pp.—Twenty-one essays by students of Professor Blanck, dedicated to him as he retires from his professorship of literature.

✧ Rob. E. Fries, ed. *Acti Horti Bergiani. Meddelanden från Kungl. Svenska Vetenskapsakademiens Trädgård Bergielund*. Vols. VIII, XI, and XII. Uppsala. Almqvist & Wiksell. 1925, 1937, & 1939. 273 pp. + 27 plates; 470 pp. + 5 plates; 577 pp. + 68 plates.—Botanical papers by various scholars and in various languages.

Unclassified

✧ Nelo Drizari. *Spoken and Written Albanian*. New York. Hafner. 1947. xviii+188 pp. \$3.50.—With historical foreword. Designed especially for English-speaking students.

✧ W. Simon. *A Beginner's Chinese-English Dictionary*. London. Lund Humphries. 1947. cxxiv+880+184 pp. 32/6.—Based on *Gwoyeu Romatzyh*, the “Official Chinese Latin Script.”

✧ Spiros Minotos. *Sio Nesi ton Phaia-
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✧ Arthur P. Coleman and Marion Coleman, eds. *Mickiewicz in Music*. New York. Klub Polski, Columbia University. 1947. xiv+161 pp. \$3.—Scores composed for 25 of Mickiewicz' poems. Polish and English versions. Essays, bibliography, index.

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CONCERNING CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

RAFAEL HELIODORO VALLE (*Intellectual Cooperation and World Peace*), Honduran-Mexican poet, bibliographer, journalist, and educator, is a member of our staff.

ARTURO TORRES-RIOSECO (*Giovanni Papini and Hispano-American Culture*), Chilean poet and historian of literature, is Professor of Latin American Literature in the University of California.

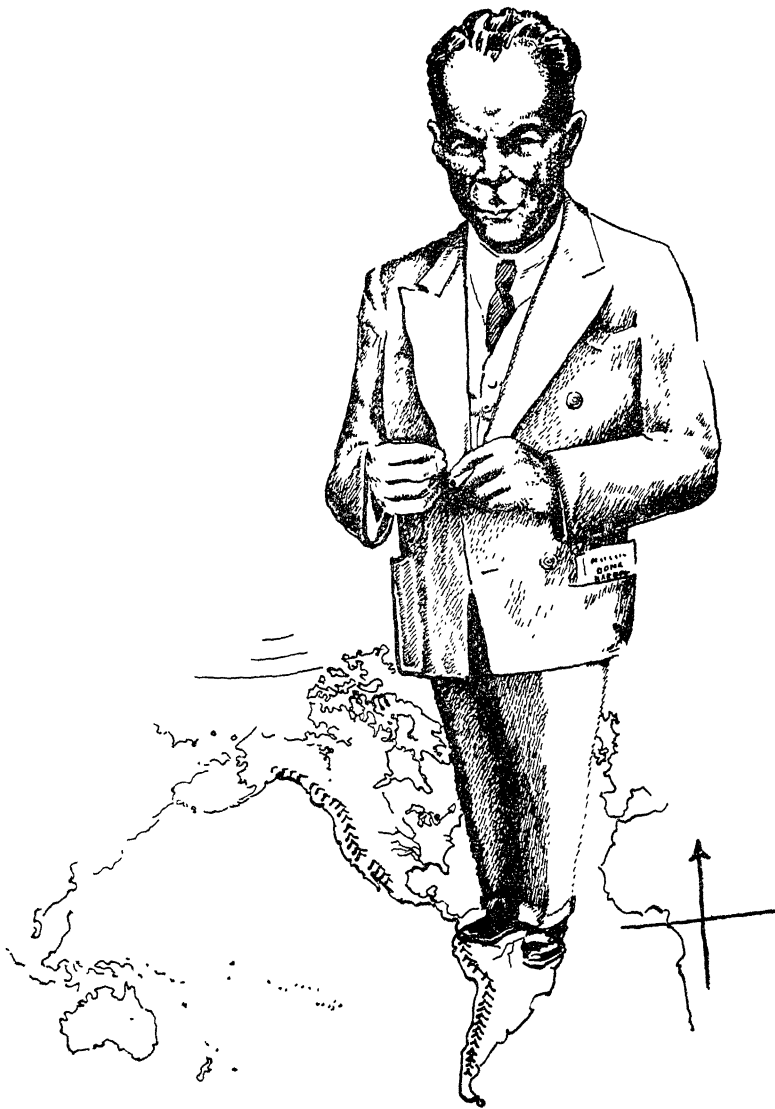
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ROMULO GALLEGOS

Educator and Writer

President of Venezuela

BOOKS ABROAD



Intellectual Cooperation and World Peace

BY RAFAEL HELIODORO VALLE

THIS MATTER of intellectual cooperation is a serious problem. Nations are ignorant of each other, hence they fail to understand each other, and it is a commonplace that international misunderstandings have been the source of endless prejudices. One of the most serious obstacles to peace is ignorance. When we hear a human voice, we catch the accent of a personality and our sympathy is aroused; when we write to each other, when we talk to each other, when we call a truce to our hostilities and negotiate, each of us learns so much of the other's problems that we are often able to work out a solution, arrive at an agreement, and shake hands over it. Even though we speak the same language, nothing is gained if we have no opportunity to communicate with each other. There are in America noble spirits who could be of service to the rest of us if we could come to know them. Inability to read and write is one sort of ignorance. Another sort of ignorance is one country's ignorance of another. Labor for intellectual cooperation is authentic labor for peace.

There can be intellectual cooperation of a thousand sorts. You can help a foreigner find a street, or you can organize an exposition of archeological treasures or of your country's best books. This is an ambitious program, and it calls for exemplary persistence and a sympathy which rises above prejudices born of sensitiveness, prejudices of geography or of culture. Each country has a human product which merits the interest of other countries, as well as a stock of natural wealth which should be

announced and explained to the world. Every constructive message ought to be advertised as widely as possible. Every sort of merchandise is the bearer of an idea, so that merchants, like the rest of us, are able to further intellectual cooperation. Every country should work out an inventory of its productions, including of course the products of the investigator and the artist, and publish its inventory with all the advertising facilities at its command. The wider the publicity, the more effective the cooperation.

There has been a great deal of discussion of the problems of cooperation. Plans have been drawn up; offices have been established for the organization of systems of mutual aid. But the task is scarcely begun. I am speaking now of the situation in Spanish America. Every Interamerican Conference passes resolutions in favor of intellectual cooperation; but it must be admitted that there has been little measurable progress. The Rotary Clubs, the Lions Clubs, and the physicians who travel about by airplane have, it is true, done something practical and something which may serve as profitable example. A doctor from the Lima Lions Club, for example, or the Rotary Club, lands in Monterrey or Havana, and if he wishes on the day after his arrival to give a lecture, visit an institution, or collect information about some matter which interests him, he finds every facility at his disposal as completely as if he were working at home. The man of letters or the artist who arrives from some distant point without previous announcement or some influential connection will not find every door opened to him immediately.

The first specific problem which arises when we attack the large problem of intellectual cooperation may be that of how to secure a book or a bit of concrete information about some individual or some social movement. For example: Which is the best short story that appeared in Venezuela in 1947? What is the present status of studies of cardiology in Peru? To whom shall I turn for such information? The first thing that might occur to me would be to apply to the Consul or the Embassy or the Legation of the country involved. The first obstacle will be that neither the Consul nor the Ambassador receives information promptly from his country which would enable him to answer such questions; or if a book is required, it cannot be found in the libraries. If I undertake to order the book from the country of its origin, the troubles multiply. The machinery for international payments may be inadequate, it may be impossible to get hold of a directory of publishers or book dealers or to learn which national office has charge of such matters; in one instance it may be the Department of Education, in another the National Library,

or perhaps some Peruvian or Venezuelan Cultural Institute.

It is true that the United States has been and is helping us substantially with its *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, the annual which catalogues the best publications of all our countries and characterizes them with instructive sobriety, and through the Pan American Union, which has a department of intellectual cooperation and ever since its foundation has been helping investigators and answering thousands of questions, even impertinent ones. The North Americans have established various useful fellowships—Rockefeller, Guggenheim, subventions from the Department of State and various universities—and have founded three public libraries which lend books otherwise accessible only in their libraries at home: the Franklin in Mexico City, the Rubén Darío in Managua, and the Artigas-Washington in Montevideo. These examples are evidence that money can be set to work in behalf of intelligence, to further good will among men, to create and stimulate friendship, and thereby to further the progress of democracy.

In the course of its recent meeting in Mexico, the UNESCO acknowledged the fundamental importance of such cooperation, and the magnificent bibliographical bulletin which it sends us from Paris calls our attention to various aspects of publishing activity in Europe. UNESCO was born in London, at a conference of the ministers of public instruction of several countries occupied by the Nazis: France, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia. These officials undertook to work for the unification of intellectual cooperation when their countries should be liberated. The program was amplified and was extended to other areas: science, education, culture. UNESCO is concerned with the diplomatic aspects of culture, and any aid to it is a contribution to the cause of world peace. Culture has many enemies; but it can win new friends every day. It is true that there have been scholars and intellectuals who have been willing to serve an evil cause, but it is just as true that men of good will can win hearts for the right. It has been said, with justice, that the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and the music of Bach have won battles for human fraternity and that Louis Pasteur, saving the lives of millions from his quiet laboratory, has done more for the world than Napoleon.

Intellectual cooperation must undertake the noble task of bringing men together through their sympathies, through the similarity of their higher impulses, and by smoothing out their differences. Every school, every group of individuals brought together by their desire to uplift mankind, every institution dedicated to the service of the better world, is in duty bound to labor so that men may live together harmoniously.

It is a sad paradox that the very Hispano-Americans who are qualified to carry out the program of intellectual cooperation, or at least to work for it steadily, cannot take on the burden. In the Latin American countries the man of letters is unable to live by letters (with a few exceptions, notably in the Argentine). He must work at other time-consuming activities, sometimes even as a radio commentator, not to mention university teaching and journalism.

The following might be suggested as measures which might make for effective intellectual cooperation:

1. The establishment in each country of a Bureau of Intellectual Cooperation, for the unification of all activity in this direction. These offices should be in charge of trained workers who understand the various aspects of the problem and who have wide connections outside the home country.

2. The establishment of Interamerican fellowships on the most generous possible scale. Scholars who have worked in other countries are by that fact the best agents of international friendship.

3. The organization of art expositions which can in time embrace every part of Hispano-America.

4. The organization of study-conferences at which there shall be absolute freedom of expression.

5. The publication in the most important daily papers, as often as every week if possible, of information concerning Hispano-American cultural activities.

6. Summer schools and visiting professors (like those sponsored by Columbia University in New York) can do a great deal for cultural relations, as can certain institutes which have been established for the same noble purpose.

7. The radio and the movie newsreel can help disseminate information on life in the remotest countries, as they are already proving. Marconi and Lumière are the two glorious *doctores honoris causa* of intellectual cooperation as an instrument of peace. The great Lusitanian Eça de Queiroz, like Jules Verne, prophesied in his *A cidade e as serras* the coming of a new world in which the antipodes would talk together.

In our time the responsibilities of the writer are of the heaviest. He must help solve many of the problems which oppress mankind. One of his great tasks is to save men by teaching them to speak a common language. It is the duty of every writer to shut himself into his laboratory and labor, each in his own fashion, on his contribution to the cultural atomic superbomb.—*Mexico City.*

Giovanni Papini and Hispano-American Culture

BY ARTURO TORRES-RIOSECO

AT THE SUGGESTION of several friends, I propose to allow myself some comments on an article by Signor Giovanni Papini entitled *Lo que América no ha dado* (*Revista de América, Bogotá*). An opinion has no value in itself; it acquires validity only in the mouth of a man who is qualified to express an opinion. When some Chilean or Argentine nincompoop tells us there is no culture in the United States, we turn our backs on him; when José Enrique Rodó denies certain fundamental aspects of our culture, we try to reason with him. Signor Papini is one of the deftest and best documented of Italian critics; Signor Papini is a stylist of the first water and a great expert in matters of literature and philosophy. And yet the numerous somersaults which Signor Papini's thinking has turned in half a century have deprived him of the right to our unlimited confidence. There are three basic faults in his work: excessive Catholicism, excessive self-assurance, lack of solidity in his judgments.

Excessive Catholicism led Signor Papini to accept the doctrines of Signor Mussolini; excessive self-assurance brought him to the conclusion that the only man in the world who understands Dante is Signor Papini; as a result of his lack of solidity he was never able to complete his often announced *Historia de la literatura italiana*. As a result of these three characteristics Signor Papini stirs a great deal of interest in some quarters and provokes noisy discussions; because of these three characteristics the Italian critic has strayed out beyond the field of European letters which he knows so well and has wandered into a field where his intuition is not able to cover his lack of knowledge.

In other words, Signor Papini has only a half-knowledge of our culture. Since this is true, we must not take what he says too seriously, but he has given us an excuse to chat a little with him. The fundamental error into which the author of the *Life of Christ* has fallen is to judge the culture of a continent without any aid from its economic and political phases. What would Signor Papini say if we undertook to judge the culture of Italy by the Fascist period and arrived at the conclusion that Italy has contributed nothing to the culture of Europe? Our economic and politi-

cal situation is the chief reason for our cultural backwardness, and if that is neglected it will be impossible to arrive at valid conclusions. When we take these considerations into account, we find our historical existence reduced to a scant century of independent life, and I believe that in this short space of time we have produced an unquestioned culture. If Signor Papini is willing to be consistent, he will compare us with Canada and Australia.

Signor Papini opens his essay with a string of platitudes. He declares that America owes everything she has and is to Europe, that America has never been able to mount to the European level, that America has never returned the treasures which she received from the Latin civilizations. He drives these points home in the following words: "We will begin with religion. Not one great theologian, not one renowned mystic. One saint: Santa Rosa de Lima." I do not know whether Signor Papini has ever heard of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz or the Nun of Tunja, but Señor Sanín Cano has answered him cleverly with the reminder that they make saints in the Vatican and not in America.

"Now as to philosophy. America has given the world no original philosophers and no independent systems." He mentions then three names which he has heard somewhere: Félix Varela, José de la Cruz y Caballero, the Colombian Torres (I repeat the names just as he gives them). We could go on, in this way and list several dozen more for Signor Papini. And coming down to the present, would it not be worth while for Signor Papini to study the writings of Varona, Korn, Romer, Vaz Ferreira, Caso, and a score of others?

In literature Signor Papini stumbles badly. In the colonial period he mentions only Castellanos and forgets Garcilaso, De Oña, Del Valle, and Caviedes, Sor Juana, and all the great chroniclers and Spanish epic writers who were acclimatized in America. He says of the modern writers: "A few of them have managed to cross the Atlantic and find translators, but none of them has ever become really popular and none of them has exercised any notable influence on European literature." If this is true, it is not the Americans but the Europeans who are to blame. It is certain that Hugo Wast and Vargas Vila have been popular. Their books have been sold in the railroad stations of Spain, France, and Italy. If Darío, Sarmiento, Bello, Rodó, Gabriela Mistral, Alfonso Reyes, Henríquez Ureña have not been popular and have had no influence in Europe, so much the worse for Europe. When Signor Papini exclaims: "The art and the personality of Silva have remained unknown to a continent which went mad over Oscar Wilde," he is merely accusing Europe of bad taste and

ignorance. And when he writes: "Rivera's *Vorágine* makes a poor showing beside the novels of Kipling," he simplifies the question to a degree that inclines us to question his literary taste and his own culture. What do rivalries have to do with it? The novels of Kipling and the novels of Rivera can live side by side on the basis of their very different merits.

"Students of Spanish philology know the writings of Bello and of Cuervo, but nobody on this side of the Atlantic has ever dreamed of putting them on a level with Menéndez Pelayo or Menéndez Pidal." Here Signor Papini is completely wrong. Menéndez Pidal himself has paid tribute to the importance of these two philologists. It would be hard to compare Cuervo and Menéndez Pelayo since one was a philologist and the other something completely different. Then Signor Papini refuses to allow us Juan Ruiz de Alarcón (whom he calls "Pedro") and declares that he "happened to be born" in Mexico. He maintains, moreover, that "the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega has no such importance in the history of Spanish letters as the poet Garcilaso de la Vega," a line of reasoning which is a little like comparing a Chilean *guanaco* with a Valencian orange.

In the matter of art the situation is even worse. Signor Papini reports that he has "leafed through" (notice how profoundly interested our critic is in his subject) two volumes of José León Pagano. It is evident that the Italian essayist needs help from the Argentine bibliographers. One lone artist, "the Mexican Diego de Rivera, has succeeded in winning the respect of the European critics, but he has attained no such reputation and has exercised no such influence as, for example, Pablo Picasso." Is it possible that Signor Papini has never heard of Portinari or Orozco? But he does have a case against us here. If these three painters lived in Europe, there is no doubt that they would be enjoying world-wide fame and would be quite as influential as Picasso.

"In the field of science the situation is no better." Well now, it might be worse, Signor Papini, and you ought to have some knowledge of what is being done in our America in bacteriology, in anthropology, in chemistry and biology. Perhaps we should remind you that the Nobel Prize in science has been awarded to a savant from Argentina.

It pains Signor Papini greatly to be driven to such melancholy conclusions. "As an Italian—as a brother of the Americans in the sphere of culture—I should have been glad to find much more." You should do some studying, Signor Papini; the only way to find things is to take an interest in them and hunt for them. Inform yourself, friend, read, travel, and I can guarantee that your efforts will be rewarded. I know that you


are an admirer of the Iberian culture, which in a degree is also our culture; the only thing you need do now is to learn something about what you are talking about. All of us who are studying and trying to call the world's attention to our culture will be glad to help you. I am not asking you to study the Mayan and Incan cultures, because I know that you Europeans, with your infatuation for the Renaissance, know nothing and care nothing about such matters. All I ask of you is to study our culture between 1840 and 1898. If you will do this, I am sure you will change your opinion.

You inform us that we have had plenty of time to create a culture. If you believed in the potency of political and economic factors, you would realize that an economy of the colonial and feudal type does not favor the development of a civilization; if you knew what our dictators were and what our demagogues still are, you would appreciate that our entire culture has been built with tears and blood, that we have gained our liberties inch by inch, by our own native efforts, and that we have never asked foreigners for help in overthrowing our tyrannies. You declare that "the eighteen hundreds, all over Europe, from Russia to Spain, were a century of giants and creators in all fields of activity" and that when you discovered that it was not so in America "your disappointment was all the more profound and bitter." If by "eighteen hundreds" you mean the nineteenth century, you can rest easy, since during that century our continent produced giants like Bolívar, San Martín, Alberti, Sarmiento, Juárez, Martí, Bello; certain sublime monsters whose names I do not wish to recall; and creators like Machado de Assís, Euclýdes da Cunha, Rodó, Palma, Montalvo, Darío (one of the three great Spanish-language poets), Hostos, Olmedo, Lizardi, González Prada, and many others who would have been an honor to any country.

In view of all this, it is a work of supererogation to consider the reasons which Signor Papini adduces to explain the absence of American figures of the first magnitude. We have not given the world a Jesus Christ, a Plato, a Dante, a Milton, a Shakespeare, a Cervantes, a Darwin, or a Descartes. Agreed. But Signor Papini knows that personages of this caliber are not numerous in modern Europe and are very rare in Italy. Why should we be expected to produce them in a short space of a hundred years? But we *have* already established a glorious cultural tradition, as rich as that of any European country and superior to that of many European countries.

Please do not forget, Signor Papini, that we have plowed the sea with our great Captain; that we have cultivated our soil so successfully that

today we are able to feed Europe; that we have sowed and harvested in the living rock; that we have overthrown a hundred tyrants and shot an intruding European Emperor; that we have given asylum to the persecuted of Europe, to the refugees from Nazism and Fascism; that we opened the Promised Land to the Italian proletariat, and that with all this we have found time to cultivate beauty and spirituality. To ask more than this of us, Signor Papini, shows a lack of information, of delicacy, even of common kindness.—*University of California.*



New Aspects of André Gide

BY CHARLES EUBÉ

THE PUBLISHER Ides et Calendes, of Neuchâtel and Paris, has just published in rapid succession, with the care for elegance and neatness of appearance which has made this publisher famous, two new books by Gide: *Le retour* and *Poétique*. The former is a fragment of a work of imagination. The latter is particularly important as a key to Gide's manner of thinking. Written as an introduction to an anthology of French poetry which is to appear shortly, this *poétique*, planned to justify the anthologist's choices, amounts to a literary manifesto.

It may seem strange that a manifesto of the sort should emanate from a writer whose reputation rests mainly on his prose writing, and who is at this moment at the apogee of his reputation; but we must face the facts as they are. It is true that all the way from the Pléiade to the Symbolists it was always a young poet of a new "school" who undertook the task of annihilating his predecessors. But in our generation the demolition of idols, even the seating arrangements on Parnassus, seems to be by common consent entrusted to serious individuals whose own medium is prose. In preparing an anthology of the poets of the past, André Gide is only following the example set by Ramuz and Thierry Maulnier; and Jean Paulhan is doing a similar service for the poets who are still among us.

Gide expects his choice to shock many readers, and he makes an effort to forestall the cries of indignation. "I have been influenced in my choice by my preference for the relatively rare French verse which is predominantly musical," he announces. The phrase "relatively rare" marks disapproval. We are reminded of the frequency of a similar evaluation from German critics of French literature. The Germans are inclined to

the belief that French poetry is lacking in genuine lyricism, except in the case of Verlaine, whom they consider, both racially and spiritually, as an inheritor of the German *Lied*.

It is fortunate that Gide, who may not even have noticed this stubborn German prejudice, does not carry intolerance so far. If he ignores Marot and R  gnier, "ni chanteurs, ni enchanteurs," if he takes it for granted that the seventeenth century classics of the drama are outside his field, he is willing to admit that "Ronsard is the dominant figure in French poetry and it is not till we reach Victor Hugo that we find such lyric effusion."

The important matter, the animus that underlies his whole study, is this matter of Gide's attitude toward Hugo. Readers will remember that when he was asked one day whom he reckoned the greatest French poet, he replied: "Victor Hugo, alas!" If there is a sort of apology here for the "alas!" it is hedged about with such qualification and such reticence that the famous epigram of yesterday sometimes seems more innocent than the homage of today. Thus Gide takes a certain satisfaction in the frankness of a student in an Algiers lyc  e, who declared that Hugo's finest Alexandrines impressed him as empty and unpleasant.

The key to Gide's book is certainly his preference for music. Victor Hugo is for him the best of the poets who lack this element.

His condemnation of P  guy is more unqualified, and, we must add, more courageous. It should be remembered that this study was written during the Occupation, at the moment when Vichy was making P  guy over into a precursor, a sort of national hero. At that moment Gide wrote down without hesitation: "It seems to me that his Alexandrines in general, and those of his *Eve* in particular, rank with the worst that have ever been patched together in any language."

In spite of our admiration for this ingenious study and for this combative spirit which age has not weakened, we have a right to demand of M. Gide that he practice what he preaches and show us what he can do with the Alexandrine himself. *Le retour* meets our challenge. It is a fragment of a work which was never completed and which forces us to the admission that these are not the best verses Gide has written. Their arid rhymes and their general dryness are a little over-reminiscent of the verse tragedies of Voltaire.

In the same volume with *Le retour* we find the previously unpublished correspondence of Gide with the composer Raymond Bonheur, who was to set *Le retour* to music. There is something piquant in the confrontation of the youthful Gide, who was fired with interest in all

the genres and in all sorts of problems, with the master which the young writer became and whom the *Poétique* reveals as a serious specialist, solidly sure of his dislikes and his preferences.

Preferences? Is it not possible that Gide's susceptibility to music in verse, to that elusive something which is lyrism, is really the expression of a nostalgic turn, of a yearning for escape—the nostalgia of a supremely successful prose-writer who longs for release from the realm of law and reason in which his destiny has imprisoned him?—*Paris*.

Austria's "Backhendl" -- Literature

BY ALFRED WERNER

SOME TIME AGO I went to New York's German section, Yorkville, to attend the première of the first movie produced in liberated Austria—and I was deeply disappointed. In Vienna, almost one-fourth of the houses were destroyed in the bombardments of spring 1945, and many industrial centers of Austria are in ruins. Nearly a million Austrians, one-seventh of the total population, were pressed into the Nazi army, and large numbers of Austrian soldiers perished in Norway, Russia, and elsewhere, for the glory of the Fuehrer; even of those who have returned physically intact, many are tired, disillusioned, nervous wrecks. Of Austria's beautiful women, many died from starvation or in Nazi soldiers' brothels. After the country's liberation it was found that an unexpectedly large percentage of the population were tainted by close collaboration with the Nazis, while the Austrian Underground had been weak and inefficient. It was necessary to dismiss hundreds of university teachers, editors, actors, and other professional men and artists who had betrayed their own country to the foreign invaders. While in the beginning the three major political groups—the conservative Austrian People's Party, the Social Democrats, and the Communists—had been anxious to cooperate in order to save their country from chaos, they soon fought one another and, to make the confusion worse, started to stir up feeling among the powers of occupation (Britain, France, the U.S.A., and Russia) in order to fish in the troubled waters!

Austria, Central Europe's pivotal state, is at present a cauldron of

conflicting tendencies and trends, an abyss of misery, but it is also a laboratory of the future. For the peace of Europe, and perhaps that of the world, depends in no small measure on whether or not Austria will succeed in eradicating completely any Anschluss ideas, and whether the country, put on a healthy economic basis, will be able to replace narrow partisan interests by genuine parliamentary government which would include the progressive and leftist elements as well as the conservatives.

It would have been an excellent idea if the film studios in Rosenhügel (Austria's little Hollywood) had had the sincerity and courage to produce movies showing their country's terrific struggle for self-discovery and independence, if they had shown the world the revival of true spiritual Austrian values. Instead, they outdid Hollywood by producing a sentimental and hypocritical affair with seductive countesses and amorous lieutenants, Johann Strauss waltzes and *backhendln*—indeed, the latter, the fried chicken (which you can't get now in Austria except for astronomical black market prices) were the major *dramatis personae*!

I should not have expected too much, though. I knew that, alas, one of the disturbing features of post-war writing in Austria was the revival of the *backhendl* literature—why on earth should movie directors be less hypocritical and insincere than book publishers, editors, and authors?

"Ils n'ont rien appris ni rien oublié," one is inclined to exclaim, for that *backhendl*-literature with its escape from reality into a saccharine sentimentality is no invention of 1947 or 1948. It existed in the classic era, despite Grillparzer, Raimund, Nestroy, and Lenau, as it thrived more recently in the days of Hofmannsthal, Beer-Hofmann, and Wildgans. It simply mirrors one of the most fatal traits of the Austrian character: the tendency to look the other way whenever unpleasant facts have to be faced. But it has not always gone unchallenged; in the 20th century, for instance, this so-called *Gemuetlichkeit* in the realm of art which, in the last analysis, was nothing but the dubious fruit of a desire to avoid sharp conflicts and strong convictions, was most mercilessly attacked by Karl Kraus and Adolf Loos. In his red-covered magazine, *Die Fackel* (The Torch) Kraus assailed, among other things, the total lack of social responsibility among the Austrian writers and artists, as well as their resorting to what the French call *la phrase toute faite*, the beautiful but almost meaningless stereotyped phrase as a vehicle of escapism. At the same time Adolf Loos, precursor of Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright, erected in Austria the first streamlined modern houses, devoid of cheap pseudo-Gothic or pseudo-Renaissance adornment, the smooth façade of which was decried by many of his compatriots; in a series of

frank essays Loos attacked the make-believe moonshine in all realms of creativity, from the arts and crafts to interior decoration.

Kraus (d. 1936) and Loos (d. 1933) lived to see the victory of a political party that endeavored to replace the morally and ethically bankrupt system of old Austria by a new, progressive order: the Social Democrats. In Vienna and in those parts of the country that voted for them, the Socialists through heavy taxation compelled the rich minority to contribute to the welfare of the underprivileged. They built large, hygienic, and modernistic apartment houses, provided the lower-income classes with free medical care, public baths, kindergartens, and spacious parks, and waged a large-scale battle against that "Austrian" disease, tuberculosis.

One of its victims was Alfons Petzold, the most gifted of Austrian *Arbeiterdichter*, or proletarian poets. He would never have overcome the obstacles of his birth had not the Socialist Party encouraged and aided him. He attended courses on modern literature given at the Volksbildungsverein (a sort of Educational Alliance); there he got acquainted with such modern and progressive writers as Anatole France, Maxim Gorki, and G. B. Shaw, whose very names were anathema to the Austrian reactionaries; his realistic poems, telling of a pariah's desire to participate in the delights of this wondrous world, and of his wish to fight them, were printed in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

There were Austrian writers who did not confine themselves to the endless description of flimsy sex affairs between aristocrats and shopgirls, solving all social problems of this globe by providing said girls with handsome compensation for their services and marrying them off to some God-fearing commoner. There were Schnitzler's drama, *Professor Bernhardi*, assailing anti-Semitism and clerical interference in the duties of a physician; Anton Wildgans' play, *Armut*, dealing with the social problem; the revolutionary poems of Petzold and Josef Luitpold, to give a few examples. But the Austrian authorities utterly disliked this type of realistic literature, and when in 1933 the unhappy trio of Engelbert Dollfuss, Kurt Schuschnigg, and Prince Starhemberg put the clock back in Austria, preference was given to the prudish, bigoted, and parochial elements among the Austrian population at the expense of the "Bolshevistic" writers—a term, incidentally, which covered all progressive writers.

When, in March 1945, the Austrians got rid of Hitlerism, there was some hope for the birth of a new Austrian literature which would be, in the first place, genuinely Austrian (instead of emulating Prussian models), and in the second place, true literature. The first signs were

most encouraging. Despite the political and economic post-war crisis, dozens of new literary magazines were founded overnight, new talents were discovered, and, in defiance of the paper and labor shortage, quite a number of new publishing houses were established. For a short while it looked as though Austria was on the right path towards cultural rejuvenation. Nobody can deny that during the three years of its existence, more books, pamphlets, and magazines were published in New Austria than in all the seven lean years of the Nazi era. Austrian writers seemed intent on rediscovering their country's great past and, at the same time, disassociating themselves from the German stream of thought which had dominated their country for so many years. Austrian poets, musicians, sculptors, and philosophers were made the subjects of lengthy studies, and emphasis was laid upon the native *Kunstgewerbe* (arts and crafts), theater, movies, fashions, and even cooking.

So far so good. It was a clever thing to reprint Austrian writers, from old Grillparzer and Raimund to Joseph Roth and Franz Werfel, or to issue superbly illustrated monographs on Austrian churches and monasteries. But when it turned out that the majority of Austrian publishers limited themselves to issuing volumes that dealt with remote eras (from 1900 back to the Middle Ages) or subjects that were beyond controversy, things began to look different. Whereas, for instance, in new France books on Fascism, Communism, nationalism, pacifism, and other important political subjects stream from the presses, Austrian publishers seem as a whole inclined to exclaim, like Brander in Goethe's *Faust*: "Ein garstig Lied! Pfui! Ein politisch Lied!" And whereas the public in France, Belgium, Holland, and many another country seems to say: "Let's never forget what happened in the past decade," the happy-go-lucky Austrians (or at least the Austrian publishers) say: "Let's forget it as quickly as possible!"

In a recent issue of the progressive weekly *Oesterreichisches Tagebuch* a young woman writer charged her Austrian colleagues with being escapists who produce nothing but love stories and historical novels, thus perpetuating romantic notions about Vienna and Austria that are out of place in postwar Austria. In the same article she accused Austrian publishers of being pussyfooters who discourage frank political discussions.

The publishers defend themselves by explaining that the public is tired of politics and problems, and that the readers, impoverished, famished, and frustrated as they are, wish nothing else but good light entertainment. If they were right, a book like *Zeit ohne Gnade* (Time Without Mercy) would not have become one of Austria's most-discussed vol-

umes within a few months. Its author, Rudolf Kalmar, was, until the Anschluss, editor-in-chief of the progressive daily *Der Wiener Tag*. He had spent ninety months in the hell of Dachau concentration camp. His memoirs—which are herewith warmly recommended to American publishers—deal not primarily with the atrocities committed by the SS but with the heroic attitude of the prisoners who stubbornly refused to adopt the bestial cynicism of their jailers. In this connection I should like to mention two other Austrian writers of great merit: the novelist Rudolf Brunngraber (his novels *Karl und das 20te Jahrhundert* and *Radium* have been translated into English) and the dramatist Franz Theodor Csokor who, in one of the most striking war books, describes his hegira from Nazi-occupied Poland to an internment camp in Italy. In one of his plays Csokor tells the story of Georg Buechner, that revolutionary German poet who died prematurely in 1837.

What is actually behind the emphasis put by Austrian publishers on *backhendl*-literature, at the expense of controversial books? It is fear, plain fear on the part of the powerful, but far from impregnable and imperishable Austrian People's Party, at present the strongest political group. Its head is Austria's chancellor, Leopold Figl; and it is known that many ex-Nazis, rabid anti-Semites, anti-Marxists, and anti-democrats voted for this party which, while pretending to be liberal-conservative, became more and more reactionary as time went on. The People's Party influences the publishing trade, it dominates the theaters and universities. Recently a student who declared she wished to make the works of Emile Zola the topic of her doctor's thesis was bluntly told by her teacher not to do that, for Zola had been mixed up in the Dreyfus Case. Moreover, he had attacked the Catholic Church and was therefore a Red!

The People's Party would rather have the man in the street read a sentimental novel praising good old Emperor Francis Joseph I than a study of life in concentration camps, of the dangers of neo-Fascism, or the nature of the atomic bomb, or of daily life in Soviet Russia. But is the non-political Austrian really a desirable type? The gentlemen of the People's Party ought to know that nothing is more dangerous than ignorance. When Hitler invaded Austria in 1938 he did not count on the Austrian Nazis who were far from numerous; instead, he reckoned with the spineless non-political Austrian: it was he who turned quickly from a staunch Monarchist to a staunch Socialist, from a staunch Fatherland Frontist (the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg party) to a staunch Nazi. It is he who hails any foreign invader, from Napoleon to Hitler, and who one day caters to the Russians, the next day to the British, and so on. *Gemuet-*

lichkeit is truly a fine thing, unless it is a fruit of intellectual sluggishness, unless it is another name for the avoidance of controversies and convictions.

Fortunately, there are in new Austria a few intrepid and independent publishers and those subsidized by the leftist parties. They do not go in for "fried chicken"; they cater to readers who savor things above food and wine. In addition to original works by writers who live in Austria, they acquaint their customers with the works of exiles who, like Theodor Kramer, Paul Stefan, or Ernst Waldinger, produced some fine works outside the Third Reich, works that were *verboten* until the collapse of the Hitler régime. Moreover, they reprint books that were burned by the Nazis, from Heinrich Heine's *Buch der Lieder* to Sigmund Freud's *Einführung in die Psychoanalyse*, from Gogol to Katayev.

It is particularly important that the new generation, the boys and girls now in their formative years who, until recently, had to swallow the theories of Goebbels and Rosenberg, obtain a clear picture of what has been going on in the world during the past few decades. This can be achieved only partly through new text books used in the schools; the influence of novels, dramas, and poems, both Austrian and foreign, upon the Austrian mind will be critical. With less *backhendl* and more substance, Austrian publishing, theater, and cinema can help a sick land back to health of mind and spirit.—*New York City*.

"Mallarmé is a marvelous artist with no imagination."—André Chastel, in *Letteratura*, Florence, Italy.

Endre Hevesi, the foreign editor of *Uj Magyarország*, an influential Budapest weekly, suggested an interesting and perhaps realizable idea in an article entitled *Confessions of the Peoples of the World*. He proposes the publication of a book containing the dreams and desires of all the peoples. In this anthology each article would be an honest self-revelation of an ethnic or national group. Hevesi seems to think that such a book would be of immense assistance to all nations; it would be a kind of United Nations in print.

The *Indian P. E. N.*, Bombay, reports that the Rabindranath Tagore Memorial Committee has appropriated 100,000

rupees for the establishment of the Tagore Literary Prize, to be awarded annually to the best literary production in one of the modern Indian languages, and more than 500,000 rupees to reclaim the poet's ancestral home in Calcutta and to establish a national museum and fine arts research institution in his honor.

United States Bookstores Please Note:

P. T. C. M. of Lima, Peru, has an enterprising sales service. If a customer wishes to make a gift of a book to someone, he telephones their office, a messenger is sent to his house with a selection of books from which he makes a choice, and if he wishes, he writes a dedication in it. Then it is returned to the office, wrapped in a gift package, and sent by messenger to the person for whom it is intended.

A Big Book About a Little War

BY W. F. O'REILLY

IN 1922 a Madrid publisher printed, on 700 heavy, glossy pages, a book written in Puerto Rico about a war that happened a half-century ago. The title: *Crónica de la Guerra Hispanoamericana en Puerto Rico*. The author, Angel Rivero Méndez, captain of artillery in the Spanish War.

Compared to what the twentieth century has shown us in the way of total war, the clash between the United States and Spain at the turn of the century was a puny affair—"the little war," we called it affectionately. The Puerto Rican campaign was certainly not an epic adventure. It lasted about three weeks, and no more than a score of combatants were killed. I very much doubt if any phase of the undertaking has significance for military students. Finley Peter Dunne's wittily philosophic Chicago saloon keeper, Martin Dooley, spoke of the taking of Ponce by General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the invasion forces: "Th' nex' day (after the landing at Guanica) th' army moved on Punch (Ponce); an' Gin'ral Miles marched into th' ill-fated city, preceded by flowergirls sthrewin' r-roses an' geranyums before him." According to Dooley, Miles attended a lawn party in the afternoon, a banquet in the evening, and at midnight was serenaded by "th' Raymimber Th' Maine Banjo an' Mandolin Club."

But while an American humorist found the helter-skelter chase of a disheartened and poorly equipped Spanish army by well-armed, high-spirited, but callow American troops a subject for delightful satire, to Captain Rivero, loyal Spaniard, proud of his nation's great name, the uneven conflict in Puerto Rico had tragic significance—it meant the loss of the last of the extensive possessions in the New World that had been claimed long ago for Imperial Spain. Because it was a somberly fateful moment in his country's history, Don Angel, as he was called by all who knew him, felt that there was full justification for a complete chronicle of the invasion and occupation of the island by the armed forces of the United States.

Don Angel describes movingly the sorrowful reception that the Spanish officers and their commander, General Ortega, gave the change of sovereignty when Spain's long rule ended and the American régime began. Seasoned veterans wept openly as the flag they loved came down from its century-old place. But for the soldier-historian the noblest symbol of grief-stricken loyalty to a lost cause was a dog.

Rival was a powerful Majorcan mastiff, the property of Vicente and Company, an important business house on the waterfront. The dog spent his days in the office and came to know everyone in the firm. When the war came, the entire force of Vicente and Company joined the Home Guard and drilled daily in the Plaza. Rival invariably accompanied his friends to drill and trotted along beside them on parade. In time the big dog came to know all the officers and men in the Volunteers, and if a stranger or newcomer appeared on the drill ground, Rival kept him at bay until he was properly identified. Even General Ortega, commander of the city, found it advisable to keep his distance until he had a speaking acquaintance with the mastiff. That's the way it was until the Armistice came and the Home Guard no longer had to sally forth at dawn, drill, and march through the San Juan streets. Rival could now resume his former routine. But, strangely, he grew lethargic and no longer showed interest in his friends. Then, on the morning of the day set for the observance of the change of sovereignty, Rival displayed a reawakened interest in life. He left the office and made the rounds of all the streets through which he'd paraded with the Home Guard. Noon found him in the Plaza at the very moment when the Stars and Stripes was run up over the Intendencia and military bands

crashed triumphantly *The Star-Spangled Banner*. When the music stopped, Rival let out a long howl, turned, and, head down, tail between his legs, lumbered back to his office home. He ascended the steps, stood a moment in the doorway, then fell over dead. "Was this a mere coincidence?" asks the old soldier. "Or did the big dog's heart break at the sight of an unknown banner taking the place of the one that he remembered?" I think you know what Don Angel believed. I also think you'll agree that neither Herodotus nor Plutarch would have left out Rival's story.

Not many know of the bombardment of San Juan, May 12, 1898, by Admiral William Sampson. Actually, all that Sampson did was throw a few shells into the harbor and the city in the hope of scaring out Cervera's fleet which was a thousand miles away in Santiago de Cuba. The damage to the city was slight, but a couple of people were killed. As a military man Captain Rivero was astounded by Sampson's failure to take San Juan—which would have been an easy matter. As a humane gentleman Don Angel was shocked by the Americans' killing of helpless non-combatants. That was a half century before the tragedy of Coventry and the horror of Hiroshima. The Captain felt a glowing pride in the heroic conduct of Admiral Pasquel Cervera, who, although he knew that the order to leave the harbor of Santiago and meet the American fleet meant catastrophe, nevertheless carried it out. "On," said the Admiral to his officers, "to disaster, to sacrifice, or better, to the fulfilment of our duty." It is clear that Captain Angel Rivero Méndez, while he had a sound understanding of military science, did not allow this knowledge to place limitations on his eagerness to tell a story full of human interest.

That ungrammatical philosopher Mr. Dooley, mentioned above, uttered a profound psychological truth when he remarked to his friend Hennessy: "I don't like a Spaniard any more than you do—I never seen one."—*University of Puerto Rico*.



Luigi Russo

BY T. G. BERGIN

ITALIAN LITERATURE has never lacked capable and discerning critics. This may be because its very origins are rooted in a kind of self-consciousness and absorption with technique that do not characterize her sister literatures—at least not to the same extent. Dante himself was a critic, it will be remembered, and even on the ledges of Purgatory he found room for observations on the craftsmen of his time. In contemporary Italy, though the absence of "great poets" of the Carducci or Leopardi stature is occasionally bewailed, the field of criticism is still well represented. Among the younger group—for critics are young when poets are old—the name of Luigi Russo is coming into greater prominence. This is only fair, for Russo has labored industriously and enthusiastically for over twenty years and may now look back with satisfaction on his accomplishments as well as forward with every hope of greater things. The recent publication of his *Ritratti e disegni storici* (1946) by Laterza has shed considerable lustre on him, though the contents of these volumes are the cumulative treasure of his earlier years.

Luigi Russo's work is characterized by the best qualities of Italian criticism. In general these amount to true humanism as against pedantry and a kind of common-sense realism that dictates that a man must start with what he knows and expand his area as he grows in understanding and competence. Russo's critical career well illustrates the second point. A good Sicilian, one of his earliest works

was a study of Giovanni Verga (to whom he is still devoted). His *I Narratori* (1923) is another example; this little book, with its compilation of facts industriously gathered and its terse summaries not without a kind of benevolent irony all their own, has been ever since its publication a *vademecum* to any student of modern Italian letters. Beginning on such firm ground and gifted as he was with judgment and sympathy, Russo progressed by stages which seem almost inevitable to the hunting of what the conservative scholars might fairly regard as bigger game. Space will not allow us to assemble his complete bibliography, but he has written brilliantly and with increasing insight on such figures as Manzoni, Leopardi, and Machiavelli, and he has served as general editor of Laterza's series of annotated Italian classics. At the same time he has kept alive a keen interest in the scene around him, as is evidenced by his recent (1945) *Ritratti critici di contemporanei*.

It will be at once clear that one other gift of this versatile man of letters is sheer energy. As one who has had the privilege of his personal acquaintance, the writer can testify to his exuberance and good humor, to a vitality of temperament not always associated with the professor. For in addition to being a writer of somewhat unusual productivity in a field that does not lend itself to improvisation, Russo is and has been all his life a teacher actively engaged in his profession. Born in Delia (Caltanissetta) in 1892, he took the *laurea* at the Scuola Normale Superiore of Pisa in 1914, just in time to play his part in the First World War. It was only after five years' service, in which incidentally he was decorated for valor, that he was able to turn to the profession for which he was trained. He is still proud of the fact that his career began in the same Liceo Militare della Nunziatella of Naples where Francesco De Sanctis had also served his apprenticeship. From there he went to the Faculty of the Magistero in Florence, where he was a colleague and collaborator of Michele Barbi. In 1934 he was called to the University of Pisa to succeed Attilio Momigliano, and at Pisa he has chosen to remain, in spite of tempting opportunities to go elsewhere. He has served as Rector of the University and as Director-President of the Scuola Normale Superiore, a post he still retains. In the last few years, in addition to the preparation of the publication listed above, Russo has had some unusual experiences as an administrator. Viewed with disfavor by the Fascists, he was obliged to flee the city in the stormy days between the Armistice and the liberation of the north; the Allied Command subsequently reinstated him.

Luigi Russo, then, is no cloistered scholar. He is a man who has lived intensely through a tempestuous and disturbing period of history. Contacts with students, with his colleagues, with some of the grimmer aspects of twentieth century life, have no doubt sharpened a sensitivity and deepened a humanism that were already a part of him. What defies analysis and calls only for admiration is the sheer volume of first-class criticism he has produced. In recent years, war or no war, his energy has shown no signs of flagging; there is every reason to believe that his best years are still ahead of him. At present he is enthusiastic over the success of his new periodical, *Belfagor*, the first number of which appeared in 1945. Meanwhile, he is planning another volume of *Ritratti e disegni* and hints at the possibility of a revised edition of *I Narratori*.—*Cornell University*.

Symposium is a scholarly semi-annual publication of Syracuse University devoted to modern foreign languages and literatures. Executive editors are Professors Albert J. George, Milan S. La Du, Albert D. Menut, and Homero Serís.

According to the *Bulletin of the American A. A. T. S. E. E. L.*, Yale University has announced the inauguration of a course in Tibetan Culture, believed to be the first of its kind in an American university.

Not in the Reviews

To Edom

By Heinrich Heine

(From Heinrich Heine, *The Rabbi of Bacherach*, published by Schocken Books Inc., New York City. It is reprinted here with their kind permission)

*A brotherly forbearance
Has united us for ages:
You, you tolerate my breathing
And I tolerate your rages.
Just a few benighted eras
Found you feeling rather odd,
Coloring your loving-pious
Little talons with my blood.
Later we became more cordial,
Day by day our friendship grew—
For I also started raging
And I almost seem like you.*

Fidelino de Figueiredo's Portuguese Anthology

(By Aubrey F. G. Bell)

Dr. Fidelino de Figueiredo's plan for a new Portuguese anthology has been accepted by the P.E.N. club of Portugal, of which he is the president. Its object is to give a summary of Portuguese life and culture since the year 1900; but it is to be no ordinary anthology, for it is not to give prominence to selected authors nor to consist of the best prose or verse as it approves itself to the anthologist; it is to be a splendid medley expressing the intellectual, economic, and historical development of the country. Of its eighteen sections, the first is to comprise criticisms of the masters; the second, somewhat cryptically, will chronicle "the doctrinaire origins of symbolism, nationalism, and historicism." Other chapters will deal with modernism, the evolution of poetry, the Portuguese Republic, the first and second European wars, Portuguese colonies and emigration, Portugal's family and

economic life, and the character of its scenery and peasant population.

We have had so many conventional anthologies, perfunctory snippets of verse or prose, that we can look forward with real interest to the new venture and hope that its publication, either in Portugal or Brazil, will not be too long delayed. Professor Figueiredo is accustomed to wrestle with whole libraries in courageous determination to bring order out of chaos, and the fact that he will act as general editor augurs well for the anthology's success in spite of the motley welter of its ingredients. Portugal is very small, but few countries can show so large and fascinating a variety of landscape, racial types, character, products, literature, and history; it offers a great wealth of material full of interest and significant detail which will require no little skill to summarize without confusion or prolixity.

Gabrielle Roy and Her Montreal Proletarian Novel

(Ampleman, in *La Nouvelle Relève*,
Montréal)

"Gabrielle Roy was born in Saint-Boniface. She was the youngest of a family of eight children. After securing her education, she was for several years a teacher, first in a small village and later in her home town. She became interested in the drama and joined the Cercle Molière. In 1937 she visited Europe. She has spent considerable time in London and Paris and has traveled over a large part of France.

"Mlle Roy began writing short stories when she was still in Saint-Boniface. She continued to write during her stay in France, and several of her articles were published by the big Paris weeklies. Returning to Canada in 1939, she settled in Montreal and wrote for various papers and magazines: reportage,

articles, and short stories. Then came her first novel, *Bonheur d'occasion*.

"Published in July 1945, after three years of labor, this novel was extraordinarily successful. Only a few months after its appearance, Mlle Roy signed a contract for an English version [published by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York, with the title *Tin Flute*.—The Editors]. A year later, *Bonheur d'occasion* was chosen as Book of the Month by the New York book club of that name, and a Paris publishing house secured the right to issue an edition for France. Then, very recently, a Hollywood company acquired the film rights."

Afrikaans and Vulgar Latin

(Alf Lombard in *Acta Linguistica*,
Copenhagen)

[In his little volume, *De expansie van het Nederlands*, The Hague, H. P. Leopold, publisher] Professor Marius Valkhoff establishes a very curious analogy between Afrikaans, a seventeenth century scion of Dutch, and the Vulgar Latin of the Roman provinces, a scion of Latin. In each case the language of a civilized people has been carried by conquerors and colonists into more or less remote regions where the speech of the natives is completely different, and has

shown sufficient vitality to take its place among the autochthonous idioms, has lived a life practically independent of the mother language, has developed a rich and independent literature, has separated into various dialects, has in the course of time developed a new civilized language which has been preserved for centuries and still lives. . . .

The World's Highways

By John L. Brown

Chemins du Monde. Revue de Liaison Culturelle Internationale. Paris. Clermont. Vol I, No. 1, 1947.—In 1945, the association *Civilisation* was founded in Paris with the object of encouraging international cultural exchanges. The new revue grew out of this association. Founded by Jacques Viénot, its editorial board includes Roger Caillois, Christian Funck-Brentano, and Pierre de Lanux. François Berge is editor-in-chief. In its prospectus, the purpose of the review is stated: "*Chemins du Monde* studies the great problems of contemporary man in a universe whose traditional structure, thought, and values are in disintegration." The first number is organized around the theme of Civilization and contains contributions by Louis de Broglie (*Science et Civilisation*), A. J. Toynbee (*Genèse et effondrement des civilisations*), Brice Parain (*Sur la mort des civilisations*), John dos Passos (*La liberté est indivisible*), Aldous Huxley (*Une civilisation idolâtre*), et al. The next number will continue the same theme with contributions by Nicolas Berdyaeff, Eugène Jolas, Lewis Mumford, F. S. C. Northrop, et al. A following issue will treat *Le destin de l'individu dans le monde actuel* with articles on the individual and scientific thought, the individual and the state, individual psychology, and mass psychology by Jean Wahl, Denis de Rougemont, Clyde Kluckhohn, Louis Massignon, Kathleen Raine, and Archibald MacLeish. Other numbers in preparation: Displaced Persons; Peoples and Evolution; Civilization and Colonization; Art and Inter-



GABRIELLE ROY, Canadian Novelist
Caricature by LaPalme
(From *La Nouvelle Relève*, Montréal)

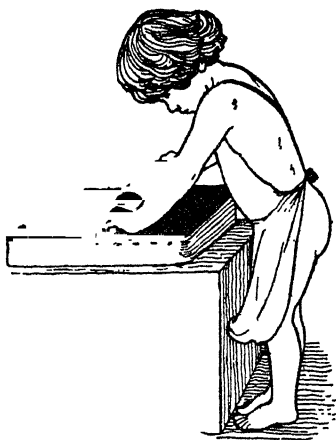
national Exchanges; Propaganda and Liberty.

Books in a German Industrial Town

By Hans Lorbeer

The little industrial center of P . . . has 10,000 inhabitants. Ninety per cent of them are the families of common laborers and other salaried workers, some of whom have their own small houses while others live in "cooperative additions" or in apartments.

At the edge of the town is a large chemical factory of which the main products are calcium cyanamide and carbide. This plant, established during the first World War, has an exceptionally favored location. Its warehouses and depots, its power-houses, chimneys, and towers reach out along the highways, the river, and the railway spurs. This is certainly one of the most attractive industrial centers in all Germany. From its name one might infer that it is a mere village. Till the turn of the centuries it



Tail-Piece from *Prometeu*
Porto, Portugal



ERNST WIECHERT
German Novelist

was nothing more than that, and the ten or twelve farmhouses of that period have been preserved unchanged in the heart of the town. It is now a modern, functionally planned city. The chemical plant, though situated close to the residence section, does not in any way disturb the harmonious total picture. The factory sprawls out into the landscape like a sulky gray beast. South and east the clean and friendly town adjoins it, like a cheerful child beside a growling dog.

And the people? Workers, as we have said, and their wives and children. Some walk hurriedly along the broad streets; others saunter along under the trees which line the curbs. During the war P . . . escaped destruction, but occasionally the dress and bearing of the inhabitants betrayed poverty and want. The Germans are so inventive and full of ideas that they manage to hide their weaknesses very cleverly. This trait may be their greatest weakness.

It is a thirty minute walk from this town to the point where the Russian and American lines came together in May 1945. P . . . might easily have been destroyed. But fate prudently spared one of her most promising instruments, a modern settlement of workers.

Culturally, too, the town is modern. To be sure it has only two elementary schools, only one motion picture theater (which shows films from Russia, England, France, and the United States along with those produced in Germany) and only one real book store. It is in another direction that the cultural life of this community is notable. A labor movement has dominated all its educational facilities for three or four decades. Workers, teachers, officials of the plant, and intellectuals get together and discuss art, literature, philosophy, government, sociology, and history. Books play an important rôle in the life of the community. One finds them, in varying numbers and quality, in almost every home. There are workers whose libraries would not disgrace a scholar. There are artisans in the place who know the biographies of the great leaders in human history as well as children know the folk-tales of the Grimm Brothers, of Andersen, Bechstein, and Hauff. And there are laborers in blue overalls whose talks at labor meetings show a far higher level of knowledge than could have been secured from the daily newspaper.

During the Nazi years many good books belonging to the cultured people of the town were destroyed. But many valuable volumes were also buried in chests, entrusted to farmers for safe keeping, or otherwise concealed.

And yet, after the confusion of defeat had abated a little, it became evident that war destroys not only living men but the men of the past, who died in the destruction of their books. What a joy to resurrect them! And some of them are being resurrected.

Germany has become a poor country without even enough newsprint to give adequate expression to its public opinion. But it is printing books by old authors and new authors. It is producing useful editions rather than choice bindings. Of course the books are not yet marching up in large armies. They come wandering in in small detachments. But there is something so refreshing, so

friendly and serious about their appearance that all hands reach out for them immediately.

In the bookstores of this industrial town there are thousands of new books, modest but presentable. Not all of them are for sale; the bookseller has set up a loan library. But those that are offered for sale are disposed of in a hurry. The bookseller is constantly importuning the publishers for larger shipments.

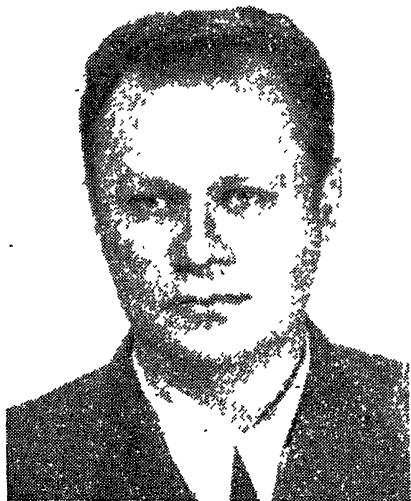
The labor organizations are also producing books, and they are read just as regularly as the newspapers used to be. Somehow the working people feel that a new spirit lives in the bindings and the print of these frequently very modest volumes, a spirit which transfigures all misery, and they have finally come to realize how void, barren, and artificial, how false, tasteless, and criminal was the spirit that roared at them for almost thirteen years from the loud editions of the Nazi opuscles, from the display windows of the bookstores and the private and public libraries.



H. W. WILSON
Founder, world's leading bibliographical publishing house.

What are the workers, the officials, and the intellectuals of the industrial town reading? In the city library, which has at present only about 1,500 volumes, they find the works of the German classicists and romanticists, books on German science and art, sociology and socialism. Engels, Marx, and Bebel are to be had along with Kant, Goethe, and Heine. And side by side with the German names are those of foreigners like Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe, Emerson, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis; Swift, Macpherson, Burns, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Wilde, Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy; Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Gorki; Hugo, Balzac, Zola, and Barbusse—names that belong to world literature.

P . . . is only a village, a big village to be sure. It may become a small city. Its face is turned toward the future and its hands are therefore busy at the hard job of reconstruction; but these hands also pick up books, since books are the tools and the weapons with which they may achieve a truly democratic Germany.



DEMETRIO AGUILERA MALTA
Ecuadorian Novelist and Playwright

A Hitlerian Echo

(From the *Journal* of Léon Werth, as reproduced in *L'Age d'Or*, Paris)

July 22, 1944

The Fuhrer has addressed the German people over the radio. . . . A phrase from his speech ran: "I am speaking to you so that . . . you may hear my voice and know that I am safe and sound. . . ."

Charles-Louis Philippe tells a story somewhere of a Sultan who possessed a coffee service, a marvel among marvels, made of a substance as delicate as the light of the moon, adorned with arabesques more beautiful than the most marvelous female form. This service had never been used, although the Sultan was wont to sit and feast his eyes on it for many minutes at a time. But one day when he was honored by the visit of another great ruler, he ordered his slaves to serve the coffee in these magnificent cups which had never been touched by human lips. A lithe, powerful Negro brought in the cups on a great tray. But when he undertook to draw together behind him the heavy curtains which closed the banquet hall, he stumbled and fell. The fragile coffee service was shattered into a thousand fragments. The Negro scrambled to his feet and fled. The Sultan and his guest sat frozen with horror. In a second or two, the Negro's head appeared between the two curtains. "I didn't hurt myself at all!" he cried. And he disappeared again.

Uruguay has a new magazine of literature and the fine arts which promises to attain international importance. *Escritura*, to appear ten times a year from 18 de Julio 133, Montevideo, is edited by Julio Bayce, Carlos Maggi, and Hugo Balzo. The handsomely illustrated first number has essays by Alberto Zum Felde, Guillermo de' Torre, Jules Romains, Jules Supervielle, Aaron Copland, a section of a novel by the regionalist Francisco Espínola, and many short features.

Head-Liners

✂ Jean Cocteau. *Le foyer des artistes*.

Paris. Plon. 1947. ii+231 pages. 120 fr.—To anyone who loves Paris this collection of short essays, originally published in *Ce Soir* in 1937–38 and in *Comœdia* during the German occupation, will be full of interest and delight. There is much discussion of the Parisian theater, its productions, its stars, its plays, with glimpses of the music halls, the circuses, and the cinemas which even during the war kept courageously at their business. Places outside the capital—Toulon, for instance, and Marseille, and oddly enough, Harlem—are sketched in a few telling words; people, Greta Garbo and Maurice Chevalier among the more famous, are portrayed unforgettably.

There is, of course, no direct nationalist propaganda, but there are many idiomatically conveyed hints which, if the Nazi censor had known French well enough, would have shown that these innocent-sounding little essays were written by no friend of theirs. Hatred of regimentation, of violence, of war, is registered on nearly every page, casually, without emphasis and in Cocteau's well known metaphorical poetic prose. The cost of artistic integrity in times like ours is also noted in the author's allusions to his illnesses and his frustrations, not stressed but evident and probably accounting for occasional obscurities of style and lapses of emphasis of a kind unknown in Cocteau's previous work.

That he was generally misunderstood during and since the Occupation is well known, and he mentions in his preface, without bitterness, the insults that have been hurled at him. He suffered greatly from being suspected of collaboration while he was endeavoring to do his part in preserving the best in his country's spirit; this is shown particularly in his touching farewell to Jean Giraudoux, who died just when France needed him

most. Not France alone needs these two artists; both will surely be remembered not merely as Frenchmen but as voices of humanity, to whom truth and beauty are more important than any one country.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✂ Daniel Halévy. *Nietzsche*. Paris.

Grasset. 1944. 548 pages. 200 fr.—The author presents here in final form the results of his Nietzsche research extending over a period of more than fifty years. He was, as he states in the preface, one of Nietzsche's first readers and his first translator. In 1937, he returned to Germany to visit Nietzsche's birthplace and the villages where he had spent the years of his childhood and early manhood (Röcken, Naumburg, Pforta).

Halévy's book is a tender, understanding, and penetrating study of the life, soul, and work of Nietzsche, the *homo viator*, the *fugitivus errans*, whom the author follows into the most secret crevices of his thinking and into the most hidden motives of his actions. Love lends its vision to the portrayal of that lonely seeker of truth who, misunderstood by friend and foe alike, prophetically diagnosed the crisis of the modern age and, rising to heroic stature, was finally dashed to the ground by the forces of darkness which he had conjured up and which devoured his mind. The story of Nietzsche to its tragic climax is thus the story of a God-seeker going astray; the story of a saintly atheist (or an atheistic saint) who, in the mixed emotions of a glowing *Liebeshass*, is driven on by his *daimon* to burn to cinder that which he adores, while in his heart of hearts he remains ever faithful to the ideal: "ein Goethischer Blick voll Liebe und guten Willens."

Excellent photographs are inserted in the text, plastically illuminating the major stations of Nietzsche's *Kreuzweg*. Is it perhaps more than accidental and merely another vindication of the astute-

ness of Nietzsche's critique of the Germany of his time that the best Dilthey interpretation was written by a Spaniard (Eugenio Imaz) and the most just and profound appraisal of Nietzsche comes from the pen of a Frenchman?—*Kurt F. Reinhardt*. Stanford University.

✎ *Pedro Henríquez Ureña. Historia de la cultura en la América Hispánica.* México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 241 pages + 27 plates.—The perfect reference book. Paper, printing, illustrations that would be the envy and despair of our best publishers. Extraordinary wealth of information (secondary items in smaller type). Working bibliography, index of names, index of topics. Sole restriction: the only map is inadequate.

Henríquez Ureña took culture in the widest sense, and with a remarkably sure grasp, brought together all its elements. The chief merit of the book is that it "factors" all the traits common to the various peoples in that vast, various, but very real entity, Hispanic America. The work is not a series of special treatises or an accumulation of provincial monographs. The author makes us realize that the period is a more vital unit than the nation, and that Hispanic America, in spite of political disruption, forms a single whole. (He uses "Hispanic" as other writers would use "Iberic," including Brazil in his survey.)—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✎ *Annette Kolb. König Ludwig II von Bayern und Richard Wagner.* Amsterdam. Querido. 1947. 107 pages.—This little book deals with the inexhaustible theme of the relations between King Ludwig and Wagner; with the aid given the almost despairing musician by the eighteen-year-old monarch, making possible the whole set of Wagner's later works from *Tristan* to *Parsifal*; and with ups and downs of their strange friendship. It helped Annette Kolb considerably that she grew up on the scene of

these occurrences, in Munich, and that she had in her family contemporary witnesses who could supply first hand information. This gives her book a refreshing lifelikeness. Add to this the very personal tone of her prose, a language which is feminine as well as musical and certainly belongs to the best German writing of the last several decades.

Her portraits of Wagner and Ludwig are positive, affectionate, and full of understanding. Wagner, to be sure, deserves defense and justification less than the King. It is likely that no other figure of recent German history has suffered so much misrepresentation and distortion as this ruler who, as long as he was in good health, was one of the best representatives of German royalty, and who early sensed the disaster which loomed over Germany with the coming of Bismarck. Yet for the historians of the Bismarck Reich, Ludwig was but an enthusiastic Nationalist who in 1870 insisted on sacrificing the old Bavarian sovereignty to the Greater Prussian Empire, whereas the historians of the Weimar Republic make him out a corruptible petty official who took bribes from Bismarck for his consent to the founding of the Reich. In reality Ludwig, a pure idealist to whom money meant nothing, was a victim of Bismarck's blackmail, of tactics which remind one of the methods employed many years later by Germany against Czechoslovakia.

These complexities are shown up once more in their entirety by Annette Kolb. Perhaps documentary truth has not always been attained. But the book does express a more sublime and complete truth, that truth which can be grasped only by a lofty mind and an understanding heart.—*Werner Richter*. New York City.

✎ *V. A. Riasanovsky. Obzor Russkoy Kultury.* Part I. Eugene, Oregon. The Author. 1947. 639 pages.—This first volume of an earnest and thorough study of Russian culture covers the period from the sixth to the end of the

seventeenth century. Considerable attention is devoted to the Kiev period in Russian history, preceding the Tartar invasion, when the level of Russian culture was in no way lower than that of Western Europe. Literary masterpieces produced by that period, such as the beautiful and moving Tale of Igor, though few in number, are worthy of standing beside any *chanson de geste*. The art of ikon-painting was brought to a high degree of perfection. Sculpture was banned by the Greek orthodox church, but low and high relief were frequently used, and the decorative arts were highly developed. Wooden architecture, entirely indigenous to the country, took varied and original forms.

The author reviews at some length the old quarrel between "Normanists" and "anti-Normanists," that is, between authorities who hold that Russian culture during this early period had been strongly influenced by the Normans and those who take the opposite view. He cites convincing arguments to show that the rôle of the West in shaping Russian culture has been greatly exaggerated, and that no valid proof has been put forward that the name of Russia is derived from the word *Ruotsi*, the Finnish designation for the Swedes.

A relatively brief treatment is accorded to Russia under Tartar domination. The author comes to the conclusion that its chief effect was to retard the development of Russian culture rather than to alter the course of that development. But the violence and savagery of the Tartars left an indelible mark on the character of the Russian people.

After the Tartars were driven out and Muscovy began to take shape, Russian culture revived and pursued its former lines. Art attained a higher level than literature; ikons and frescoes, though subject to the influences of both the East and the West, retained freshness, spirituality, and originality. Because of the long period of isolation under the Tartars, Russian culture had become nearly self-contained, but it was far from dor-

mant; its vitality is shown both in the architecture of numerous churches and monasteries and in the stream of folk-songs, legends, and tales which have come down to us through the years.

Mr. Riasanovsky's thought-provoking study stops on the very threshold of a great cultural change—the accession of Peter the Great to the throne of Russia. We are looking forward to the next volume.—*Valentine Snow*. New York City.

✱ Philippe Soupault. *Eugène Labiche. Sa vie, son oeuvre*. Paris. Sagittaire. 1945. 187 pages. 105 fr.—Americans know Labiche chiefly through the *Voyage de M. Perrichon*, which they have read in school, or through René Clair's delightful film version of *Le chapeau de paille d'Italie*, and from these two comedies they date the author as old-fashioned and funny. Philippe Soupault in his discriminating study shows him as much more than this, as a careful observer of the bourgeoisie of his day, and as an artist whose dramatic skill, particularly shown in the rapid movement of his plots, puts him far above his contemporaries Augier and Legouvé, with whom he sometimes collaborated.

Perhaps rather surprisingly, Soupault stresses the cruelty underneath the fun in Labiche's portraits of money-mad businessmen and their feminine hangers-on. Money enters into his every situation, especially into the preparations for marriage around which so many comedies center, as was the case in the society of the Second Empire, the period of most of Labiche's creative work. Vanity, hypocrisy, cowardice, fear, provide themes for many of these plays. Bergson, Soupault points out, drew his theory of laughter largely from Labiche, whose influence on later playwrights has been too much overlooked by other estheticians.

Comparisons with Balzac, Becque, Dickens, Gogol, and Shaw, contrasts with Scribe, Sardou, and Guitry, bring out the keen personal quality of Labiche's perception, its truth concerning

its period, its animus against the essentially hideous bourgeois types portrayed, and its significance for historians of the period. This little book, in its basic scholarship, as in its wit and wisdom, is a model of what criticism should be.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✠ Hans Zbinden. *Um Deutschlands Zukunft*. Zürich. Artemis. 1947. 79 pages. 3.60 Sw. fr.—This book by a Swiss on the Allied occupation of Germany was sold out in Switzerland in a few days. It is a useful book for Americans to know, for the observations of Herr Zbinden, who is a well educated neighbor of Germany and knows her intimately, could be helpful in the task of the occupation.

Zbinden is not surprised at the refusal of many Germans to acknowledge their guilt. Such a sudden conversion, he realizes, cannot justly be expected of a people living in extreme moral confusion since a long time before Hitler—as far back even as the beginnings of the Bismarck era. The Germans who understand their present situation and who are honestly desirous of a spiritual rebirth are a minority. But it is not true, as Herr Zbinden contends, that Hitler's Germany became practically an intellectual desert, although it is a fact that the "Germans of good will" are still living in isolation from each other and from the outside world, since the Allies have made the mistake of assuming that Germany's spiritual restoration must wait till she is restored economically. Unless the two processes go on together, the day may come when in a physically restored Germany the old poisonous Nationalism may come back to life and be stronger than ever. This would be a dangerous situation for Switzerland too. "Auch wir in der Schweiz," Zbinden writes, "können nicht einfach schweigen und untätig zur Kenntnis nehmen, wie die besten Elemente in Deutschland einem langsamen Ermatten und einer verderblichen Isolierung ausgesetzt werden und sinnlos zugrunde gehen."

In the political field Zbinden, like everyone who really knows Germany and her history, sees the eventual solution of the German question in a loose federation of the old German states. There he thinks it his duty to warn the world of an already perceptible *Reichsnationalismus* and of *Grossraumträume* which he finds especially among the German Socialists. As to the foreign administrators of Germany, Zbinden is especially critical of the too frequent change of personnel, which results in a steady decrease in the number of really qualified officials.—*Werner Richter*. New York City.

✠ Theodor Haecker. *Tag- und Nachtbücher*. München. Kosel. 1947. 306 pages. 8.50 mk.—Haecker's *Tag- und Nachtbücher* are a journal written between 1939 and 1945 but kept carefully hidden. Haecker, one of the freest, proudest, and strongest natures among the German Catholics of recent years, was listed by Hitler's Germany as a relentless enemy. He was arrested over and over again, he was under surveillance every moment; he died in April 1945, persecuted and lonely. But although his house had been searched repeatedly, and although he had written on his manuscript regularly, it was never discovered. We have not space to summarize its contents. Its fundamental *raison d'être* is that in times when everything is uncertain except the fact of one's own existence, it is necessary to clarify the completely isolated individual's relation to God. Hence every night Haecker felt the need of a discussion with God; night after night his conscience wrestled with the ghastly facts of life and strove to find a justification for them. A constant neighbor of death, he struggled with the old dilemma, the problem of how "a just cause can fail, if God is all-powerful." This posthumous book develops into a sublime drama, into which Haecker, keen, cultured, and widely read, gradually draws the entire world. But he arrives at no

answer except the old conclusion (and here we feel a kinship of thought with Kierkegaard) that the Christian must necessarily find the course of the world dark and unintelligible, since inevitably "my understanding that I cannot understand God prevents my misunderstanding the things of the world." Not to understand God is a necessary prerequisite of faith, for if you understand, or even imagine that you understand, you can no longer believe. It is thus that Haecker fights the battle of faith and doubt, which Goethe called "das eigentliche, einzige und tiefste Thema der Welt- und Menschengeschichte."

Even in post-Hitler Germany the Christians who have a solid right to the name are a minority. They know this, and many of them are inclined to a catacomb-existence, away from the world. Haecker would never have been one of these. He loved the world, by the very fact of its insoluble problems, which enabled him to believe, therefore, he was a Christian. If it is true that German Catholicism is entering a period of rebirth—and there is no longer much doubt of this—Haecker's *Tag- und Nachtbücher* are destined to become one of the firmest foundation stones; every study of the spiritual status of present-day Germany which neglects this book will be inadequate and misleading.—*Werner Richter*. New York City.

✠ Eugenio Imaz. *El pensamiento de Dilthey. Evolución y sistema*. México. Colegio de México. 1946. 347 pages.—The imposing intellectual structure of Wilhelm Dilthey's work in all its complex ramifications is not easily accessible, owing to the unsystematic and often fragmentary manner in which this German thinker habitually presented his ideas. This may in part explain why to this day not one of Dilthey's numerous works has been translated into English and why the only appraisal available in the English tongue is the brief, though scholarly, monograph of H. A. Hodges (Oxford University Press).

Imaz, the Spanish-Mexican scholar, who as General Editor of the Mexican eight-volume edition of Dilthey's major works (Fondo de Cultura Económica) himself contributed several volumes to this vast and difficult enterprise and who, in 1945, published his *Asedio a Dilthey* in the series *Jornadas* (Colegio de México, no. 35), is especially qualified as an interpreter of Dilthey, in view of his intimate familiarity with German thought on the one hand, and with the European and American intellectual traditions and actual problems on the other. What Martin Heidegger demanded of any authentic student of Dilthey—a thorough knowledge of all the multiple aspects of the entire monumental *oeuvre*—Imaz possesses in a remarkable degree. The concluding chapter alone, in which he critically evaluates Dilthey's historicism and relativism and then relates the substance of Dilthey's ideas with such contemporary thinkers as Husserl, Heidegger, Jaspers, Weber, Troeltsch, Dewey, and Collingwood, gives evidence of a highly original approach and of great vitality of thought. The fact that not every reader will follow Imaz in his attempted vindication of historicism or that he may find the asserted proximity of Dilthey and Dewey unconvincing, does not impair the intrinsic merits of a work which represents a most welcome contribution to that branch of human knowledge for which Dilthey aptly and succinctly coined the term *Geisteswissenschaften*.—*Kurt F. Reinhardt*. Stanford University.

✠ Ramón Insúa Rodríguez. *Historia de la filosofía en Hispanoamérica*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1945. 203 pages.—Rich in content, attractive in style, and circumspect in its almost detached objectivity of critical judgment, this volume is actually considerably more than a history of philosophy: it presents in a panoramic view the astounding wealth of Hispanic-American thought and culture as they

unfold themselves in the centuries from the *conquista* to the threshold of the twentieth century. Included in the historical and critical analyses are, aside from philosophers in the strict sense, the major representatives of significant trends in social, economic, and political thought as well as many of those writers who have expressed their ideas in literary and poetic form. This inclusion finds its justification in the very nature of Hispanic-American philosophy which, owing to the exactions of the sociological *milieu*, "links philosophers and writers with reality, prevents them from shutting themselves up in frigid ivory towers, and thus effectively increases their influence on society. Almost all of the Hispanic-American intellectuals are men of action. The European type of intellectualism divorced from life is practically unknown."

Considerable space is given to those European philosophers and philosophies whose influence is conspicuously felt in Hispanic America, such as scholasticism and neo-scholasticism, mysticism, humanism, Kantianism, positivism, etc. The author calls attention to the essential intellectual unity of Hispanic America: a common historical and social destiny molds the ideologies of the nations from Mexico to Argentina, posing identical problems and calling forth identical reactions. The book fills a real gap; for it is certainly true that "even the most eminent and learned historians . . . ordinarily fail to devote one single page to a study of the lives and works of the Hispanic-American thinkers. . . . And yet it is impossible to understand and expound the historic evolution of the life and culture of peoples without taking into consideration their philosophic endeavors and ideas." It is to be hoped that future editions will bring the work up to date by including the biographies of the most prominent present-day thinkers of the Hispanic-American republics.—*Kurt F. Reinhardt*, Stanford University.

✱ Blaise Pascal. *Pensées sur la religion et sur quelques autres sujets qui ont*

été trouvées après sa mort parmi ses papiers. 2 vols. Zacharie Tournéur, ed. Paris. Cluny. 1943. 206 & 348 pages. \$4.90 U.S.—The immortal *Pensées* of Blaise Pascal are a mass of hasty notes whose clarification and arrangement the scholars have been struggling with ever since their discovery. The work has been fairly successful, and Leon Brunschvicg's edition, for example, serves the purpose of the general reader very nicely. But just as the passenger on a luxurious transcontinental bus glides across the country without thought of the engineers and laborers who have planned and pondered, cemented and dynamited, filled and hacked and pounded and suffered in all weathers to make his pleasant journey possible, so the progress from Pascal's tortured scraps of manuscript to one of the bland modern editions of his great work has been unbelievably difficult. M. Tournéur's new edition, put out in the beautifully printed Bibliothèque de Cluny series, one of the finest products of the famous Kundig shop in Geneva, shows all the stages of the process. This is a scholar's book, as painfully honest as a critical edition of some badly copied medieval epic. It claims to have corrected the numerous errors which earlier exegeses have left standing, to have rearranged the material more nearly as Pascal must have intended, to have made the work more usable by establishing a concordance and a new index, and most complicated of all, to show, with the aid of the printer, exactly what is Pascal's original text in his own handwriting, what parts of the text were dictated to others, what corrections and additions Pascal himself made, what corrections and additions the editor has been constrained to make. The general reader can ignore the shifts from roman to italics or blackface, the pairs of asterisks, parentheses, brackets, dashes, and read on with comparative comfort. The scholar can cogitate the significance of each interruption. So both are served.

There are bottom-of-the-page notes,

occupying perhaps one-third of the space. It is a very impressive piece of work.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Douglas H. Gordon and Norman L. Torrey. *The Censoring of Diderot's Encyclopédie*. New York. Columbia University Press. 1947. vii+124 pages + 7 plates. \$3.—Here is one of the dramatic stories of literary history. When the publication of the great *Encyclopédie* was suddenly stopped in mid-career by the French government in 1759, the editor-in-chief Diderot, undaunted, determined to go on. In his favor were the more than 4,000 subscribers eager for a full return on their money and the considerable investments made by the associated publishers. So the remaining ten of these big folio volumes were at length completed and distributed in 1766.

Meanwhile, however, the publisher Le Breton had constituted himself, without Diderot's knowledge, a voluntary censor. When the author learned of the mutilation of his articles, he hit the ceiling and in his anger wrote a violent letter of protest which has long been famous.

Through a combination of fortunate circumstances, Dr. Gordon of Baltimore acquired in 1933 an unknown volume containing Diderot's proof sheets as altered or canceled by Le Breton and then preserved by the publisher himself, seemingly for posterity. Professor Torrey has studied these and with admirable objectivity done full justice both to Diderot and Le Breton. The latter, we discover, performed his ungrateful task with a skill far from the clumsy botching attributed to him by the angry and outwitted author. Hence it is that the second half of the *Encyclopédie*, in spite of the lack of official censorship, has turned out in the end no bolder than the first. Le Breton, according to his prudent lights, had done his work only too well. Today, however, thanks to this excellent little book, we may read for the first time what Diderot originally wrote. We may watch the absorbing struggle between

cleverly veiled attack and timid repression as exemplified by the two opponents in this age-old battle for freedom of thought and expression, a battle far from won, alas, in most of our tormented modern world.—*George R. Havens*. Ohio State University.

✧ Ignacio Agustí. *Mariona Rebull*. Barcelona. Destino. 4th ed., 1945. 295 pages. 24 ptas.—*Mariona Rebull* is the first novel in a series of four. The others are *El viudo Rius*, *Desiderio*, and *Joaquín Rius y su nieto*, and the collective title of the series is *La ceniza fué árbol*. This, however, is a complete novel in itself, well constructed and ending in a powerful and terrible climax which is worthy of the old masters of the other century. Azorín wrote of it, with perfect justice: "Quien ha sabido describir estas escenas de espanto, es sencillamente un gran escritor." This young novelist can tell a story breathlessly, he can delineate character, he can make a period and a city live. This combination of mellow sentiment and sternly simple realism recalls William Makepeace Thackeray. Agustí's city (*Mi ciudad*, as he calls it so affectionately) is Barcelona, and the period is the uneasy late nineteenth century, when that comfortable and ancient century of honest industry had begun to rock and suffer under the vindictive and violent battle of the classes. The protagonist of the series is a young *nuevo rico* who marries into one of the disdainful old families and pays for it dearly. How dearly, the bombing of the famous Teatro del Liceo at the moment when it is crammed with the aristocracy of Catalonia, reveals in one of the most masterful climaxes to be found in fiction. This novel ought to be translated.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Corrado Alvaro. *L'età breve*. Milano. Bompiani. 1946. 296 pages. 300 l.—In this, his first full length novel since the penetrating *L'uomo è forte* (1938), Alvaro indicates clearly that for all the vicissitudes and distractions of the war years he has lost none of his power and,

what is perhaps more important, none of the artistic integrity which has always stamped his work. The scene of the action is a small town in southern Italy of a generation ago. However, as in the case of *L'uomo è forte*, the action is really internal; the picture is that of the gradual distortion of a youthful mind as it is made to accept the cynical conventions of the society surrounding it. The incidents are few, but the impact of these incidents and their significance for the protagonist are masterfully set forth with the psychological insight of a keen and experienced artist who furthermore is dealing with a background he is well acquainted with. Alvaro's strength has always been to suggest more than he actually says and, while one would hate to look for any symbolism or even any study of "types," it is none the less apparent that one facet of the social psychology of Southern Italy is clearly illuminated for us in this novel. The atmosphere of cynical defeatism, at once irritating, discouraging and pathetic, which in political terms has created the "problema del mezzo giorno," has been recently studied by Carlo Levi; in *L'età breve* we have a companion-piece and something more as well. For here we see this same malaria of the psyche as both cause and effect and we see it revealed not merely in a series of pictures and annotations; we see it in action, we feel it at work.—*Thomas G. Bergin*. Cornell University.

✧ Pío Baroja. *El laberinto de las sirenas*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 247 pages. \$2.25 m-arg.—During half a century, a Spanish half century which with its chaotic changes, its wars and revolutions, seems far more than fifty years, Señor Baroja has produced one or more novels yearly; and now at the age of seventy-five he is as young as ever and gives us this curious fantasy of a large estate built by an American on the Calabria coast. It is always a pity when Señor Baroja deserts his native Basque Provinces or the country of Aragon and Castille which he knows and

describes so well; but the attraction of his novels has always been less in the plot or style than in the maxims and aphorisms thrown out in passing. He has a special weakness for international psychology, although well aware that "the failure to understand the soul of a nation not one's own must be eternal." His own judgments are sometimes deliberately superficial, as when he says of the Spanish that "We take nothing seriously." "Life in Spain is a jest," had said Richard Ford: yet both these keen psychologists knew well that the Spanish gaiety conceals much gravity. What Señor Baroja is really deploring is the Spanish indifference to politics, the State, theories and panaceas, and the novels of Señor Baroja. He winds up his novel neatly with five deaths; there was really no reason why it should ever end. One reads Baroja from page to page in the hope of discovering some vital excellence, a hope which is never completely satisfied and yet is not wholly defrauded.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Jacinto Benavente. *Espejo de grandes. La ciudad doliente. Titania. La Infanzona. Al S. de S. M. I.* Madrid. Aguilar. 1947. 268 pages. 30 ptas.—Mr. Hilaire Belloc has remarked that there is resistance in the very soil of Spain, and there must be something in the atmosphere of Spain that keeps men young. To judge by their recent works one could not imagine that Professor Menéndez Pidal will soon be in his eightieth year, that Rodríguez Marín was eighty-eight, that Azorín will be seventy-five this coming year, or that Señor Benavente is an octogenarian. The gods love them and they die young. The three plays and two sketches included in this volume date from 1944 and 1945 and their author was born in 1866. They show no sign of age; even the somewhat heavier *Titania* abounds in touches of real comedy and in the deft pen-pricks with which this distinguished dramatist can so mischievously show up a charac-

ter or define an atmosphere. He has been described as insidiously subversive, but although he may have smiled the old-fashioned nineteenth-century Spanish drama out of court, his ideas are fundamentally constructive and conservative. He considers that the age requires not a man of ideas but the ideas of a man. His own drama is of ideas rather than action; it can exquisitely analyze a character such as that of Nieves in *La ciudad doliente*, a mixture of Tartuffe and the *malade imaginaire*; but although a character may be sharply outlined by desultory hints and touches, it is the moral, social, or literary disquisitions that occupy the center of the stage, and the result is that there is a difficulty in ending and rounding them off. Both *Titania* and *La ciudad doliente* tail off rather weakly, and *La Infanzona* comes to a very artificial and melodramatic climax. The opening sketch shows the Count of Lemos wondering if there may be anything good in the tedious book entitled *Don Quixote* dedicated to him by Cervantes, and the sixteenth-century atmosphere is cleverly reproduced. The whole volume gives an impression of amazing ease; its pliant style proves adequate to every occasion and to minute subtleties of characterization.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✎ Massimo Bontempelli. *L'acqua*. Roma. Darsena. 1945. 151 pages. 160 l.—Those who expected the recent Italian crisis to affect Bontempelli's style and technique are in for a disappointment. This novel reveals him still faithful to the canons of the *Novecento* movement which he fathered. Medina, the heroine, is a modern sister of that charming Silvia whom Tasso immortalized in his *Aminata*. Medina is a sprite, a nymph generated by the water, the rocks, and the forests where she thrives gaily and freely till her foster parents put her to work in a city. There she comes in contact with the gayety and freedom of the "civilized" world. She could have gone on living in it like a queen, adored and show-

ered with rich presents by wealthy admirers, but the irresistible nostalgic music of the forests lures her back to the wilds. Venus-like she wades into her favorite brook and lets herself be carried away by the current till her body dissolves and becomes one with the gaily running water.

The action, without reference to time and place, evolves in a tenuous, transparent, dream-like atmosphere gently remote from reality. Like all of Bontempelli's literary production of his second period, this novel must be read as one eats an artichoke—not for its substance, but to savor its aroma.—*Michele Cantarella*. Smith College.

✎ Albert Camus. *Le malentendu*. Caligula. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 211 pages—It is three years since the first of these tragedies was produced in Paris, two years since *Caligula* was seen there. Both plays are ferocious and desperate in mood and present two of the dominant themes of art in modern, perhaps in all, war times: crime and punishment, and death as preferable to life. The mother and daughter in *Le malentendu* have stolen the money of their murdered lodgers and poison and drown their son and brother who does not reveal himself on his return from long absence. This plot recalls Lillo's 18th century melodrama, *The Fatal Curiosity*, and—if a far-fetched comparison may be allowed—the recent parody of such doings in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Camus' Nemesis works, however, in a more terrifying form than Lillo's, the background of autumn landscape and night and storm contributing to the dark picture of two hard and merciless women.

Caligula is more ambitious; the existentialist philosophy, centered on the absurdity of the universe, the loneliness of the powerful man and his endeavor to assert through crime his freedom to act, are fully illustrated by the villain hero, whose fiendish career parallels at many points the deeds of Mussolini and Hitler. The chorus of old men, vainly wishing

to live out their lives in peace, the wronged youths, torn between desire for revenge on the tyrant and the hypnotic fascination he exerts, the woman tool who supports him till he murders her, all these figures voice the confusion and terror of modern fear-ridden minds in a permissible parallel with their ancient Roman forerunners.

Camus, like Sartre, has a real dramatic power and a knowledge of theatrical methods of expression; and like him he paints a somber picture of the destructive forces in human nature. He is more unmitigatedly nihilistic than his fellow-existentialist, and like many other philosophers today gives his audience little hope of progress or of relief from present tensions, rooted as they are in greed and aggressive ambition.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✠ Kasimir Edschmid. *Das gute Recht*. München. Desch. 1946. 1089 pages.—*Das gute Recht* is built around the lives of a German writer and his young family, evacuated and isolated as artists in the Tyrol and the Bavarian Alps, the *Picklingau*. The Rotenhans are seen worrying and trying to master the problems of their age at a time of ever-increasing lawlessness, and to save their "good right." By analyzing their struggles (the novel seems to be largely autobiographical), Edschmid hopes to show the forces that influenced the life of the nation during those years. In three parts, one by one, these forces are introduced and explained in their growth to all-engulfing demoniacal proportions, culminating in a tragedy of horrifying grandeur, the collapse of the Reich and the invasion.

The Rotenhans might have lost courage, had it not been for the joys springing from genuine education, religion, admiration of the unassuming courage of some fellow sufferers, the delight of watching growth in nature, and sturdy, wholesome children. Delightful idyls with little Pony and Bibi several times break oppressive tension and long-wind-

ed discussion.

Later accounts of the events of that time may perhaps profit by more accurate information. But this quietly written novel, as far removed from the Expressionist experiments of young Edschmid as the older Goethe from *Storm and Stress*, may retain the warmth of something based on experience and suffering. The following answers to questions which the author asks himself in this long search for truth are characteristic of his point of view:

"Kraft. . . Ich weiss, zu was man Kraft braucht, die nützlich angewandt ist. Nicht zum Protestieren, sondern zum Ertragen. . . . Denn, wenn wir es nicht ertragen, so treiben sie uns in die Holle. . . ." "Gut von der Natur ausgestattete und gut erzogene Leute werden sich auch aus dem grossten Trubel irgendwie mit Ehren zu retten wissen." And: "Wenn der deutsche Geist noch einmal aus seinem innersten und eigensten Kräfte gegen diese grosse Vergewaltigung reagiert, dann sind wir gerettet. Wenn nicht—nicht. . . ."

—*Elizabeth Marie Mayer*. Stanford University.

✠ Carmen Laforet. *Nada*. Barcelona. Destino. 5th ed., 1946. 309 pages. 24 ptas.—The Premio Eugenio Nadal de la Novela was awarded in 1944 to a young woman of 23, a law student at the University of Madrid, who had lived the larger part of her short life in the Canary Islands, but who had studied at the University of Barcelona for three years before she went to Madrid. Carmen Laforet won the Premio Nadal with a vivid and intensely absorbing, sordid, horribly cruel story of a year in the life of a maladjusted Barcelona family as observed by a young relative, a girl from the Canary Islands, who lodges with her cousins while studying at the University in preparation for a law course at the Central in Madrid. If her relatives are taken from life, like the setting of her story, the young lady is probably no longer a welcome guest in Barcelona. The story is expertly organized—a normal young woman is set down in a family of half-crazy degenerates; she has an unwilling if fascinated part in their foul and bloody

community for twelve months, then she passes out of it forever, as abruptly as she entered it. The young novelist's art partakes of caricature, but it is real art, based on keen observation, narrative and organizational skill, and an extraordinary gift of dialogue. There is, moreover, a certain neatness and scruple in the manner in which this shocking material is handled. This one rotten family is not typical among the associates of the young *Canariense*. She could if she chose write an uplifting story based on her observations and experiences elsewhere than in the Calle de Aribau. We hope she will.—R. T. H.

✧ Enrico Pea. *Malaria di guerra*. Milano. Garzanti. 1947.—The work of Enrico Pea has been labeled with approximate definitions which do not reach the real quality of its inspiration. The style of his early writings was tied up with the impressionistic *frammento* of the *Voce* group, and Pea was considered, not a born story-teller, but a prose lyricist, whose forte was poetical tales of essentially decorative character. Later he attracted attention with the locale of his stories, which is that corner of Tuscany called Lucchesia and Versilia; and his interest in the folklore of his native region gave the impression that his work was of the regional or provincial type. It was clear that his *regionalismo* was not like that of the writers of the South and the islands, who by the very fact that they were describing a primitive and elementary form of life had reached a level of universality not easily attained by an inspiration narrowly limited in time and space. But it was a mistake to think of Pea as a more lyrical and naïve Fucini, since the vernacular and ethnographic elements were for him not amusing oddities but a rich source of human truth and poetic revelation. Pea has remained faithful to the native sons of his home region, even when he has followed them far away, as emigrants to Egypt or South America, but he has never tried as hard to find what is peculiar and local in them

as what is elemental, simply and eternally human. Now there is more purity and pity, less curiosity and morbidity, in his outlook. The masterpiece of his early *maniera* is the first *Moscardino*, written in the early twenties, which Ezra Pound had started translating into English, and which is one of the strangest and richest books of modern Italian fiction. The present volume is one of the good novels of the second Pea, the Pea of *Il servitore del diavolo*, *La figlioccia*, *La maremmana*, *Il forestiero*. Its background, which is the last war, adds to its interest. The writer seems filled with religious awe and a tragic consciousness of evil. Passion and sin are still the leading forces, but the contemplation is purified by a sense of indulgent wisdom, by a melancholy faith in God and man.—Renato Poggioli. Harvard University.

✧ Louise Weiss. *La Marseillaise*. 3 vols. Paris. Gallimard (New York. Brentano). 1945-47. viii+422, 548, and 309 + 256 pages. \$1.75, \$2.25, \$3.25.—Readers who lived through the tragic period of the French *drôle de guerre* will appreciate the substantial qualities of Louise Weiss's novel. It is a striking, at times deeply moving, always faithful portrayal of the painful days of the *débâcle*. We see the *camions* crammed pell-mell with refugees and soldiers, the pubs where the women, discussing the collapse, find its origin in a gigantic conspiracy of the trusts against the people: "Let the trusts choke each other to death. Goering is their man. So is Paul Reynaud. The English are a lot of plutocrats. Why should we get our heads blown off for them?" We see the *châteaux*, housing for a few days the "parlementaires de Gangé, encombrés de leurs peurs, de leurs valises, de leurs parapluies et de leurs maîtresses."

The book is remarkably well documented as to the seamy side of Third Republic politics and secures us admission to those extraordinary conferences at which Resistance men and defeatists hurled recriminations at each other

while the German Panzers rolled into deserted villages and planes bombed the tangled masses of fugitives and soldiers who crammed the roads from side to side.

Louise Weiss does not stop with the recording of physical facts. She presents also the interior aspect of the débâcle, the loss of that faith in spiritual principles which had inspired the heroes of World War One. This contrast is typified by old Guillaume, who is imbued with the patriotism of 1914 and sacrifices his wife and his own life to his convictions.

In general the novelist has not painted individuals, but groups whose members exist only as parts of a whole which swallows them up and determines their every act. The little Champagne village of Tremble-Fontaine is France in miniature, and each stratum of its society is carefully depicted, each political shade and tint faithfully reproduced as the groups reveal their nature in their discussions. It is not as individuals that the priest and the atheist mayor of Tremble-Fontaine lift their voices, but as spokesmen of their respective groups. Psychologically, this technique is in some degree a weakness.

The style is a little dull, although it is enlivened here and there with savory images. The procedure is roughly that of the screen. Through a series of tableaux the author develops before our eyes the spectacle of a France slowly but relentlessly destroyed from below, undermined by what is normally the source of her strength: her faith in the spiritual values.—*Janine Courtillon*. University of Oregon.

✎ Agustín Yáñez. *Al filo del agua*. México. Porrúa. 1947. 401 pages + 16 plates.—This is the story of a Mexican town, Guadalajara way. The time: just when the rain is about to fall (*al filo del agua*), meaning the social flood of 1910; the last days of the ancien régime; the prelude of the revolutionary upheav-

al; the epoch between two times. The dramatis personae are caught willy nilly in the cosmic trap. It is a black town of women in black and somber men moving in an ecclesiocentric milieu. More than a novel, *Al filo del agua* is a documentary film. Agustín Yáñez is a master at group psychoanalysis; his centripetal photography is unique, and his book the moving picture of the town's soul conditioning the individual egos of a dozen characters—all under the spell of an intangible élan.

Black town inhabited by black people, made black by Fear. Fear is an actual spirit that runs the town and directs the lives of its citizens. Puritanism runs wild in this schizophrenic town torn asunder by the conflict between Desire and Fear. Yáñez is at his descriptive best when he follows the trail of libidos in chains—one can hear the irons creak—fustigated by the hyssops of exorcism while the holy waters mingle with the salty odors of the confessional and the colorless pangs of sundry souls in a state of repression.

Don Timoteo Limón heads the procession of the tortured and the frustrated. He is the conventional type of the man of means who came to affluence by the devious door. Don Timoteo got away with murder many years ago, but he cannot sleep; the victim's face haunts him in the middle of the night. He knows that he will die by the sword some day. He does, at the hands of his son. Damián Limón escapes and joins the rebels, as the story ends. There is the inevitable *femme terrible*, Micaela, the lively *pueblerina* who visits the metropolis and returns to challenge the ancient mores and to die, also at the hands of Damián.

The parish priest, Don Donisio, towers lonely in the center of the group as the living statue of Frustration, desolate, sublime in his defeat, taking account of his labors and himself in the presence of his God even as the first revolutionists storm the town.—*Alberto Rembao*. New York City.

✱ *De Profundis. Deutsche Lyrik in dieser Zeit. Eine Anthologie aus zwölf Jahren.* Gunter Groll, ed. München. Desch. 1946. 473 pages.—Here, in this fine selection of poems, and not least in the dignified and thoughtful introduction, is the voice of that “other Germany” which the optimists have been waiting for, while the pessimists have denied its existence. Sixty-five poets are represented, each with a brief, very useful and desirable biographical sketch. Many of them were well known long before the Nazi revolution: Britting, Carossa, Edschmid, Ricarda Huch, Penzoldt, R. A. Schroeder, Thiess, Wiechert. All the poets included remained in Ger-

many after 1933, all of them resisted the Nazi lure and the Nazi terror, and some of them paid for such resistance with imprisonment or even death. All the poems were written during the Hitler régime, some of them in concentration camps and prisons, and some of them were so outspokenly hostile to the government that they circulated clandestinely from hand to hand. This is not, as the editor discerningly points out, *the* definitive anthology of those unhappy years, but no more worthy body of German verse of the years 1933–45 is likely ever to be published.—*Bayard Q. Morgan.* Stanford University.

Acta Linguistica, the valuable “*revue internationale de linguistique structurale*” which was launched in Copenhagen in 1939 by Viggo Brøndal and Louis Hjelmslev, managed to keep going through the war period and has had the support of many of the most important students of linguistics in the world. The American member of the international council which conducts it is Professor W. Freeman Twaddell of Brown University.

“In 1938, like so many Spanish writers of the first rank, among them Pérez de Ayala, Azorín, Gregorio Marañón, and Ortega y Gasset, Pío Baroja fled to Paris. He was allowed to return to Spain later, and he has remained there ever since, but he lives so silent and secluded a life that he leaves the impression of being an exile in his own country and of disapproving his country’s present government. This must certainly be his attitude. Ortega y Gasset once called Pío Baroja ‘a pure, free man who refuses to be any man’s servant or to ask any man for a favor.’”—Alvaro Salema, in *Mundo Literario*, Lisboa.

Komodie, Zeitschrift für künstlerisches Theater, has resumed publication. Its address is now Adolf Kirchstrasse 9, Wien III. Its lavishly illustrated Oc-

tober 1947 number has an article on the Burgtheater director Benno Fleischmann, one on Gottfried Einem’s new opera *Dantons Tod*, and a rich variety of information on the theater in Vienna and elsewhere.

Three scholarly theses on French subjects recently accepted by the University of Utah concern respectively *L’influence de Flaubert sur Joseph Conrad*, *Les oeuvres françaises consacrées aux Mormons*, and *La littérature d’émigration dans les oeuvres des écrivains français réfugiés en Amérique entre 1940 et 1945*.

United Nations World, July 1947, reports on the book famine in Japan. Experts arriving there bring a few new books with them, but little of the latest scientific and professional material is available. The *Nippon Times* is brief and careful in opinion, and *PX* “also handles books, although rather gingerly, as if any misstep would echo in the halls of Congress.” The Japanese publishers are willing to do their part, but paper is scarce, and the securing of translation rights is a complicated procedure. The Information Library in a requisitioned tea-house in Tokyo is a busy and helpful channel for scientific and other data, for which the demand is enormous.

Books in French

(For other Books in French, see "Head-Liners")

✠ J. M. Accart. *Evadés de France*. Grenoble and Paris. Arthaud. 1945. 156 pages. 85 fr.—The narrative of a French aviator who, with a dozen fellow members of the Resistance, evaded the German police and escaped over the Pyrenees into Spain. Travelling first from Toulouse to Lourdes as pilgrims, they walked along a railway and over the mountains in rain and snow only to fall into the hands of Franco's police. They were thrown into a Spanish prison and remained there until rescued by the Red Cross. An authentic and straightforward account, but not especially noteworthy or exciting.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✠ René Benjamin. *La table et le verre d'eau*. Paris. Editions Nouvelles. 1947. 183 pages. 150 fr.—The popular novelist, playwright, biographer, and satirist here gives an account of his experiences as *conférencier*. He sub-titles his book *Histoire d'une passion*, indicating that after some 1,400 lectures, mainly on plays and playwrights, he not only likes the profession but still feels that the *conférencier* is an artist who addresses his public more directly than any actor does. He records some amusing anecdotes and describes in horrible detail certain of the severer cases of *trac* which he has suffered. The principal purpose of the little book must be to advertise the author.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✠ Carles Cardo. *Histoire spirituelle des Espagnes*. René Bonnafous, tr. Paris. Portes de France. 1946. 349 pages. 190 fr.—As the author admits in the preface, this is not an unprejudiced book for, as he says, impartiality before truth and error is cowardice or a crime. Therefore, the separatist cause of Catalonia is fervently pleaded and emphasis is laid on

the ethnic plurality of Spain.

The first part of this thoughtful, well organized work discusses religious problems and summarizes the history of the Iberian peninsula from the Reconquest to Franco's régime, a history that Canon Cardo sees as the result of a spirit of independence, the double tendency toward union and separation, the tendency toward religious wars, and too much foreign intervention.

It is clear from the second part why Franco tried to buy the Canon's silence. The author points to the Spaniard's native love of liberty as indicative that dictatorship is doomed to failure. Here, too, he examines the nature of liberty, authority, and nationalism, as well as the relation of nation to state. The system he proposes as the ideal one is a confederation, both within the state and on a world scale, where each group maintains its cultural entity. To a Canon's way of thinking, it would be quite helpful to keep the government weak so that the Church might exert a wider influence. Whatever disagreement might arise on that subject, most of us will agree with him in deploring the fact that the other powers did not recognize the recent Spanish Civil War, arising from Spain's strategic geographic position and inner unrest, as the prelude to World War II.

The style of this work, written in seven years of voluntary exile and translated by another priest, is smooth and generally clear. It is an important book despite religious and secular bias for it is courageous, the voice of freedom and of spiritual values protesting against injustice and dictatorship.—*B. G. D.*

✠ Jean Champenois. *Le peuple russe et la guerre*. Paris. Julliard. 1947. 268 pages. 275 fr.—The author served as correspondent for the Agence Havas in Russia from 1937 to 1945. He had the ad-

vantage of a knowledge of the Russian language, but his information seems to have been picked up chiefly from Russian newspapers, from Ilya Ehrenburg, and from what he saw in Moscow and on occasional visits elsewhere. He gives a rather pedestrian and uncritical account of the way the Russian people lived and acted during the war. He is full of praise for Stalin and the Russians, but critical of Poles, Ukrainians, critics of Russia like W. L. White, and foreigners generally. He believes in "the good faith and entire patriotism of the people who conducted the purges of 1936-38," and adds, with a masterpiece of understatement, that "they sometimes left something to be desired from the point of view of strict justice." He throws in, at various places, figures of prices of rationed food and other goods and gives some sample hotel menus, but the statistics are not analyzed in a meaningful way.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✱ Henri Davignon. *La première tourmente, 1914-1918*. Bruxelles. Durandal. 1947. 192 pages.—The author, well known Belgian man of letters and son of a war-time minister of foreign affairs, was attached to the legation at London in the fall of 1914. In this volume, the third of his memoirs, he sketches vividly the political and social atmosphere of England. He returned to Belgium after the armistice and, impelled by family tradition, offered himself for public service. He was not the choice of the voters and so "relégué en marge des organisations partisans, il me restait permis de penser pour moi-même sans avoir à en rendre compte à personne, utile privilège." That independence of thought characterizes his memoirs of the war years. He is as outspoken in his judgment of nations as he is of individuals and their policies. He finds that Belgium was distinctly slighted in the post-bellum negotiations, and that Wilson's utopianism was distinctly baneful. "Désorganisés par les prétentions wilsonniennes, les

alliés travaillaient déjà en ordre dispersé. Avant que le triomphe final ne fût acquis, l'unité morale était rompue." Toward the end of the conflict, occasional gaiety appears. Here is an echo from a society game: "Le flirt? un rien dont on voudrait faire quelque chose."—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

✱ Joseph Delabays. *La destinée tragique d'un monarque pacifique*. Montréal. Fides. 1946. 252 pages. \$1.50.—The assassination of Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo suddenly made his young relative, Charles (1887-1922), heir to the Hapsburg throne. The two men were alike in some of their political views. Both detested Tisza's oppression of the subject nationalities in Hungary, and both wanted a reorganization of the Hapsburg Empire which would give more political rights to the Slav minorities. But even if Charles had possessed Franz Ferdinand's energy and determination, it is doubtful whether he could have saved the ramshackle Austro-Hungarian monarchy when he succeeded old Francis Joseph in 1916. The war, for whose outbreak he had no personal responsibility, and the national hatreds, which were of long standing, created a tragic situation which he was unable to rectify. To be sure, he did grant a political amnesty to win his Slav subjects, and through his brother-in-law, Prince Sixte de Bourbon, he tried to bring about peace in 1917. But his efforts were thwarted, in considerable part by his own ministers. Extreme piety, personal kindness, and good intentions were not enough to save a desperate situation.

M. Delabays has given a very interesting and sympathetic account of the tragic destiny of the last of the Hapsburg rulers—of Empress Zita and his family, his retirement to Switzerland in 1920, his two abortive attempts to regain the throne of Hungary, and his exile and death in the Madeira Islands. It is based in part on the good first-hand biographies of Polzer-Hoditz and Werkmann and on the reports of others who were

intimately associated with Emperor Charles. The author, who regards Charles as a saint, writes with more piety and devotion than objectivity. Several good photographs add to the interest of his volume.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✂ Pierre Edmond-About. *L'ombre verte*. New York and Montréal. Cercle du Livre de France. 1947. 161 pages.—The omnipresent green forest, through which the sunlight filters in greenish rays, dominates this account of the rigorous daily marches of a small band of fighting French in Indo-China. There is occasional vulgarity and the humor is likely to be bitter, as when the author remarks that the wild beasts the men feared most were the savage mosquitos and the red and black ants, not decent wild animals like tigers. Disappointed several times because it was found impossible to parachute to them supplies sent from Calcutta by plane, sick and exhausted, the eleven starved men were finally taken prisoner by the pursuing Japanese. The book is not as colorful as its title.—*B. G. D.*

✂ J. Leflon. *Monsieur Emery: L'Eglise concordataire et impériale*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1947. 565 pages. 210 fr.—M. Emery, General Superior of the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice, was one of the wisest, yet most supple and sincere defenders of the interests of the Catholic Church during the stormy days of the Revolution and Empire. His earlier years have already been described by the author in a previous volume. These pages cover the years from the signing of the Concordat in 1801 to M. Emery's death in 1811. He had no active part in drawing up this document which brought the Church under Napoleon's growing domination, but he exercised much influence over the men who carried out or obstructed its provisions. Being very modest and disliking politics, he preferred to keep in the background and work through others to whom he gave

shrewd advice. By his firmness and sincerity he won the respect and approval of Talleyrand and even of Napoleon himself. He refused the bishopric of Arras but consented to become a member of Napoleon's University Council, where he exerted much influence on education. Canon Leflon's excellent biography, combining sound scholarship and use of archive material with deep religious admiration for this distinguished Sulpician, is of much interest for the student of Napoleon as well as of the Catholic Church.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✂ Pierre Mac-Orlan. *Montmartre—Souvenirs*. Bruxelles. Chabassol. 1946. 157 pages.—Since *Dinah Miami* this reviewer had somehow lost contact with this zestful writer, and possibly on account of that fifteen-year gap he enjoyed the renewed acquaintance even better. Memories of Montmartre in the days of Picasso, the days of 1900 to 1907, are tempting in themselves; written in Mac-Orlan's style they are definitely delightful. Mac-Orlan knows, and we know, that the good old days will never return; we must be grateful for this tribute to their memory. They remind us how things were before the *filles* became members of a union and before the *Bou langer de l'Impasse du Tertre* marched down the Champs-Élysées carrying Stalin's picture.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✂ Maurice Paléologue. *Au Quai d'Orsay, à la veille de la tourmente*. Journal 1913-14. Paris. Plon. 1947. ii+329 pages. 250 fr.—The "wholesale truth" about the First World War is pretty definitely known; the details are not all fitted in. Maurice Paléologue was from 1912 to 1914 Political Director of the French Foreign Office and Ambassador to Russia. He was a great personal friend of Poincaré. His diary is therefore a valuable, though not an indispensable document. The dark picture he draws of Germany's policy is probably both sincere

and accurate. How French policy appeared in equally honest German eyes is a different problem. The only "revelations" are the utter contempt of the French for the Czarist world, from the Imperial Family down, and the suspicion that Delcassé was slightly deranged. Oddly, Paléologue's *bête noire* is neither Clemenceau nor Jaurès, but Paul Deschanel, *Ripolin*.

Paléologue and Poincaré saw the war coming, nearly two years ahead. They, and Joffre, knew that the attack would be sudden, and that it would come through Belgium. They thought a three-year term of military service was indispensable, although it did not add a single soldier to the total force of France. As patriots and diplomats of the old school, they were blameless. Their only fault was that they belonged to a fossil world. "A déjeuner chez moi: la Comtesse de Béarn, Delcassé, Albert de Mun, le Général de Castelnau, André Tardieu, le Lieutenant-Colonel de Thomasson, et André Chaumeix." The democratic Republic was well served indeed. Jaurès, naturally, was considered a dangerous dreamer. But Briand, Millerand, Clemenceau, and Péguy were on the same side as Paléologue.

Paléologue, however, was conscious that the dynastic world of Czar, Kaiser, King, Kinglet, Grand Duke, and Archduke was not merely obsolete, but hopelessly rotten—that world which Mr. Harry Truman of Independence, Missouri, is now so anxious to bolster. He picks out Ferdinand of Bulgaria for special execration; for Alfonso XIII, on the contrary, he has nothing but praise. Surprisingly few references to England. On the whole, the book of a very "distinguished" man of a thoroughly conventional type.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✧ Jean Roussel. *Mesure de Péguy*. Paris. Corrêa. 1946. 213 pages.—Péguy, huge soul, unbridled mind, dangerously simple man, was not easy to measure. But this collection of essays, in its

depths and disorder, does him justice. The tone is one of devotion to the man and challenge to the age which first ignored and then misunderstood him. There is generous quotation, reiteration of themes, subjective analysis, and occasional acute summation. In an appendix R Secretain is taken to task for proclaiming Péguy a heretic. He is presented here as a Catholic, patriot, and humanist of heroic proportions, an anachronism in these mediocre times.

This is a book to read slowly, even a little at a time, in a spirit of friendship for its courageous and lonely saint and of sympathy for an interpretation which is warm and entire. Lovers of France will realize that she both produced and rejected this uncouth genius of the spirit. Some will take heart from Jean Roussel's conviction that she yet bears in her womb the seed of that fourth and finally spiritual revolution of which Péguy was the prophet.—*R. D. Thomson*. Boulder, Colorado.

✧ Jean Rousselot. *Max Jacob, l'homme qui faisait penser à Dieu*. Paris. Laffont. 1946. 183 pages. 120 fr.—The subtitle reveals the orientation of the book. M. Rousselot's beautiful, if at times over-ornate, account of Max Jacob's last years is militant near-hagiography rather than critical literary appreciation; Max Jacob's luxuriant imagination, perhaps his *qualité maîtresse*, is interpreted theologically, not poetically.

References might be fuller, but the ample quotations from the poet-painter's letters and notes are well chosen and form, one hopes, a preface to the publication of his works and letters in their entirety. His death, as told here, was the fitting close of a great life.—*Marianne Bonwit*. University of California.

✧ Georges Bernanos. *La France contre les robots*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 225 pages. 105 fr.—The author of the famous *Grands cimetières sous la lune* wrote this volume during his wartime exile in Brazil in 1944. This was a full

year before the atomic bomb came to make this passionate plea more meaningful and urgent than ever.

Bernanos declares: "La civilisation française, héritière de la civilisation hellénique, a travaillé pendant des siècles pour former des hommes libres, c'est-à-dire pleinement responsables de leurs actes: la France refuse d'entrer dans le Paradis des Robots." Bernanos is not against progress or against the machine *per se*. But he sees only too clearly that the machine is making man into *un animal économique*. Man is becoming the slave of the machine. Such evils as Nazism, Communism, and the other forms of totalitarianism and regulationism, which are creeping inexorably even into the democracies, come from man's acceptance of the machine as his master. In violent and anguished accents Bernanos pleads for these well-nigh forgotten things: the rights of man and the dignity of the individual. But was Cassandra ever heeded?—*Jeanne d'Ucel*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✠ Pierre Lebon. *Essais de désintoxication*. Paris. Plon. 1945. 178 pages. 60 fr.—With sincerity and common sense the author seeks to free his countrymen from toxic confusion of thought engendered by Nazi propaganda before and during the war. He admits faults which are often characteristic of the Jews, but vigorously condemns anti-semitism. In economic matters he is a Liberal, leaning toward free competition and individual enterprise, since a controlled economy and autarchy is often apt to mean preparation for war. Looking back over the past of France, he found that it is a fundamental advantage to France to maintain friendly and close relations with Britain, because of common colonial interests, and with Russia, for mutual protection against Germany. He thought that France was not menaced by Bolshevism, that no country, except Poland, could accuse Russia of excessive appetite, and that Stalin, in the conditions imposed on his vanquished enemies, "gave

proof of singular moderation." Perhaps, if writing today, he would revise some of these opinions.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✠ Jacques Maritain. *Pour la justice*. New York. Maison Française. 1945. 367 pages. \$2.50.—Under this title are gathered together fifty heterogeneous brief articles and addresses which came from the author's prolific brain between 1940 and 1945. Some are in English, some in French—"a symbol of the spirit of Franco-American friendship to which the present book desires to pay homage." A large part of them had already appeared in print. Many were relatively unimportant talks at occasional meetings of schools or French clubs, at arrival or departure from America, at a funeral, and repeated expressions of conviction that France would free herself from the Pétain myth and the Nazi abomination. If these had been omitted, the reader would have been better able to concentrate on the excellent selections which deal with the renewal of spiritual forces in France, the hopes centering around De Gaulle, the author's frequently repeated belief in the pluralistic principle and the need for a pluralistic technique in social and political cooperation, and many other interesting views in the moral and spiritual field.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✠ Raymond Tanghe. *Esquisse américaine*. Montréal. Fides. 1947. 231 pages. \$1.35.—The publicist Raymond Tanghe, professor at the University of Montreal and popular radio commentator, has been mentioned in these pages before. An acceptable member of the group of authors gathered about the strictly Catholic publishing house Fides, he is liberal and tolerant to a degree, and this survey of Canada's Protestant neighbor, the outgrowth of a radio series, is as kindly as it is intelligent. There are errors of fact in it, and no doubt errors of judgment, but it will make profitable reading for both Canadians and *Etats-*

uniens. The earlier of the 24 little papers resume the history of the United States, obviously in the wake of a few standard authorities, but readably and often very shrewdly, and in the later chapters the author deals observantly with our present and thoughtfully with our future. Not the future of the American republic only, but of the world as we may influence it: *Gesta Dei per Americanos*. It was a happy idea to secure a preface from the wise Franco-American who has studied the early days of our republic so fruitfully. Gilbert Chinard's foreword is sympathetic, and in its own right is full of substance. M. Tanghe's idiom is strongly Canadian.—*R. T. H.*

✧ André Beucler. *Dimanche avec Léon-Paul Fargue*. Paris. Point du Jour. 1947. 104 pages. 390 fr.—André Beucler's book constitutes an admirable evocation of the Sundays he passed with Léon-Paul Fargue, from the early days when they used to roam little-known *quartiers* of Paris together to the time when *le tout Paris littéraire* crowded into the bedroom where Fargue had been immobilized since he suffered a stroke one day in 1943 after a luncheon at the Catalan with Picasso. This is the kind of thing that is rarely done, more rarely published in English, a small, very personal volume that has no pretensions, but which casts a discreet, revealing, indirect light on its subject. Beucler records snatches of Fargue's conversation, scraps of his poetry, and the two are indistinguishable. Certainly, the author of the luminous *Piéton de Paris* was one of the greatest recent French poets, an incomparable verbalist, whose *Sous la lampe* contains marvels of virtuosity and feeling. This is in no sense a formal biography; dates, names, titles are conspicuously lacking. But those who knew Fargue, lying in bed, smoking his eternal English cigarettes, letting the ash and the epigrams drop where they may, will recognize him here.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✧ Charles Du Bos. *Qu'est-ce que la littérature?* Mme Du Bos, tr. François Mauriac et al. *Hommage à Ch. Du Bos*. Paris. Plon (Montréal. L'Arbre). 1945. 276 pages. 100 fr.—I have an unhappy feeling about this book, much as when one catches a close relative in an indiscretion. The first section comprises four lectures, originally given in English, then translated into French, thus duplicating in part what Du Bos had previously written in French. The second part, containing tributes by no fewer than twenty-one persons, offers not even a biographical note on the subject of these encomiums. The tributes are oddly assorted, some being purely personal, others critical, still others worshipful. One does not know whether one is to admire a great person or a great mind. Finally, I am frankly disturbed by the tenor of the lectures, which, delivered at St. Mary's College in Notre Dame, Indiana, are so insistently pious that only Catholics can follow the discussion ("Nous, catholiques . . . nous savons quelle est la réponse à cette question . . ." p. 3).

I have naturally no objection to a confession of faith, but it seems to me uncalled for and even objectionable in what purports to be an objective examination of the essence of literature. Friends of Charles Du Bos may cherish this volume as a monument to one they have known and loved; its appeal to others will be limited.

The proofreading is rather careless.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✧ Gérard Paré. *Le Roman de la Rose et la scolastique courtoise*. Paris. Vrin (Ottawa. Institut d'Etudes Médiévales). 1941. 212 pages.—In 1933 Paré, in collaboration with A. Brunet and P. Tremblay, revised G. Robert's *La renaissance du douzième siècle—Les écoles et l'enseignement* to make it the best monograph on the pedagogy of medieval France. In the present work he applies his extensive knowledge of the theological literature in medieval Latin to ex

plain in detail philosophical terms such as *auteur*, *desputer*, *doctrine*, *glose*, *lire*, *preeschier*, *sentence* which he had already studied in the earlier work; *elenche* which solves a problem raised by Langlois and corrects Godefroy (but Paré fails to mention Henri d'Andeli's *Bataille des sept arts* 216); *argument*, *corruption*, *violence* which are lacking in the vocabulary of Langlois; *art*, *fantasie*, *integument*, etc. This work was inspired by M. Gorce's *Le Roman de la Rose—Texte essentiel de la scolastique courtoise* (Paris, 1933). Paré admits that Jean de Meung, taking his cue from Rutebeuf, espoused the cause of Guillaume de Saint-Amour, who was dismissed from the University of Paris by papal decree. That in itself should make one reluctant to see the influence of Thomas Aquinas in the poem. Nor can the sociological precepts of Jean be derived from scholasticism. Between it and Jean's concept of the cosmos, of nature, and of divinity, Paré clearly establishes an affinity. He demonstrates Jean's familiarity with the coëval teaching, which sought to reconcile Greek naturalism with the established tenets. Nevertheless it remains a moot problem to determine whether Jean's humanism accepted that reconciliation. In 1277 the bishop of Paris condemned 219 errors, some of which might well have been charged against Jean. To deduce therefrom, as does Paré, that the *Roman de la Rose* was completed before 1277 is begging the question. His book reached this country too late to be used by M. Françon (PMLA, LIX 1944, pp. 624-645), but it is mentioned by P. Castex and P. Surer, *Moyen Age* (Paris, 1946, p. 56), with this refutation: "Bien qu'une récente interprétation donne un sens chrétien à son oeuvre, Jean de Meung est généralement considéré comme un rationaliste quasi irréligieux."—*Raphael Levy*. University of Texas.

✱ Jeanne Paul-Crouzet. *Poésie au Canada*. Paris. Didier. 1946. 372 pages. 300 fr.—Convinced that French-Canadian poetry should be better known in

France, Mme Jeanne Paul-Crouzet applies the acid test of *explication de textes* to the verses of fourteen poets, from Octave Crémazie to Alfred des Rochers. An enlightening introduction and a sympathetically critical conclusion supplement the rather extensive commentary.

Mme Crouzet does not overlook the shortcomings of French-Canadian verse. She admits that it is too often reminiscent of Hugo, Gautier, Musset, Lamartine, and less illustrious French models; that it is rarely lyrical; that it is sometimes negligent stylistically or grammatically. On the other hand, she cites the artistry of Paul Morin and the imaginative power of Robert Choquette as arguments that the aforementioned defects will be remedied as French-Canadian poetry continues to evolve. Moreover, she stresses the tremendous handicaps under which these poets have labored, and she asks the indulgence, or rather the gratitude, of the French public. To popularize these poets in France, she recommends that their verses be studied in the classroom.

Whether or not these poems are, as Mme Crouzet contends, *de nouveaux classiques français*, depends on one's definition of *classiques*. But the author's suggestion that France broaden her literary boundaries to include French writers from across the seas is at once generous and justifiable.—*Mercer Cook*. Howard University.

✱ *Romanciers américains contemporains*. Paris. Didier. 1946. xiv+326 pages.—This collection of articles on the American novel, with its foreword by Etienne Gilson, is evidence of the keen interest in American literature which is felt in France today. Cyrille Arnavon, in his study of *Les débuts du roman réaliste américain et l'influence française*, reminds us of the importance of Balzac and Flaubert in the formation of the New World writers at the beginning of this century. It would have been only fair to supplement this article with an examination of the inverse phenomenon

in progress today. The French novelists are drawing their inspiration from America now. John Brown has only hinted at this influence in his *Tendances du roman américain moderne*. The two chief faults of this compilation are lack of cohesion and superficiality. Certain titles in the series are misleading. *Quelques thèmes essentiels de Sherwood Anderson* is in reality nothing more than an analysis of *Tar*. *La vie conjugale aux Etats-Unis d'après Sinclair Lewis* is built entirely on *Cass Timberlane*. Some of the articles are insignificant (Hemingway, Faulkner); others have serious importance (studies of John Steinbeck and Thornton Wilder). On the whole, the book is mediocre.—*Maurice Edgar Coadreau*. Princeton University.

✠ André Rousseaux. *Le monde classique (II)*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1946. 253 pages. 120 fr.—Sixteen interpretative essays on literary classics, both ancient and modern. Not a few of these essays are mere recapitulations of the longer works of contemporary French scholars whose ideas are here made available to the general public. In *Sophocles and Heroic Freedom* Rousseaux sets forth his own interpretation of the Sophoclean conflict between human and divine order and analyzes the character of the tragic heroes whose common trait of spiritual freedom enables them to rise superior to the wilful dictates of both orders. *Marginal notes on Livy: the Myth of the Horatii* concerns a new analysis by G. Dumézil of the legends of the regal period of Rome. Other subjects are: Vergil's *Bucolics*; a poem by a little-known Gallo-Roman poet of the 5th century after Christ, Rutilius Namatianus; the memoirs of the Duc de Sully (this inspired by a recent edition of the *Mémoires* by Lefèvre); the incompatibility of Voltaire's thinking with that of the present day; a critique of André Rivier's treatise on J.-J. Rousseau's *Emile (L'éducation de l'homme nouveau, 1941)*; the interpretation of certain keywords of symbolic meaning in the poems

of the mystic Gérard de Nerval; the religion of Balzac; a comparison of Proudhon as the champion of Justice with Péguy as the apostle of Charity; Sainte-Beuve as a socialist. The clarity of expression which Rousseaux commends in the works of the classic writers whom he treats is unfortunately lacking in his own book.—*Henry S. Robinson*. University of Oklahoma.

✠ Léon Tolstoï. *Oeuvres inédites et posthumes, 1850-1910*. Madeleine and Michel Bristov, eds. and trs. Paris. Dupont. 1947. 251 pages. 120 fr.—The recent appearance of Professor Simmons' monumental life of Tolstoi makes this a sort of Tolstoi year. This collection of miscellaneous material had presumably all appeared in Russian, but its translation into a more widely accessible language will be welcomed in many countries.

There is nothing in the collection which casts new light on Tolstoi. Its chronological arrangement, with its coverage of the great Russian's entire writing life, reminds us again how a playboy with literary talent grew into a passionate reformer who eventually gave his life for his convictions, but that change is a matter of common knowledge. Anything from Tolstoi of course has virtue, like relics of a saint. The little story which opens the book, his first published short story, *Histoire de la journée d'hier*, is bright, penetrating, and full of arresting mots. And the sketch *Discussion sur la propriété agraire*, which concludes it, ends on a note of noble innuendo which could have been struck only by a skilful artist and a generous friend of humanity. The items between—stories, adult and juvenile, and didactic plays—were all mildly worth printing in their own right. The translator-editors have done a good piece of work.—*H. K. L.*

✠ Georges Agadjanian and Robert Solo. *La vallée des ombres*. New York. Maison Française. 1946. 273 pages. \$1.50.—This story of two doctors depicts

the surface idealism of the younger man, Rozière, first in revolt against, then in integral acceptance and practical application of the surface cynicism of his handsome superior, Jacques Darreau. On the psychological plane, the narrative dramatizes the evolution of Darreau towards idealism, or the discovery of his real essence, and of Rozière towards cynicism and insanity, or the realization of his latent affinities with darkness and vice. Hence the title of the novel.

Owing to dual authorship or perhaps to inexperience, the authors are not too successful in integrating the old lunatic, le Père la Lune, into the novel as a symbol of confraternity with Rozière. Moreover, the attempt to present Rozière as a creature of darkness merely by having him repeat from time to time, "la nuit . . . la nuit! J'aime la nuit!" is not particularly effective. This reviewer is impressed, however, by the talent of the authors in analyzing amorous emotions and in dovetailing their analyses rather skilfully with love relationships. One has the impression of considerable autobiographical underpinning. — *Boyd G. Carter*. University of Nebraska.

✧ Marie-Louise Bataille. *Sixième acte*.

Paris. Julliard. 1947. 241 pages. 140 fr.—Many people have amused themselves with imagining new endings to famous stories, but few have been ambitious enough to write out fully and print their fancies in prose or verse, imitating the styles of classical or well-known contemporary dramatists. This is what M.-L. Bataille does, with varying success. Modestly disclaiming importance for her Sixth Acts, she ventures among the great, writing new endings to *Le malade imaginaire*, *Tristan et Iseult*, *Hernani*, *Bérénice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Cyrano*, and, more credibly, completing according to her taste recent Parisian favorites, such as *Jean de la Lune* and *Topaze*. She writes fluently, pointedly, and sometimes wittily in prose, somewhat heavily in verse, but always interestingly enough to challenge her

reader to reconsider the material she reshapes.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✧ Emile Baumann. *Shéhérazade*. Lyon. Nouvelle Edition. 1943. 256

pages. 45 fr.—M. Baumann can make of a plot which in bare outline seems uncommonly sordid the foundation for a delicate analysis of human emotions. He chooses to proceed along the narrow path between pathos and bathos, but he never moves over the line. In *Shéhérazade* he recounts the amorous adventure of a middle-aged widower who forsakes his languorous mistress, a married woman, to marry her daughter. The unnatural rivalry gives rise to a series of highly emotional scenes which culminate in grotesque tragedy. But Félicien Barriel is not vicious, or even insincere. He is a man of delicacy and restraint, a successful musician whose chief fault might be an understandable egoism. Nor are the women unsympathetic. With remarkable insight Baumann traces the pitiful course of these well-intentioned persons who are led, in spite of the warnings of experience and reason, into degradation and despair. The magnificently orchestrated passages devoted to music and landscape recall Romain Rolland, but the incisive analysis of the human heart reveals in the author a not unworthy disciple of Stendhal.—*L. LeSage*. University of Oregon.

✧ Pierre Béarn. *L'océan sans espoir*.

Paris. Emile-Paul. 1946. 291 pages. 120 fr. — This book was written under the Vichy régime (Spring 1942) when, to most Frenchmen, the future of mankind seemed hopeless. The ship *L'Aigle Noir* carries souls serving an indefinite purgatory sentence. All its passengers, despicable bourgeois who will eventually die in the quest, and most of the crew form an impersonal mass of colorless humanity, but a few characters stand out, acting a weird drama in which Béarn sets forth his own scale of values. The dread of dictatorship prompts him

to imagine a land where monsters live: a few enormous brains bossing a mob of gigantic hands trained to toil. The ship's crew are cowardly brutes whose leaders (under strong façades) are vacillating idols with feet of clay. The hero, Ker-jean, represents the slow yet progressive ascent of man toward a worthwhile ideal. Contemptuous of the God of love imagined by Christianity, Béarn sees man as a solitary creature unable to find happiness in love since unity of souls is unattainable in spite of the greatest efforts and sacrifices. The joy man derives from work well done is the only lasting and real satisfaction man can have. A phantasmagoric book replete with symbolism. —*André Bourgeois*. The Rice Institute.

✧ Jean Cassou. *Le centre du monde*. Paris. Sagittaire. 1945. 277 pages. 145 fr.—The novel takes its title from references—never fully explained—to the philosophy of one of the central characters. Célestin Couture, a retired government functionary, receives his friends every Monday evening at his home on the Avenue du Maine. They are strongly influenced by his philosophy; after his death it remains a connecting link in their widely divergent lives. During the difficult period from World War I to the eve of World War II, each tries to find the center of his own world, to develop his own philosophy and reach a satisfactory adjustment to life. The Center of the World seems to be a symbol for the unattainable goal toward which they are struggling; it is the unifying element in a psychological novel into which are skilfully woven the lives of a number of heterogeneous characters. —*Besse A. Clement*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Jean Davray. *La fin du premier acte*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1946. 236 pages. 120 fr.—France, shortly before the armistice of 1940. Among the fugitives rushing south, the young and pretty Hélène who has left a life of ease in Paris, a life without responsibilities or serious problems. On the road to Nice she falls in

with a wounded soldier, an intelligent, troubled Jew. She saves his life, and he helps her discover the hidden meaning of events which she has been too blind or careless to interpret. Curtain; the first act is over. We hope, and M. Davray hopes as well, that the two will live happily ever after. There is nothing profoundly original about the book, nor is the matter exceptionally well presented. The discussions are not always convincing; but they do face frankly the problems of France's immediate past. Such a story helps better, perhaps, than any non-fiction to clarify France's experiences during her days of physical and spiritual chaos, and to show she found her way back, even during the period of chaos, to her noble tradition.—*Frederick Lehner*. West Virginia State College.

✧ Maurice Gauchez. *Le dragon bleu*. Bruxelles. Draps. 1946. 228 pages.—Rapid scenes from the revolt of Belgium from Austria in 1790. The Blue Dragon is in the service of the Emperor, he has been and remains a bandit. Doubtless the author was inspired by the conduct of the last occupants of his heroic little country in narrating the pillaging activities of the protagonist, Lartifaille, but there is some historical evidence of his real existence. He vanishes at the end, after the final holdup of a stagecoach. He is at least a literary ancestor of little Adolf.—*B. M. W.*

✧ Jean-Jacques Gautier. *Histoire d'un fait divers*. Paris. Julliard. 1946. 220 pages. 135 fr.—J.-J. Gautier, urbane, sharp-tongued dramatic critic of *Le Figaro*, made a promising fiction debut in 1944 with his highly original *L'oreille*, which had an excellent press but which was too cerebrally fantastic for a wide sale. He has tried to remedy this situation with a story taken straight from the dossier on a *crime passionnel*. This unprepossessing sample of sub-Zola naturalism was singled out for the last Goncourt Prize—another indication that this award no longer has anything to do with

literature and is significant only for the light it throws on the politics of publishing. In a flat, careful, police-record prose Gautier recounts the dreary existence of Lucien Cappel, a Parisian workman, and the three women he has lived with. The first left him, the second died, and the third he murdered. A pretty sad and nasty business; a competent, uninspired exercise in naturalism.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✧ Reinier van Genderen-Stort. *La petite Inez*. P. de Smaele, tr. Paris. Sixaine. 1946. 216 pages.—Reinier van Genderen-Stort was never a very great writer, but his *De kleine Inez*, first published in 1925, has certain merits. It reminds one many times of Julien Green in its detailed and sensitive description of psychological processes within and between characters. All characters are introduced from three generations back and appear to be unfairly burdened with frustrations and repressions. Not one is normally brought up; all are orphans, half-orphans, or farmed out from broken homes. The author builds up his characters arbitrarily, but when he has one thus abnormally created, he carries it on consistently and logically.

Written twenty years ago in the heyday of the so-called "psychological" novel, *La petite Inez* is even more depressing than its contemporaries.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✧ Iarmila Glazarova. *La porte de l'aube*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 285 pages. 240 fr.—With the exception of Russian, Slavic literature has found few readers abroad. But political independence during the period between the wars encouraged the Slav nations to mature writing which expressed the national soul and reflected free intercourse with other cultures. According to her translator, Alex Desprès, Glazarova is representative of numerous contemporary Czech authors of merit. Her novel is a powerful account of the martyrdom of a woman whose ex-

perience dramatically typifies the bitter condition of the Czech peasant. Unceasing struggle with a savagely beautiful but ungenerous Nature has made these people hard and brutal. The harshness of their lives is softened only by their implicitly accepted religious faith. Frantichka suffers constantly, her body broken by privation and labor while her maternal and wifely instincts expose her to the torments of humiliation and exasperation. One may follow with detached interest the vivid portrayal of a social group so generally unfamiliar, but Frantichka's anguish is too poignant not to wring the heart of any reader. The excitingly beautiful descriptions of nature provide welcome relief from the cumulative oppressiveness of this grim story.—*L. LeSage*. University of Oregon.

✧ Julien Green. *Si j'étais vous . . .* Paris. Plon. 1947. 264 pages. 135 fr.—The desire to escape from one's self, the dread of waking each day to face one's familiar inadequacies and faults, are all too common to the sensitive portion of mankind. Green confesses that the problem has intrigued him since childhood and has grown with him. Two kinds of people, he says, escape from themselves: poets (and novelists), by transferring themselves to the creatures they create; and mystics, by forgetting themselves.

The somewhat unattractive and unhappy young would-be writer Fabian met a queer old man who gave him a magic formula to whisper to anyone he would like to become. In his futile search for happiness Fabian became, in a series of fantastic episodes, various persons each of whom had his own shortcomings. Twice the formula failed: with a child because a child is in a "state of grace," and with a man who refused to listen. The desire to become himself again led him back to Fabian, now desperately ill, and death brought the real release. Moralists may say the theme implies that one ought to be satisfied with the self he has, but pessimists will say that it proves there is no answer to

the problem on earth. The anguish of feeling alone in an incomprehensible world runs through this book.—*B. G. D.*

✧ Franz de Jessen. *Katia*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 458 pages. 200 fr.—This novel, written originally in Danish, was translated into French by its author. Katia, Princess Rilinski, is the leader of a group of young friends who in the 1880's spend their summers at the Rilinski's Ukrainian estate. Despite her fondness for Pétia Orlof, a naval cadet, she marries the young diplomat Niki Karataief, whose father's great wealth will save Prince Rilinski from financial ruin. Katia, self-willed, impetuous, and arrogant, though not ungenerous, embroils her husband politically. At a Balkan post Niki is assassinated, and Katia returns to the Ukraine with her children. Wooed by Farringham, an English friend of diplomatic service days, and the faithful Pétia, Katia finds decision difficult. The results of her decision are far-reaching, and ultimately influence the outcome of the abortive revolutionary movement stimulated in southern Russia by the disasters of the Russo-Japanese war.

Katia's vivid personality unifies a plot of considerable scope, which in the downfall of the family Rilinski symbolizes the decay of the Russian aristocracy. Franz de Jessen has written a story of genuine power, revealing with fidelity and sympathy the image of an all but forgotten Russia.—*Elliott Dow Healy*. The University of Texas.

✧ A. M. de Jong. *Un enfant parmi les hommes*. L. Roelandt, tr. Paris. Si-saine. 1946. 276 pages.—A fine translation of an outstanding Dutch novel whose author was a war casualty. Six episodes show a village brush-maker's son in his transition from childhood to boyhood. Meryntje is equally friendly with a poacher and a priest; although he stole the priest's medlars, he becomes an altar-boy; he innocently betrays the poacher to the police; his best intentions produce his worst failures. Eating, drink-

ing, hunting, and skating are depicted with Flemish gusto. Within the season-bound timelessness of peasant existence, the tragedies and joys of simple yet complex souls and the confusion of human brutality and tenderness appear more interesting and convincing than in many a more ambitious work.—*Matilde Bonwit*. University of California.

✧ Pierre Mac-Orlan. *Les clients du "Bon Chien Jaune."* Paris. Ecrits de France. 1946. 143 pages. 75 fr.—That more or less unpredictable amateur of the fantastic, Pierre Dumarchais, dit Mac-Orlan, won considerable reputation a good many years ago with his eerie *Rire jaune*, his *Nègre Léonard*, and his *Cavalière Elsa*. It was his neglected *Dinah Miami*, however, that found a place in this reviewer's heart not far from *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*. The *Bon Chien Jaune* has no satire, no mysticism, at most a little gentle and obvious didacticism. It is an unpretentious tale of piracy and less reprehensible human exploits, back before the Revolution, in the days of the brave lady sea-dog Mademoiselle de Kergoez, known to millions of admirers as La Chevalière. The *Bon Chien Jaune*, more's the pity, is no *Dinah Miami*. There are some mild thrills and chills, but they are few and far between. Pierre Dumarchais, dit Mac-Orlan, is getting old.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Claude Morgan. *Le poids du monde*. Paris. Ferenczi. 1946. 278 pages. 120 fr.—Certainly symptomatic, nearly a document, this novel of proletarian patriotism in Paris carries some conviction, for all its impatient and monotonous writing and its disdain for the individualistic depths of human character.

This is the stumbling story of Pierre Tarague, a peasant driven by obscure ambition into the factories; driven thence by capitalistic evils into the Party; driven by history and his own solitude to death in the final uprising against the Germans. Good soldier, good Partisan, good if uneasy Communist, good man, he does

what he can for "the Good," surrendering with some bewilderment comfort, love, and a private conscience. He discovers at the end of his painful existence that life's meaning lies in the "millions and millions" who will avenge his death. He develops from a to-hell-with-politics attitude to the declaration that "renoncer à la politique c'est vivre comme une bête."

The theme is, in these political times, inevitable. It might provide the stuff of tragedy, since the hero is asked at every turn to renounce his own seemingly enough ideals and scruples for what is conceived as the higher ideals of humanity-wide hope and devotion. But instead of tragedy we have the new sentimentality, which melts over men rather than man and waxes unsuitably lyrical over violence, sacrifice, and hate. The book lacks dignity.—*R. D. Thomson*. Boulder, Colorado.

✱ Serge Roy. *Impasse*. 2 vols. Montréal. Pascal. 1946. 216 and 189 pages.—The young author of *Tête forte* and *Grisailles* continues to study mental cases in the manner of his master Paul Bourget. Characters in this group of case studies are a sadistic biologist, his nervous blond wife, a sympathetic gentleman friend whose efforts to free the lady from her tyrant are frustrated by the friend's death, a pathetic old woman-servant who is driven to suicide by the biologist, and a meddling mother-in-law.—*Virgil A. Warren*. Cumberland University.

✱ Claude Seignolle. *Marie la louve*. Paris. Quatre Vents. 1947. 292 pages. 165 fr.—A curious combination of prosaic fact and extravagant fantasy characterizes this story of peasant life in the years following the Franco-Prussian war. Among a people believing implicitly in lycanthropy, young Marie Ribaud struggles against the dread implications of a strange gift of healing conferred upon her in infancy by a mysterious character known as *le meneur de loups*.

When she demonstrates the reality of her power by healing a child torn by a wolf, she arouses the resentment of her neighbors and particularly of the parents of her fiancé. The plot is essentially the revelation of the effects of superstition engendering suspicion and fear in an otherwise friendly and sociable folk, until at last Marie's own well-balanced personality is affected and she begins to question her own integrity. The rather melodramatic dénouement hinges upon a long forgotten condition attached to Marie's gift at the time of its bestowal.

Containing little that is profound or analytical, the story is interesting as an intriguing folk tale, made more piquant by the author's skilful handling of the dialect of the Sologne country.—*Elliott Dow Healy*. University of Texas.

✱ Anton Tchekhov. *Le moine noir*. Paris. Flore. 1946. xv+298 pages. 150 fr.—Six of Chekhov's most characteristic short stories: *The Black Monk*, *The Lady With the Little Dog*, *The Kingdom of Women*, *The Mezzanine*, *Volodya*, and *A Dreary Story*, capably translated by Gabriel Arout. The continuing interest in Chekhov is probably due, even more than to his literary skill, to the fact that he was to an extraordinary degree what David Garnett happily called "a sweet, responsive nature." Chekhov's specialty was frustration, and his plays and stories are almost always painful, but there was always something lovable in his attitude toward his characters. A feature of this collection is the introduction by Daniel-Rops. There isn't much more to say about the purified and mellowed Russian Maupassant that hasn't already been said, but Daniel-Rops manages to give his tribute a personal touch which is pleasant. He wisely refrains from "Catholicizing" till he reaches the last paragraph of his 14-page essay. But he does suggest, in his final word, that although Chekhov was regrettably not a confessed Christian, he was so radiant of human sympathy that "il aura participé à une vision supérieure

du monde qui, par l'amour, adhère à l'amour suprême et en reçoit l'ordination."—*H. K. L.*

✧ André Valio. *Le navire immobile*.

Paris. Montbrun. 1947. 43 pages. 250 and 375 fr.—A booklet in Boris Daew's *Collection de la licorne ailée*, this rhapsodic alternation of prose poetry and free verse is a bewildering narrative of the poet's battle with circumstance, symbolized by an ocean voyage. "Tel un nouveau Noé dans son arche. De l'eau partout, mais nulle colombe que je puisse lâcher." "Navire de brume et de clarté, sans mât ni cordage, navire sans navire, sans capitaine et sans matelot, navire dont je suis le capitaine et les matelots, dont je suis le navire." Dedicated to Paul Eluard, him of the infinite yearnings and the lost paradises, the strange thing portrays the struggles of a man buried alive. "Je pousse le mur de mes épaules. J'étouffe. Le noir m'étouffe. Mes poumons se refusent à le respirer. Il faut sortir, il faut SORTIR, IL FAUT SORTIR. . . ." Is there no hope of release? The last lines seem to imply it, but they are not reassuring: "Naissent des chants dans le matin, des chants libres. Ils écartent les maléfices, les terreurs et les sanglots. Ce sont des chants fusils, des chants grenades, des chants dynamites. Ils s'élancent du haut des monts contre les hordes moyenâgeuses. L'avenir est contre ma main. Je chante aussi un chant de sang."

Maybe somebody had better speak to the Prefect of Police about these last lines.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Jean Wahl. *Poèmes*. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1945. 199 pages.—The two sections of *Poèmes*, *Connaître sans connaître* and *Rencontres*, represent M. Wahl's poetic passage from negation ("une vie sans vie, sourde, aveugle"; "Je me sens un avec ce violent élément de division") to affirmation ("Univers mon immense frère"), affirmation entailing belief in God, or rather in an immanent principle. Both the poet's dis-

ease and his tranquility are unconvincing and somewhat too facile; a parody of Existentialist verse nicely epitomizes them: "I am being without being, and upon me being is heavy." M. Wahl's poetic intuition is not sufficiently profound to sustain his theme. This is the fundamental defect in the communication of the *Poèmes*, a defect which makes it necessary to consider them as discrete pieces rather than as the intended unity.

Jean Wahl is a competent poet: his verse makes resourceful use of the harmony and sonority inherent in the French language; his reiteration of phrase and his antitheses are effective. His touch is sometimes delicate and cruel (*Le pays de la petteuse*); more often it is clever and epigrammatic (*Apologie*). Indeed, the reader may conclude that M. Wahl is precisely too clever to be a great poet.—*Violet Macoubrie*. Seattle, Washington.

✧ Robert Pitrou. *Musiciens romantiques*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1946. 197 pages. 135 fr.—A sympathetic analysis of the achievements of eight romantic composers, from Weber to Wagner. As M. Pitrou says, romanticism stressed the importance of the individual, and each of these composers was also a great personality. Perhaps this is one reason for the success of the book: each portrait reveals the inseparability of the man and the music he wrote.

The chapter on Beethoven is interesting in this regard. Seemingly a "pre-romantic" by his love of nature, of the heroic, of *Sturm und Drang*, he is nevertheless of a sharply different character from his followers because of two qualities: his modesty and his lack of facility. M. Pitrou sets him apart as "the greatest of the classical composers."

It was time for a revaluation of romantic music. M. Pitrou rejects many compositions which are famous for their "sweet melody," but at the same time he brings to our attention other works (often little known) which prove their

integrity, even to our own disenchanting generation. He reminds us that romanticism was the answer to another world shake-up, a protest and a struggle for new forms, as outrageous to the classical world as our contemporary dissonances are to most older ears. His own bias is evident in his expressed hope that music will again turn to an interest in melodic development.—*Carol Seeley*. Temple, New Hampshire.

✱ Louis Réau. *L'art roumain*. Paris. Larousse. 1946. 108 pages + 48 plates.—A historical outline of Roumanian art, rather than an appreciation. M. Réau has listed the successive invasions which had their influence on nation and art alike. Most strongly he links Roumania to the Latin countries, through the persistence of an early Roman occupation, and also to the east through the Greek religion. The art was Byzantine and religious until the middle of the nineteenth century: we catch an exotic glimpse of curiously painted churches with great overhanging eaves, twisted columns, and murals of stiff, richly costumed figures.

Modern Roumanian art, shifting rapidly to a French influence, is less interesting. M. Réau writes with scientific aridity, and an art book always suffers from poor illustrations. It is to be regretted that a relatively untouched subject such as this should not be as *séduisant* as the publishers declare this book to be.—*Carol Seeley*. Temple, New Hampshire.

✱ Tristan Rémy. *Les clowns*. Paris. Grasset. 1945. 487 pages. 390 fr.—Rémy's history records all the famous circus clowns known in France since the Englishman Astley opened his Equestrian Theatre in Paris in 1774. Influenced somewhat by Harlequin of the *Commedia dell'arte*, these French comic grotesques were nevertheless quite original in their make-up and their tricks. Numerous illustrations show the gradual evolution of the clown's mask, with

its exaggeratedly large mouth, high forehead, and crooked eyebrows, and of his baggy costume, adopted and individualized by the most famous of movie actors.

M. Rémy almost overwhelms his reader with details about the lives of the men he celebrates, of whom Grock and the Fratellini are probably the most famous. His history is so well documented, complete with footnotes and index, that it is presumably definitive for more than the century and a half it covers.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✱ René Guillot. *Contes de la brousse fauve*. Paris and Grenoble. Arthaud. 1945. 235 pages. 120 fr.—The vast and teeming continent of Africa is a mysterious puzzle, a challenge to archaeologist, historian, geologist, sociologist. Several collections of its folktales and legends have been made; none that I know is as revealing and living as this one. The author has lived in Africa for twenty years; he has come under the spell of the land; he has entered into its soul, as shown by his novel *Histoire d'un Blanc qui s'était fait Nègre* and several other volumes.

Negroes are endowed with a keen poetic sense and a talent for colorful imagery. M. Guillot has most ably transmuted these into French, for instance: "les nuits qui ont peur chez les hommes, . . . les fleurs dont le parfum endort le mal et blanchit l'âme. Dans les hautes branches où il reste un peu de vent bleu . . . sifflant dans le bambou creux qui jette au loin des sons ronds comme des perles."

It is comforting to see that the old and distinguished firm of Arthaud has weathered the tempest and is again producing publications of merit.—*Jeanne d'Ucel*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✱ Henri Michaux. *Tu va être père* ("vendu sous cape à Paris"). n.d. 32 pages.—For those who consider Henri Michaux the most significant of living French poets (and there are many particularly among the younger generation

who do) this little text, issued clandestinely in an edition of 300 copies in 1943, will have considerable importance. It represents a distillation, a quintessence of what we might call Michaux's anti-humanism. This is undoubtedly the rarest item of a bibliography now difficult of access. This curious little volume expresses an active hatred for this "larve qui ne lâche pas et poursuit son existence aveuglement, plus laid qu'un ancêtre de

singe, plus gluant qu'une poule. . . ."
—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

"The School of the Pythagoreans were the first to champion the scientific division of the year into four seasons [instead of two], and the first poet to give this division a place in literature was Euripides, who was a natural innovator. . . ."—René Gustin, in *Les Etudes Classiques*, Liège, Belgium.

Books in Spanish

(For other Books in Spanish, see "Head-Liners")

✧ Pío Baroja. *Desde la última vuelta del camino. Memorias. I: El escritor según él y según los críticos. II: Familia, infancia y juventud. III: Final del siglo XIX y principios del XX*. Madrid. Biblioteca Nueva. 1945. 318, 415, and 367 pages. 10, 12, and 12 ptas.—Pío Baroja has never attracted much notice in this country, and though he has continued to pour out his readable and stimulating books without paying much attention to the political, social, and economic upheavals that have gone on around him, most Spaniards and most foreigners alike have been too deeply absorbed in the practical problems of our troubled generation to know or care what the old man was writing while the rest of the world was doing and suffering. If our world ever settles into normal living again, Baroja will probably be rediscovered. In spite of his gloomy philosophy, it is likely that his ability to construct his own world has kept him relatively immune to the miseries which have afflicted his neighbors. Of the eighty or ninety volumes which he has published in his industrious seventy-five years, these three collections of memories are not the least important. The first is an easy-going record of what others have said about his writings, set against what he himself thinks of them.

Then come two volumes of ambling memoirs, always interesting and always more or less serene. Rather particularly piquant is the final section, which consists of personal recollections and judgments of other writers: Juan Valera, Pérez Galdós, Echegaray, Pardo Bazán, Blasco Ibáñez, Palacio Valdés, Unamuno, Benavente, the Quinteros, Valle-Inclán, Blanco Fombona, Rubén Darío, and dozens more.

A pleasing and prevailingly good-humored memoir, then, though not without dogmatism. The most modest and insouciant of writers could not indite a thousand pages without declaring a philosophy. Don Pío's? Fatalism. As applied to writers, it may be picked up at various points, but it is definitely formulated on the last page: "Renovarse o morir es una frase ridícula, una patochada. Nadie se renueva y todo se repite . . . come dice el gran poeta Lucrecio: *Ver-samus ibidem atque insumus usque* . . ." But Pío Baroja still writes zestfully and he is still zestful reading.—*H. K. L.*

✧ José Bravo Ugarte. *Compendio de historia de México*. México. Jus. 1946. 293 pages.—Father Bravo Ugarte, a capable and decided Jesuit priest, published a two-volume history of Mexico in 1941, and this one is more or less a

condensation of the other. If there are any debatable issues in Mexican history, they do not appear in this dry, admirably clean-cut, and systematic exposition. The first page is characteristic of the whole: "El difícil problema del origen del hombre americano necesita *plantearse* adecuadamente, sin complicarlo en inútiles cuestiones. Y así, no debe preguntarse v. gr. ¿cómo *pudo* poblarse América? ... sino ... ¿de dónde *procede* el hombre americano? ... El monogenismo humano ... la exclusión de la evolución ... y la menor antigüedad del americano con relación al euroasiático, prueban el *extranjerismo* del hombre americano en América."

The position of a Mexican priest on all large problems, local and international, is almost infallibly predictable, from the Creation to the Constitution of 1917. But as a source of concrete information, this well-organized little manual is perfect.—H. K. L.

✠ Hernando Colón. *Vida del Almirante don Cristóbal Colón*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 343 pages.—This edition of the life of Columbus is one of the *Cronista de Indias* series of the Biblioteca Americana, which was projected and launched by the late Pedro Henríquez Ureña. The foreword and notes are the work of Ramón Iglesia of the University of Wisconsin. It is based on the Venetian edition of 1571, though account is taken also of the text of Rinaldo Caddeo. The traditional Spanish title, *Historia del Almirante*, was changed by the editor to *Vida del Almirante* to conform more closely to the Italian title. Hernando Colón's life of his father has aroused a storm of controversy down through the centuries, but the biography is still of prime importance for an understanding of one of the makers of history. This edition is an admirable piece of work. In choice of titles, and in care and competence of execution, the Fondo de Cultura books are among the very best that Latin

America is producing.—Lowell Dunham. University of Oklahoma.

✠ Pedro de Rivadeneira. *Vida de Ignacio de Loyola*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 261 pages. \$2.25 m-arg.—Many of the Spanish saints are immediately attractive, but there is something a little cold and forbidding about St. Ignatius of Loyola. This is partly due to the reserve which is ingrained in the Basque character. This renders all the more acceptable a Life by one who was very close to St. Ignatius and can thus in some measure break down the reserve and give us little intimate touches, as when we are told that he loved poverty but disliked dirt or that he would lose his temper badly if anyone suggested that his portrait should be painted. Even those who are well acquainted with the story of the early years, the life at Manresa, Salamanca, Paris, and Rome, will find pleasure and profit in rereading this Life by Rivadeneira which requires no introduction and in this edition has none. The style of course is purest Castilian, as becomes a native of Toledo. The first edition of a long line was published in 1583, when the author, who lived to be 84, was 57 years old. It was his own translation, with some additions, from his Latin Life (1572). It was the decade in which Spanish prose came into its own with the first works of Luis de León and Cervantes, the beginning of a century of magnificent prose of which Rivadeneira may thus be accounted one of the forerunners.—Aubrey F. G. Bell. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✠ Enrique Dickmann. *Población e inmigración*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1946. 163 pages. \$4 m-n.—Dr. Enrique Dickmann, a naturalized Argentine of Lithuanian origin, has been one of the leading socialists in his adopted country, both as a national deputy and as editor of the daily newspaper *La Vanguardia*. It is natural that he should believe that Argentina's greatness is the result of its flow of immigrants, and that he should urge measures to encourage their con-

tinued influx. The Argentine origin of his ideas is to be found in Alberdi, whose dictum "to govern is to populate" has Dickmann's hearty approval. Socialist Dickmann agrees with the nationalists that Argentina must strive to achieve a population of one hundred million, but it is doubtful if the nationalists would agree that only a direct attack on the problem of large estates can make this possible.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Rafael Larco Herrera. *Hacia un congreso americano de hombres libres*. Trujillo, Perú. Rimac. 1947. 359 pages.—Doctor Larco, valiant advocate of Pan Americanism, has already published *América en las trincheras de la democracia*, now followed by a volume of which the first chapter deals with several Pan American tours between 1941 and the present. Then come essays concerned with continental unity and steps which might secure it, based on Bolívar's ideals. Chapter VII, looking at the American realities of 1947, is followed by another thought-provoking essay on efforts of the United Nations for world peace, but as the author points out in the appendix, the Americas can look after their own affairs if the rest of the world shuns co-operation.

Many photos, including pictures of art treasures presented by the author to the Lima Museum and snapshots taken during his tour, are scattered through the volume.—*W. K. J.*

✧ Rodolfo Moreno. *Más allá del Oriente*. Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1946. 309 pages. \$6 m-n.—Rodolfo Moreno was for a considerable period Argentine ambassador to Japan where, as a resident for several years ending in 1942, he saw with his own eyes the nazification of the country and her part in the early stages of the war. Written in a strikingly modest and objective tone, without pretentious philosophizing, psychologizing, or vaticination, the book

presents no startling revelations and solves no tremendous problems. But its sedate and simple pages are crammed with facts, presented now and then with a quaint didacticism which suggests the elementary textbook, but often whimsical and amusing, occasionally startling, and almost always interesting. The author's general attitude toward Japan is impressively resumed in this concluding sentence: "Aspiro a que el mundo no pierda las calidades nobles del Nipón, deseo que se mantengan los ideales de arte, belleza, cortesía, lealtad, valor y justicia, y anhelo, también, que desaparezcan del escenario como barridos por tifones, terremotos y avalanchas, los efectos del militarismo guerrero. salvaje y destructor."—*H. K. L.*

✧ Luis Reissig. *Educación para la vida nacional*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1946. 186 pages. \$5 m-n.—Reissig makes a valiant attempt to break through traditional Latin American culture to a practical education for life in the world of today. Thought is only in action. All thought has a political orientation. Culture is the product of actual life related to the soil and to human labor and the interrelations of men. And the true interests of all, in public life, become sooner or later the dominant interests of private life. Education, therefore, must prepare—through the elementary schools to the university—for objective citizenship and its obligations. "The schools of Argentina have not been schools of democracy." That is what they must become.

The theory is excellent. Practice is, as Goethe said, a tree of a different color. Our author might take comfort if he knew the battle of North American education in this very field. Plato was poignantly aware of the problem and placed the training of men for their various stations in public life on the basis of a totalitarian state. The struggle continues. But the problem has once more been well stated.—*John F. C. Green*. McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

✧ Alberto Rembao. *Democracia trascendente*. Buenos Aires. Aurora. 1945. 226 pages.—This book is difficult to review if one does not share Señor Rembao's unshakable faith in Christianity. Through this very reasonable and non-partisan discussion are scattered such declarations as "World democracy must be based on the Christian religion." What about the Mohammedans, the Buddhists, and the millions of agnostics who will be part of this new democracy?

Otherwise, his points are well taken. He claims that in the new world order we must rid ourselves once and for all of two insidious superstitions: (1) Capitalism, which no longer exists. (2) Nationalism, which never had a sound foundation. But words like "capitalism," "cartel," and "international bankers" are so useful in frightening the ignorant into following another superstition, Marxism, that discarding them will be difficult. We of the West will find it hard to prove that our Christianity as practiced today is any more effective or less moribund than Marxism, Mohammedanism, and other faiths. We also agree with Señor Rembao on the subject of nationalism; but what is one to do in the Balkans?

This reviewer realizes that he has an advantage in evaluating a book written in 1945 in the light of events in 1947. But he feels that many writers on this subject overlook the advantages that would accrue from a complete melting down of crystallized names and rituals, which would reveal that they all have a common base which for convenience we may call humanism, and which in the fluid state would be more intelligible and more acceptable to the human mind everywhere.—*Pieter H. Kolléwijn*. Berkeley, California.

✧ Azorín. *Rivas y Larra*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 166 pages. \$1.50 m-arg.—There is often more in Azorín's writing than meets the first view, and it is therefore profitable to re-

read him. *Rivas y Larra*, written over thirty years ago, is not the best nor the best known of Azorín's works, but it is very characteristic. We see him here, the diligent trifler, ever in the margin of life, or rather of literature, composing his charming and definite sketches of men and nature.

Commenting on the commentators, he brings fresh life into the dusty places; his marginal notes do not choke the page, they lighten it. He underlines the romantic absurdities of Rivas but forgives them for his love of color and detail. He analyzes the analytical Larra, delicately probing the works of the watch and setting it ticking with new zest, to the satisfaction of the reader, who feels that between them Larra and Azorín (both in a sense foreigners) have not quite understood Spain or Castille (they are both *madrileños* to the core): yet another instance of what Larra called the "quasi-ness" of Spain. It is characteristic of Azorín that he will write about wines but does not drink them. His judgments are always sober and they are always worth examining, even if they sometimes fail to convince. Larra and Rivas met for a moment in politics and for another moment in literature, when Larra wrote a notice of the duke's play *Don Alvaro*. Rivas, the romantic exile, lived to a green old age; Larra shot himself when he was twenty-eight. Had he lived he would probably have outgrown his youthful pessimism, or rather the disillusion of youth's optimism.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Concha Meléndez. *La inquietud sosegada. Poesía de Evaristo Ribera Chevreumont*. Río Piedras. Universidad de Puerto Rico. 1946. 123 pages.—The talented University of Puerto Rico scholar and critic, whose *Novela indianista* has been widely quoted, whose studies of Amado Nervo and Pablo Neruda are standard works on these writers, and whose fascinating travel book *Entrada en el Perú* was pleasantly reviewed by Rafael Heliodoro Valle in our Winter

number for 1944, is a hearty admirer of her fellow-islander, the many-faceted poet Ribera Chevrement. These nine chapters of analysis of his art were presumably born as lectures at the University. Concha Meléndez is more impressionistic than dogmatic, and she never comes nearer a definite characterization of Ribera's poetic personality than in her title and in her portrayal of the sensitive poet as "caminando silencios(o) en el estrépito cruel de nuestro tiempo. . . ." She quotes generously from his 14 volumes, such gems as the finely evocative:

Es Castilla en su silencio,
toda la faz polvorienta
llena de gritos de sol
y de moscas de la venta. . .

and the ecstatic outburst:

Yo soy un árbol,
tú eres un árbol.
Ya recogemos
ramas y ramos.
Somos un árbol.
¡No más que un árbol!

—H. K. L.

✱ Ermilo Abreu Gómez. *Un loro y tres golondrinas*. México. Letras de México. n.d. 83 pages. \$3 m-n.—The "parrot" is a poor, wandering, self-styled genius, whose mind is a confused mixture of scraps from European poets and dramatists which he has put together in a tragedy of incest and death, shocking to the provincial actors who only consent to produce it because its author assures them it is the latest thing. The slender little farce built around this traditional character is chiefly amusing in its satire of local types, not Mexican merely. The ignorant mayor and his secretary, the Governor of the province who appears in the last act as *deus ex machina*, the elderly flirt who adores the "genius," the sweet clear-eyed ingénue, all the stock figures of comedy are here to offer tempting roles to amateurs and professionals alike. As in Shaw's *Fanny's First Play*, though at a distance, Abreu Gómez gets in a few digs at himself as well as at some of his contemporaries, not seriously but all in fun, as fits the

atmosphere of this little piece.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✱ Demetrio Aguilera Malta and Willis Knapp Jones. *Sangre azul. Comedia en tres actos*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1947. 42 2-col. pages.—This bit of international collaboration is a vivacious contribution to the cause of international harmony. The work of a talented Ecuadorian educator and writer and an energetic member of *Books Abroad's* staff who teaches Spanish in Miami University, writes fiction, plays, poems, textbooks, travel books, essays, and has spent a good deal of time in Latin America, it is a cheerful, playable little piece which faces other problems besides the one of casehardened aristocracy suggested by the title. A family from Ohio comes in contact with a Guayaquil family, and the elder members of the two clans are over-inclined to see faults and ignore virtues, till the younger members smooth the way to understanding by falling in love with pleasing symmetry (Ohio youth with Ecuador señorita, young Latin with Gringo maiden), and so beautifully that the old folks come to realize that good will can bridge the widest chasms of tradition and prejudice.

Being a play with a purpose, it would not be fair to judge this piece by exacting literary canons. It is standardized North American sweetness and light, and one wonders how Aguilera Malta, the young lion who roared so indignantly in *Don Goyo* and *Canal Zone*, was persuaded to purr so gently here. We learn that the Pan American Union is publishing the play in large English, Spanish, and Portuguese editions, so that young student actors in a dozen countries will soon be pouring its oil on the troubled waters of international relations.—R. T. H.

✱ Serafín y Joaquín Álvarez Quintero. *Teatro completo*. Vol. XXXV. Madrid. Espasa-Calpe. 1946. 307 pages. 18 ptas.—For the better part of half a century, amid wars and revolutions, we

could be certain of a yearly *comedia* from the pen of the brothers Alvarez Quintero, each *comedia* as light and charming as a melting *azucarillo* and filled with Spanish laughter. For these authors always denied that either Seville or the Andalusian was sad, although a traditional tragic sense might underlie the gaiety. Incidentally, one may inquire why in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the laughter of Cervantes, Tirso de Molina, and Santa Teresa should have continued to come to us from Spain in these plays, in the novels of Palacio Valdés, in the short stories of Alarcón, if, as Mr. Thomas Craven has lately informed the world, there is no life nor joy nor humanity in the Spanish soul. This volume has a note to say that the collection will enrich itself with new works by the talented playwrights, but now the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken. We must content ourselves with what they have left us and find indeed that, slight as seemed each individual play, the whole collection represents a considerable contribution to modern literature. The present volume contains *Rondalla* (1928), *Los duendes de Sevilla* (October 1929), and *Cien comedias y un drama* (November 1929), and they have the sparkling vivacity which marked almost all the work of the Alvarez Quintero and at the same time saved them from monotony.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Emilio S. Belaval. *Cuentos para fomentar el turismo*. San Juan. Autores Puertorriqueños. 1946. 133 pages. \$1.—Emilio S. Belaval, one of the leaders of the Puerto Rico New Deal political party, has been as active in letters as in politics. As a writer, he first came into prominence with the publication of *Cuentos de la Universidad*, which brought forth both praise and violent protests. *Cuentos para fomentar el turismo* is the satirical title of a collection of ten short stories dealing with the Puerto Rican *jibaros*. It portrays the deep psychological struggle which goes

on in the Puerto Rican soul between two worlds, the *jibaro's* own Spanish world and that of the Anglo-Saxon. The stories are permeated with that tone of frustration which is so often evident among the Puerto Rican intelligentsia, a feeling induced by the gigantic and hopeless economic problems that face the country. Many have been hopeful that the tourists would contribute a solution. Belaval has his doubts.

The folk language used in the stories is a veritable mine for the Spanish philologist.—*Lowell Dunham*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Arturo Capdevila. *Consumación de Sigmund Freud*. Buenos Aires. Sud-americana. 1946. 133 pages. \$3 m-n.—Capdevila decides that art owes Freud some token of gratitude. Being the successful author of *La Sulamita*, *Zincali*, and *El amor de Schahrazada*, he decides, perhaps unwisely, on the dramatic form for his tribute. The opening scene discloses Freud as the commander of a ship exploring regions hitherto unknown to man, and carrying as passenger a beautiful woman, Srta. Alma (Miss Soul). Seldom has a play begun more inauspiciously, and yet somehow the fiasco is not complete. In this first section, whose purpose is to make clear Freud's courage against the resistance, both internal and external, to his ideas, Capdevila succumbs to all the horrible temptations proffered to writers of expressionistic plays. But in the second section, which is superior to the rest of the book, the representation of Freud's sudden understanding of the magnitude of his own discovery could have been expanded into a finished drama, into a modern Oedipus with overtones. The third section represents, in a comparatively realistic manner, the first impact, almost too obvious to require statement, of Freud's ideas on his patients and on the society around him. It is doubtful if the play will go farther than the reading public, which is always second choice, or at best a stepping stone, for the dramatist. Cap-

devila in dramatic eulogy of Freud never approaches the heights of Capdevila in prose eulogy of Cordoba.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

Novelas ejemplares. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 659 pages. \$6.50 m-n.—With this volume the sterling *Biblioteca Emecé* reached 64 titles, of which some 25 are Spanish originals, a dozen are French, nearly as many English and American, half a dozen Russian, and the remainder German, Italian, Greek, Latin, and Portuguese. The *Novelas ejemplares* of Cervantes have been more highly valued by the intellectuals than by the general reader. The jacket of this edition quotes Fitzmaurice-Kelly's declaration that if Cervantes had written nothing else besides these fourteen "long shorts" he would still have been the greatest of Spanish novelists, as well as Paul Groussac's conjecture that Cervantes may have planned to make an additional "long short" of the *Quixote* as a sort of companion-piece to *El Licenciado Vidriera*. In that event the world is much richer for his change of plan. But the "exemplary novels" are genuinely exemplary, and this compact but handsome edition, with its penetrating little introduction by Jorge Luis Borges, its nutshell-bibliography and its rather extensive bibliography, including the leading languages, is a worthy addition to a distinguished series.—*H. K. L.*

✧ Fabián Dobles. *Aguas turbias*. San

José de Costa Rica. Trejos. 1943. 400 pages.—Fabián Dobles Rodríguez, lawyer, poet, and novelist, twice winner of national awards in qualifying competitions for the Farrar and Rinehart prize, can write a thrilling romantic novel. This story of the love of the moonshiner, roisterer, and murderer Moncho for the respectable middle-class maiden Graciela Bermúdez, of her father's hostility to him, of his mother's jealousy of Graciela, of vicissitudes which prompt Moncho to remark that "el mundo era como las

aguas turbias," is excitingly readable though at some junctures a little abrupt and confusing, and has fine descriptive passages. There is a helpful vocabulary of Costa Rican localisms.—*R. Tyson Wyckoff*. Springfield, Missouri.

✧ Concha Espina. *El más fuerte*.

Madrid. Aguilar. 1947. 382 pages. 35 ptas.—It is exactly twenty years since the King and Queen of Spain unveiled a statue of Doña Concha Espina at Santander. These twenty years seem more like two centuries in the history of Spain, and it is a peculiar pleasure to welcome a new work from an author who was so well known and widely read before the Revolution. This new novel, which will bring the total of her complete works up to thirty-six (the manuscripts of three of her novels fell into the hands of the Spanish Communists and were destroyed), has the qualities which have earned for its author almost every honor which can come in the way of a fortunate writer. Its characters are clearly drawn, the style is pure and *castizo* without affectation and, although the plot is trivial, a mild and very pleasant interest in this story of the life of a Castilian advocate and his family is well sustained from the first page to the last. But for many readers of Spanish the principal charm of the novel will consist in its Castilian prose, which in the author's earliest works occasionally wore a stilted and artificial air but here, in these short and substantial sentences, has the nervous concentration, the difficult simplicity, and the sureness of a master hand. It is what we might call a practical prose. There is no fine writing; each sentence is apposite and pertinent.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Augusto d'Halmar. *Cristián y yo*.

Santiago de Chile. Nascimento. 1946. 397 pages.—The Chilean writer Augusto Thomson chose the pen-name D'Halmar to show his admiration for his French models, particularly Daudet.

Under this pseudonym he has had notable success. Besides his translations into Spanish, he has published twenty-four original works, many of which have been translated into English, French, Portuguese, Russian, or German. This collection of forty-seven short stories brings together rather minor items which appeared over the course of the years in magazines such as *Zig-Zag*. If the reader does not enjoy meditations disguised as fiction, he will not find this volume as easy to read as some of D'Halmar's better-known stories. But it has real charm.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Pedro Leandro Ipuche. *Cuentos del fantasma*. Montevideo. Ceibo. 1946. 182 pages.—The author of this book, which is to our taste one of the best of the contemporary product, is equally skilful with poetry and with prose. He was born in the country, and he knows rural Uruguay well. His book is rich in emotional significance, in plasticity, in psychological depth, and in the skill with which it reproduces happenings and atmospheres. He had already proved his talent in his admirable *Isla Patrulla*, published in 1935, which remains one of the best narrative works Uruguay has produced. Now, these twenty-one *Cuentos del fantasma* prove once more the excellent merits of his prose, the originality of his vision, his profound sensitivity, his sturdy Americanism. His human figures—some of them are Negroes—are traced with vigor and have the feel of stylized etchings.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Rosario de Padilla. *Antología de poetas costarricenses*. San José. Tribuna. 1946. 276 pages.—This courageous young poet and anthologist has done a rather important piece of work. She has not been over-exacting in the matter of quality, so that, as she herself phrases it, "... este ramillete del jardín costarricense no tiene sólo flores. . . ."—her rose-garden has more brambles than

rose-bushes. But it is so in nature, and there is something spontaneous and generous about this disorder, all the more as some of the roughest of these brambles bear sweet blackberries. And there is a good deal of consistently good poetry here. Roberto Brenes Mesén wrote real poetry, as do the librarian Moisés Vincenzi and the fine old man of affairs, journalist, and agriculturalist José María Zeledón. The compiler herself can dash off engaging verses, even though, or perhaps because, as she puts it, "Sus versos los hace espontáneamente sin medida." She has anthologized nearly seventy poets and near-poets, and her little biographies of them are very engaging. Northwestern University, in Evanston, may not be flattered by her breezy declaration that the late Don Roberto Brenes Mesén "estuvo muchos años en Chicago donde trabajó en un Colegio de Idiomas." But there is a lot of more precise information here, and much inspiration.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Arturo Torres Rioseco. *Elegías*. México. Imprenta Barrié. 1947. 31 pages.—The well-known Chilean critic, scholar, and poet has published four collections of verses, as well as the long poem *Canto a España viva*. Of all these, *Elegías* seems to this reviewer the richest in lyrical strength and emotional depth. In this collection the poems *Elegía primera* and *Yo lo llamé traición* are so perfect in form and rich in emotion that to find their equal in modern Spanish poetry one has to go back to early Neruda. Perhaps the secret of the great lyrical force of *Elegías* lies in the poet's successful conversion of a deep, personal sorrow into rhythms and metaphor without ever forgetting the claims of form.—*Manuel Olguín*. University of California at Los Angeles.

✧ Alberto Giordano. *Cien músicos de América*. Buenos Aires. Morán. 1946. 347 pages. \$6 m-n.—The idea of a reference work which would furnish the most necessary information about a

considerable number of American musicians, past and present, was a happy one. It would have been impossible, in an average of three pages per musician, to do more than outline a biography, list a few of the most important productions, and indicate the salient characteristics of the composer's work. Unfortunately Señor Giordano has not been consistently careful to do this last. He has given 22 pages to Heitor Villa-Lobos, which probably is as it should be. But his generosity to the great Brazilian has limited him to one-page notes on other meritorious composers, some of which are almost empty of information. It is not unnatural, if scarcely justifiable, that he takes 96 pages for the listing of 33 Argentines as against 16 pages for 11 composers from the United States. We had it coming to us, though Señor Giordano professes perfect objectivity. The U. S. A. has certainly published several times as much music as all the rest of the continent put together, yet we are here adjudged less than one-twentieth of the space. Most of our "music" is trash, granted. But the best of it ranks with the best of other countries. Our greatest composers are almost all absent from this meager North American roster. We are convinced that this book would have been many times more useful as a Pan American gesture (which it declares itself to be), as well as a work of reference, if it had made a more serious effort to choose its North American musicians judiciously and present them adequately.—R. T. H.

✱ Arturo Serrano Plaja. *Escultura española*. Rosario. Rosario. 1946. 122 pages. \$10 m-n.—For every hundred books on Spanish architecture it is difficult to find one on Spanish sculpture. The reason is perhaps partly that sculpture grew up as the anonymous handmaid of architecture: the first great individual name to appear is that of Mestre Mateo in the twelfth century. In any case any addition to the slender stock is welcome, even if, as in the present book,

it ends with the eighteenth century and thus excludes the work of Mariano Benlliure, Julio Antonio, and other Spanish sculptors who have won a well-earned celebrity. Although it passes over the work of foreign sculptors in Spain too summarily, since many of them became as thoroughly acclimatized as El Greco himself, it does justice to the work of Joigny, who in Spain became Juan de Juni, and to the beautiful workmanship of the Castilian Berruguete, the Galician Gregorio Hernández and the Andalusian Martínez Montañés. Four short chapters to deal with a subject so vast and fascinating as the development of Spanish sculpture during ten centuries is very short commons, but the criticism is fresh and interesting, although sometimes clumsily expressed. In referring to the work of Domenico Fancelli and his Spanish follower Ordóñez, mention should have been made of the lovely tomb at Avila as well as of the work at Alcalá and Granada. The eighty illustrations in the text include an excellent photograph of the tomb of Vázquez de Arce (one of the glories of Renaissance art) in Sigüenza Cathedral, and the Lady of Elche figures as a frontispiece.—Aubrey F. G. Bell. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Narciso Alonso Cortés. *El teatro en Valladolid*. Valladolid. Imprenta Castellana. 1947. 360 pages. 12 ptas.—In 1923 Dr. Cortés published a study of the history of the theater in his native city, from its beginnings in a corral probably constructed by Lope de Rueda in 1558, to the end of the 18th century. In the present volume he has carried his investigations through the 19th. Strangely enough, as he complains, he found fewer documents for the contemporary theater than for the earlier history, because of lack of newspapers. He suggests, however, for later researchers, the possibility of locating more material in Madrid collections.

His scheme is to report, by quoting magazine and newspaper articles, the

theatrical activity in El Teatro, Valladolid's only playhouse till 1861, and then to narrate the activities of the other theaters by ten-year periods, giving lists of plays, profits from each performance, casts of characters, etc. Some idea of the extent of Dr. Cortés' investigations may be gained by observing that the index contains nearly 3,000 entries.—*Willis K. Jones*. Miami University.

✧ Armando de María y Campos. *Memoria de teatro*. México. Ediciones Populares. 1946. 174 pages.—A selection from the columns of the drama critic covering the period 1943–1945. Similar collections of his work have appeared earlier in his *Presencias de teatro* in 1937, and his *Crónicas de teatro de hoy* in 1941. The articles are strangely lacking in the stylistic grace which is often the sole virtue of Mexican essayists. To compare one of these *crónicas* with one by Gutiérrez Nájera, for example, is fatal. However, Armando de María y Campos has undergone the concentrated and continuous exposure to theater which is the chief factor in the formation of a good drama critic. Montoya's interpretation is not judged in a vacuum but is measured against that of Quiroga or Bernhardt, and accordingly exalted or found wanting. Readers would appreciate more stories like that of why La Montoya suddenly chose to present *La locura del amor*, but María y Campos apparently considers them in the province of the gossip columnist rather than of the drama critic. His harshest criticism is directed justly against the pseudo-Peruvian Inka Taky company. Jouvet's season at Bellas Artes leads María y Campos to outline the history of Molière in Mexico, beginning with the productions by the priest Hidalgo. Interesting material is given on Francisco Neve, the neglected author of *La llorona*, that classic of the Mexican stage. Lope's popularity in Mexico is traced from the presentation of one of his plays in Aztec in 1640 by a descendant of the kings of Texcoco. Whatever

the faults of *Memoria* may be, the book is welcome, for there has been no other formal chronicle of the contemporary theater.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Jorge del Busto Naveiro. *El idioma inglés*. La Habana. Con el Autor. 1947. 142 pages. \$1.50.—This book is dedicated to the graduates of the Special English Centers of Cuba and also to those who wish to continue their study of the English language or literature. Therefore, difficulties, common errors, and interesting cases which are presented in the use of that language are pointed out. Since it is unfair to impute defects or inconsistencies to a language without allowing for stylistic differences, comparisons are made with similar cases in other languages.

In the chapter devoted to grammar it was not intended to make an exhaustive analysis but to refer to the classifications and irregularities which are met daily, and in the one devoted to pronunciation there is special attention to some cases which are useful to those interested in mastering the English language. Phonetics are mentioned for the value which they have for further study and for the explanation which they offer for modifications of a historical character, which helps to understand the apparently unreasonable pronunciation of some words.

For those who like literature and also for those who know only the outstanding names in English literature, there is as complete a list as possible of the principal English-speaking writers and their most noteworthy works. Basic English has also been noticed because of the importance which it has lately acquired.

Something about the study of English in Cuba, including a program of entrance examinations and one of a course of study, has been added as well as some paragraphs about the situation of the teacher of English in Cuba from the legal point of view. Sr. Busto Naveiro has recently published also: *El ballet y su mú-*

sica and *Rigoletto: monografía de una ópera*.—Dr. Fermín Peraza. La Habana.

✠ Tomás Navarro. *Estudios de fonología española*. Syracuse. Syracuse University Press. 1946. 217 pages. \$2.—The eminent phonetician from Madrid, now at Columbia, continues his analysis of the Spanish language, adding in every book to his already rich classic *Pronunciación española*. He presents here a wealth of new data on the significant features of Spanish speech: phonemes, syllables, stress groups, pitch groups, intonation, accent, their types, distribution, their prevailing proportions. In doing so he not only includes present-day Spanish of Spain and the Americas but also the principal authors of the past. It is statistical, but nevertheless interesting and important. As we know, figures speak. That is true in linguistics too. For instance, the fact that the prevailing number of syllables per pitch unit is as high as 8 in Spanish is revealing of its rhythmic divergence from French where it is only 4. Thus it may be surprising to find two Romance languages so far apart. Less surprising perhaps will be the data showing that one third of all Spanish vowels ring the sound of *a*, for it does confirm the impression received by all listeners—especially those who do not know Spanish.

Professor Navarro's suave style serves him best when he analyzes the esthetics of the Spanish language, in the last chapter. There he finds true eloquence. Spanish is "grave, dignified, manly, and martial." Its syllables drop "as a rain of pearls over a fountain." In French you talk with men; in Spanish you "speak to God." Italian is Latin's daughter; Spanish is its son.—*Pierre Delattre*. University of Pennsylvania.

✠ Julio Camba. *Sobre casi todo*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 166 pages. \$1.50 m-arg.—In a book which cannot contain forty thousand words Camba provides us with seventy essays. They are therefore inevitably brief, but

they give him time to introduce the ironical twist which occasionally gives an irresistibly comic air to his subject. The subjects are certainly various, from pornographic literature (the blame for which he lays on the high-faluting literature which, being too exclusive, causes extremes to meet) to bull-fights, and from the Bible to frock-coats. Lord Templewood in his recent book states that the Spanish Falangists reduced a hundred thousand Bibles of the Bible Society to pulp, and he adds: "Spain has not changed." He might have added that the offensive manners of the distributors of the Bible have not changed since the days of George Borrow, who would have been delighted with Señor Camba's enthusiasm for the propagation of the Scriptures. "Whatever is done to spread the Bible seems to me well done," he says, and readers of *The Bible in Spain* know that that is not saying little. But Señor Camba is a master of the unexpected. His attitude throughout recalls that of Unamuno, who, after listening to the solemn speeches at a banquet, cried out with equal solemnity: "My brothers, let us *pray*."—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✠ Justino Cornejo. *Plumadas*. Quito. Ecuador. 1947. 180 pages. \$10 m-n.—Justino Cornejo, Ecuadorian teacher, patriot, and guardian of the purity of the Spanish language, gathers in one volume articles and radio talks on phases of Ecuadorian life and international problems, written between 1939 and 1945. His problems, like those of all Ecuadorian literary people, are set forth in his *Momento con el lector*: the lure of the foreign (which makes bookstores stock up on everything except national productions), the economic situation, and the coldness of readers. But the book, with the descriptions of various provinces of his country, set down by a stylist, gives the rest of the world an excellent idea of Ecuador.

Among the contents are apostrophes to Roosevelt and others, including the

Panamanian poet Miró, as well as articles on the Día de la Raza and on the 15th century expulsion of the Jews from Spain.—*W. K. J.*

✱ Gregorio Marañón. *Vocación y ética*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 151 pages. \$1.50 m-arg.—It is difficult to judge this volume from a literary point of view. Dr. Marañón is a born essayist, and his advice to doctors here presented will be of advantage to those of the medical profession who follow his excellent precepts, set forth with concision and clarity. It is perhaps curious that in his essay on the surgeon's art he makes no reference to the excessive number of operations and to the apparent fascination which the operating table exercises over certain temperaments. This essay is dated Toledo 1946; in an earlier paper he contrasts humanism and "encyclopaedism." One may be a humanist without learning and a pedantic erudite without a trace of humanism; but the humility of the true humanist will be more inclined to dress itself in the lovely vestments of the Greek and Latin literatures. The man of science, says Dr. Marañón, is not a complete man of science unless he is a *maestro integral*, instructing himself and instructing others, yielding himself to the artistic and literary currents which, far from obscuring or blunting his scientific genius, will sharpen it as the icy waters of the Tagus temper the steel blades of Toledo.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Hernando Téllez. *Diario*. Bogotá. Suramérica. 1946. 256 pages.—To repeat an overworked Goethean phrase, Hernando Téllez is a *schöne Seele*, a delicate soul whose profundity, sanity, and sweetness will probably never be appreciated except by other delicate souls. His earlier collections of meditations, *Inquietud del mundo* and *Luces en el bosque*, have been reviewed in *Books Abroad*, but this reviewer acknowledges, regretfully, that he knows much less about señor Téllez than he would like to

know. His publishers report that he has been characterized as "a European who through some error is writing in America." We can testify that before we had seen this *mot*, as we sat reading his penetrating diagnoses of soul-states the feeling grew on us, starting with the vaguest shadow of an inkling, that, for all his Latin maturity and deftness, he has a spiritual affinity with certain serious German essayists, such as for instance, Ernst Bacmeister—Bacmeister the playwright, who has also written such things as *Erlebnisse der Stille*. The Colombian is less didactic than the Westphalian, less puritanical, less heart-on-the-sleeve. But the sight of a Jewish child playing with an abandoned pack of cards in the lobby of a Bogotá hotel sets off in Téllez a chain of far-reaching musings, just as the sight of a vase of gentians reopening under an electric light moves the German to gentle moralizing which carries him far afield.

There are nearly fifty of the little papers. They are very different in tone—*El niño judío* and *El soldado americano* are very serious, *El mejor juguete* and *Divagaciones sobre las mapas* much less so—but they are all graceful without and thoughtful within. An English translation would not interest a great many readers, but it would interest some readers greatly.—*R. T. H.*

✱ León Benarós, ed. *Pájaros criollos*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1946. 140 pages + 18 plates. \$5 m-n.—From the tiny emerald humming-bird to the sedate black-and-white large condor, this small collection of illustrations, essays, verse, legends, superstitions, and encyclopedic information introduces the bird-lover to the birds of Central and South America, which are as colorful as their native lands are reputed to be. Particular favorites are the *quetzal* and *el siete colores*. Although not intended for the ornithologist, the collection includes a section of concise descriptions by Dr. Eduardo L. Holmberg. Other, more informal, descriptions are by Félix de

Azara. The verses of Leopoldo Lugones, Juan Burghi, and others imitate the songs and paint word pictures of several of these birds, some of which we know, such as the humming bird, thrush, cardinal; and include others not native to North America.

The illustrations are attractive enough

to be framed; the colored ones were taken from the atlas of Charles D'Orbigny's *Dictionnaire universel d'histoire naturelle*. The folklore, superstitions, and the two essays on the crowded-with-life swamp and on peach trees in bloom are enjoyable additions to the volume.—*B. G. D.*



Books in German

(For other Books in German, see "Head-Liners")

✧ Oskar Farner. *Huldrych Zwingli*. 2 vols. Zürich. Zwingli. 1946. 340 and vi+488 pages. 9.50 and 14.50 Sw. fr.—Professor Farner carries his account of Zwingli's life from his birth to the year 1520. The first volume, which lacks title-page and table of contents, was published, according to a bibliographical note in the second, in 1943. The author has carefully gathered and exhaustively discussed the sometimes meager evidence as to the reformer's life from both within and without his works. All too often, however, he admits surmise and assumption where his data fail him; *vielleicht*, *wohl*, and *mag* occur with a frequency alarming in a serious biography. One's confidence in Professor Farner's authority is restored, however, by his careful documenting of nearly sixty pages of notes.

It is unfortunate that information concerning Zwingli's ancestry and early years is scanty, for at the beginning the biographer feels obliged to pad his work with assumption and digression to a degree less noticeable as his work proceeds.

Professor Farner's passion for detail serves him better when he reaches the periods for which more information is available. To this layman, the biographer seems painstaking and fair within his partisan limits. American scholars in general will appreciate those sections which display the extent of Zwingli's

reading at different stages of his development. His acquaintance with the works of the early humanist Pico della Mirandola indicates a breadth of outlook which many who should know better sometimes deny to the genus reformer.—*John Paul Pritchard*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Robert Leibrand. *Dokumente des Bösen. 2: Buchenwald*. Stuttgart. Europa. 1946. 64 pages.—A former concentration camp inmate describes, for unbelieving Germans (of whom there seem to be many) the organization and horrors of Buchenwald as he himself experienced them. This is the second in a series of pamphlets which are widely distributed, but which unfortunately make such dismal and repetitious reading that even those who are ready to be convinced of their honesty can only with difficulty take them in large doses.—*Edouard Roditi*. OMGUS Liaison and Protocol, Germany.

✧ G. G. Gervinus. *Gegen die Politik der Selbstvernichtung: Denkschrift zum Frieden*. Haag an der Amper. Linck. 1946. 31 pages.—This reprint of a pamphlet first published in 1871 by a famous opponent of Bismarck's Prussian expansionism is still a powerful warning against the follies of German Imperialism, whatever its form. Reading

it today, one cannot help being struck by historical analogies.—*Edouard Roditi*. OMGUS Liaison and Protocol, Germany.

✧ Ludwig Binswanger. *Ausgewählte Vorträge und Aufsätze. I: Zur phänomenologischen Anthropologie*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 217 pages. 17.80 Sw. fr.—The well known German psychiatrist presents here some of the seasoned fruits of his philosophical and clinical research. These papers are a happy blend of sound theory and circumspect practice. As indicated by the sub-title, Binswanger makes use of his rich philosophical erudition and especially of his intimate familiarity with phenomenological and existential thinking to demonstrate the practical applicability of the phenomenological *Daseinsanalyse* to the vast field of anthropology in general and abnormal psychology in particular. He acknowledges his indebtedness to natural science and the scientific method as well as to Freudian psychoanalysis, but he offers a wholesome corrective to the inherent naturalism of both by integrating their true intuitions with a genuine Christian-humanistic anthropology and metaphysics. His interpretation of Heraclitus and of the Heraclitean categories of *Welt* and *Dasein* is thoroughly original and entirely convincing. Equally valid is his analysis of Heidegger's concept of transcendence and *Daseinsangst*, his ingenious confrontation of *Tiersein* and *Menschsein*, and the way in which he proposes to "transcend" Heidegger's "being-unto-death" in the categories of transcendental freedom and redeeming love.—*Kurt F. Reinhardt*. Stanford University.

✧ Fritz Buri. *Albert Schweitzer und unsere Zeit*. Zürich. Schriften zur Zeit. 1947. 53 pages.—In this lecture, delivered at the University of Zürich on Albert Schweitzer's 72nd birthday, the speaker declared his faith in Schweitzer's *Weltanschauung*. Buri, also the author of a larger study of *Christentum*

und Kultur bei Albert Schweitzer, lucidly presents a philosophy which strangely but impressively combines utter skepticism with regard to our understanding of the world with an optimistic affirmation of the possibility of building a workable system of ethics without a foundation in metaphysics and epistemology. Although we believe with Buri that Schweitzer has an important message for our time, we regret that the author has failed to demonstrate concretely that the ethic of "Reverence for Life" is as significant today as it was to its first readers twenty-five years ago.—*Kurt Bergel*. University of California, Los Angeles.

✧ Franz Kafka. *Parables*. New York. Schocken. 1947. 127 pages. \$1.50.—The Schocken Library of great Jewish writings is one of the most satisfying collections of recent years. Carefully selected, tastefully printed, furnished by the editors with just enough background to make them intelligible, they are stimulating reading for the thoughtful of all religions and none. These epigrammatic conclusions from the experiences of Abraham, Prometheus, the sirens, Alexander the Great, Sancho Panza, Robinson Crusoe, and others with original and translation facing each other, sound like quizzical paradoxes. One feels frequent affinities between Franz Kafka and two philosophical contemporaries, John Lardner and Ramón Gómez de la Serna. At bottom, of course, Kafka is as serious, and probably as constructive, as Kant or Plato. And the Schocken selection has confirmed this reviewer in a conviction which had been forming in him before. Kafka was fundamentally an optimist. Read the Robinson Crusoe paragraph on the last page. God helps those who help themselves. There is a God, God is kind to men, men are capable of fruitful collaboration with God.

The Schocken Books are to complete the work of making all Franz Kafka's writings available in English.—*R. T. H.*

✱ *Bekennnis zu Ernst Wiechert. Ein Gedenkbuch zum 60. Geburtstag des Dichters.* München. Desch. 1947. 202 pages + 3 plates.—As title and introduction of the little volume—a collection of some 38 appraisals, reminiscences, words of gratitude, greetings, and biographical sketches—state, it was compiled not only in honor of a great living poet, but also in recognition of Wiechert's ideas, summed up more or less aptly by the publishers as "active humanism" (*kämpferische Humanität*). Famous German poets, as Ricarda Huch, Hermann Hesse, Kasimir Edschmid, Johannes Becher, Hans Carossa, record their admiration. Emigrants who found new homes in other lands (England, Sweden, Luxembourg, Palestine, Argentina, America) testify to the consolation found in Wiechert's works. Men and women of England, Holland, Switzerland, France, America return sincere thanks to a man whom they consider a refuge and sublimation of German culture, seemingly lost during the last few years. His translators speak of their struggles to accomplish the task of making his spirit known to the world. Former students and other young people express touching gratitude. The various contributions, conceived in the spirit of Christian love, give foreign readers a chance to understand something of the "other" Germany, so often thought extinct, and on the other hand, help German readers get a glimpse of a world of the Allied nations of which they know far too little. The book fortifies those who believe that, eventually, it will be the spirit of Christian love and active humanism which will bridge those gulfs which so far have rendered impossible an understanding between the various factions. It is to be regretted that the message of this book cannot be carried by more than 5,000 copies.—*Elizabeth M. Mayer.* Stanford University.

✱ Georg Lukács. *Deutsche Literatur im Zeitalter des Imperialismus. Eine Uebersicht ihrer Hauptströmungen.* Berlin. Aufbau. 3rd ed., 1946. 71 pages.—This survey of German literature since 1890 concludes that German literary production in this period lacks intrinsic coherence with the social situation of its time. There are, it is true, exceptions: Fontane's *Schach von Wuthenow*, Heinrich Mann's *Der Untertan*, Thomas Mann's *Der Zauberberg* and *Lotte in Weimar*, Arnold Zweig's *Erziehung vor Verdun*, Johannes Becher's *Deutschland-Dichtung*. But by and large German literature floats in a vacuum and thus fails to accomplish its historical task, which is to serve society and humanity, to lead the movement toward genuine democracy. American, French, Scandinavian, English, Russian writers have done this. The works of Walt Whitman and Anatole France, Ibsen, Shaw, and Tolstoi are in this sense "great" literature as in former ages of German literature were those of Goethe, E. T. A. Hoffman, Gottfried Keller. One may not agree with all the author's contentions, which are presented cleverly and lucidly, but sometimes unconventionally or even paradoxically. But as a balance sheet of the German literature of the last six decades struck by an esthete, critic, and historian with a reputation of long standing, the study will interest all those who are interested in Germany's spiritual rehabilitation.—*Max Lederer.* Library of Congress.

✱ Martin Andersen-Nexö. *Die Kindheit.* Margarete Steffin and Bertold Brecht, trs. Berlin. Dietz. 1947. 284 pages. 4.60 mk.—J. H. W. Dietz is an old firm founded by a friend of the famous "old guard" of the Socialist Labor movement—Bebel, Wilhelm Liebknecht, Engels. The series of "socialist classics" published by Dietz prior to the rise of Hitler to power contained such standard works as Bebel's *Die Frau und der Sozialismus*, Kautsky's *Die Vorläufer und Ursprünge des Christentums*, Engel's *Der deutsche Bauernkrieg*, Mehring's *Die Lessinglegende*, and many others.

Risen from the ashes, Dietz has merged with two other houses and emerges as one of the most potent publishing houses of post-war Berlin. A new department of belles lettres and fiction has been added, and one of the first books of the latter department is the Dane's beautiful novel of his own childhood in the slums of Copenhagen harbor. The translation is exceptionally good and the printing perfect.

Besides this autobiographical novel, full of grim and somber tones but full also of an indomitable will to live, two more works by Nexö are scheduled for publication: the novel *Sühne* and the novelette *Der Lotterieschwede*.—F. C. Weiskopf. New York.

✧ Jakob Bühner. *Perikles*. Zürich. Limmat. 1946. 107 pages. 3.60 Sw. fr.—Another play which uses Greek characters to shadow forth modern worries and events. Bühner's leading figures are Pericles; his shrewish wife, Ismene; his mistress, Aspasia; Phidias; Sophocles; and Euripides. They all talk exactly alike, in a stiff blank verse, about peace and war—Bühner is against war—about art and life, love and death. Through the text are scattered a few reproductions of sculptures on the Parthenon, a structure which is in process of building throughout the play, but the pictures do little to deepen the effect of the tragedy or to interest a reader in its ideas.—Winifred Smith. Vassar College.

✧ Alma Holgersen. *Grossstadtlegende*. Wien. Amandus. 1946. 248 pages. 13.80 sch.—A novel of life in Vienna from the Anschluss till just before the Liberation. Not just another Underground story, but a touching account of two people's struggle for their integrity in a world full of violence and treason, and for survival throughout the famine, burning, and bombing of their city. Woven through the account of Nazi terrorism, the persecution of the Jews, and the devastation of Vienna, is the tragic love story of a fatalist whose pes-

simism robs him of the will and the energy to pull through, and a courageous young girl who, although inferior to her lover in brains and knowledge, manages to survive and be a help instead of a burden to others. The man dies, but the girl is saved from despair by heavy duties which leave her no time to think. This excellently written novel is a "must" for all readers who knew and loved Vienna in better days.—J. J. Strating. Amsterdam, Holland.

✧ Alexander Jackiewicz. *Der Magier*. Wien. Amandus. 1946. 261 pages. 12.80 sch.—A Polish Resistance novel in an excellent German translation. This vigorously written work tells the story of the relentless struggle of the Polish miners against their German masters. The book opens with a haunting account of a fatal accident in one of the pits, caused by sabotage; and thus skillfully launched, the story moves on swiftly to its climax. Though he has no obvious political axe to grind, the novelist manages to convey to his readers an impression of the merciless hatred of these miners toward their oppressors. Unlike most novels of the Underground, the book does not suffer from excessive idealization of its subject.—J. J. Strating. Amsterdam, Holland.

✧ J. F. Angelloz, ed. *Meisterwerke deutscher Lyrik*. Paris. Presses Universitaires. 1947. 259 pages. 200 fr.—This is a charming anthology, attractively printed and betraying unusual sensibility in its choice of poems. In his sympathetic preface Professor Angelloz invokes the magic realm of Orpheus of which Rilke sang in his sonnets:

Errichtet keinen Denkstein. Lasst die Rose
nur jedes Jahr zu seinen Gunsten blühn.
Denn
Orpheus ist's. . . .

This anthology is indeed a triumph of spirit over the material difficulties against which we have to battle. Lovingly selected and produced, it is accompanied by short yet lucid and useful biblio-

graphical as well as biographical notes. Professor Angelloz, whose research on Rilke and other German writers is well known, deserves our profound gratitude. His publication is and will remain a consolation in troubled years, and, at the same time, it reflects a detached and truly cultured mind.—*August Closs*. University of Bristol.

✂ Karl Wolfskehl. 1933. *A Poem Sequence*. New York. Schocken. 1947. 123 pages. \$3.50.—Since his early twenties Wolfskehl (born 1869) belonged to the hieratic *Stefan-George-Kreis* in Heidelberg. A bibliophile and scholar in the wide field of the history of books—several choice editions prove it—he is also an essayist and poet. The world-catastrophe of this year, innocently called *Machtübernahme*, created these poems written by the exiled poet in Italy in 1933 and 1934. These prayers to God, these revelations of God to hunted man, in the solemn, elevated style of strict Stefan-Georgian observance, are a tragic monument of spiritual greatness amidst a disgraced world. The congenial translation, on facing pages, by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz, who had already stood their test in interpreting Stefan George's poems, will help the English reader to appreciate the poet's work fully.—*Max Lederer*. Library of Congress.

✂ J. Alan Pfeffer. *German-English, English-German Dictionary of Everyday Usage. Handbuch der amerikanischen und deutschen Umgangssprache*. New York. Holt. New ed., 1947. xxvi+369+504 2-col. pages.—This useful dictionary was first published for use in the intensive courses in the Language Section of the Information and Education Division, A. S. F. It was issued by the American Council of Learned Societies in Washington, and we reviewed it in our Winter 1947 number, at page 96. The new Henry Holt edition is a reprint, with no alterations except on the title-page. The thin paper cover of the first

edition has, wisely, been replaced by a substantial cloth binding.—*R. T. H.*

✂ Emil J. Walter. *Erforschte Welt*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 325 pages.—A survey, at once clear and condensed, of the main achievements of the various natural sciences, astronomy, meteorology, geology (earth history), biology (evolution), and post-Newtonian physics. Crucial experiments and famous passages of the most important scientists are quoted in their own words. The appendix contains charts and diagrams of atomic particles and structures, of systems of elements and their qualities, of geological and glacial periods. Observed data and hypotheses are not always clearly distinguished.

It is a pity that the author thinks he has to "play philosopher." If all knowledge is confined to a "logical"—or is it a quantitative?—description of a given "stuff"—or is it an experience? (the difference between logical thinking and mathematical measuring is left as unclear as the relation between actual events and formulated observation)—then why not keep to this program, instead of pouring dangerous subjectivities into sentences that are, according to the assumption, nothing but "hot air"?—*Gustav Mueller*. University of Oklahoma.



Bollettino bibliografico internazionale is a very orthodox Catholic bibliographical quarterly published by the Associazione General Biblioteche, Via Grotta-perfetta 58, Rome, Italy.

Chronicle of Cultural Life in Hungary is a well printed illustrated bulletin published by the Cultural Section of the Hungarian Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Budapest. Written in excellent English, it carries reviews of Hungarian periodicals, on the theater, music, the cinema, on the opening of the new English Institute at the University of Budapest, etc.

Books in Various Languages

(For other Books in Various Languages, see "Head-Liners")

✧ Ssu-Yü Têng. *Conversational Chinese*. Chicago. University of Chicago Press. 1947. ix+441 pages. \$5.—This is probably the best available beginning Chinese textbook for Americans. In thoroughness and practical arrangement it is quite the equal of Lessing and Othmer's *Lehrgang der nordchinesischen Umgangssprache*. Following are its outstanding merits:

Large calligraphic types for the Chinese symbols, explaining their intricacies to the beginner. Use of both printed and written forms of the symbols in the exercises. Adoption of the improved Wade-Giles system of phonetic transcription, a system which has its weaknesses, but is less confusing than the official romanization, *Gwoyeu Romatzyh*. Grammatical explanation of almost every word on the basis of the terminology laid down in De Francis' *Beginning Chinese*. Interesting conversational topics. Occasional reference to the higher style Chinese, so that the student may begin to understand the different categories of ancient and modern style.

The student who masters this book will have acquired a sound knowledge of 939 symbols and 907 phrases.—Robert Laessig. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✧ Marie Pujmanová. *Předtucha*. Praha. Borový. 1946. 122 pages. 65 Kč.—A little masterpiece of psychological storytelling. This well-known novelist, whose *People at the Crossroads* had won her national fame, paints a portrait of two children, a girl and a boy, who are left at home while their parents make a little journey. Marie Pujmanová not only understands the mentality and emotions of youngsters, but she is endowed with a rich poetic talent and a fine stylistic sensitiveness. The growing anguish of the children is almost palpable, and so is their final relief when none of their

somber premonitions come true.

The author is at work on a long novel dealing with the fateful years before the outbreak of World War II. This novellette sharpens our curiosity and promises well for the forthcoming more ambitious work.—F. C. Weiskopf. New York City.

✧ Anne Frank. *Het achterhuis*. Amsterdam. Contact. 1947. 4.90 fl.—The diary of a German-born Jewish schoolgirl, written during her years underground. When the mass deportation of the Jews of Amsterdam started in 1941, this girl with her sister, her parents, and another Jewish family found a temporary refuge in rooms at the back of an office located in one of the old patrician houses on a canal. This diary gives a poignant picture of what the life of Jews in hiding was like, and a deeply moving description of the mental torture to which these good people, shut up together in a few small rooms, were subjected. This girl, who died when she was sixteen, was gifted with unusual powers of expression in a language which was not her own, and with a clear understanding of the virtues and frailties of other people and herself.

The diary was never finished. It was left behind when the Gestapo deported the group in 1944. Anne Frank died in Bergen-Belsen, but her diary was found by friends in the empty house. This war book deserves to live and may slip sooner or later into the front rank of the world's diaries, side by side with Marie Bashkirtseff and Samuel Pepys. The American publisher who takes this book on is sure to do well by his public and his bank account.—J. J. Strating. Amsterdam, Holland.

✧ Belcampo. *Nieuwe verhalen*. Amsterdam. Kosmos. 1946. 5.50 fl.—A volume of short stories by an author who

specializes in the weird and the macabre. Some of them are overdone, though the last one, a delightful fantasy about the end of the world in a small village in Drente, stands up with the best work of Osbert Sitwell and Saki, and should appeal especially to Anglo-American readers. The whole thing is seen through the eyes of a resourceful fellow who, when the devils and the angels start to sort the population of the village into two groups, the saved and the damned, puts on a devil's costume left over from a masquerade, joins the devils, and sees to it that all the people he dislikes are damned.—*J. J. Strating*. Amsterdam, Holland.

✧ Godfried Bomans. *Sprookjes*. Amsterdam. Elsevier. 1947. 6.90 fl.—Modern fairy tales for adults by a gentle satirist who is at his best in the portrayal of animals with human emotions. Tales like Frederika, the Story of a Hen, and Anna, the Life of a One-Day Fly, are little gems and enjoy great popularity with Dutch would-be Ruth Drapers.—*J. J. Strating*. Amsterdam, Holland.

✧ Max Dendermonde. *Bruin, rood en groen*. Amsterdam. A.B.C. 1947. 1.50 fl.—In this novelette the still young author has captured something of the spirit of medieval life. He tells of two French troubadours, rivals for the favors of a lady, both of whom suddenly renounce her for their freedom as traveling singers. This is no literary experiment but only a piece of sound conventional story-telling and a real treat for those who like their historical fiction straight and realistic without pornography. Although it is a work of real literary distinction, I hope that it will never be translated into English. Your reviewer shudders at the thought of its degradation to a vehicle for Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald.—*J. J. Strating*. Amsterdam, Holland.

✧ Leonard Bloomfield. *Spoken Dutch*. New York. Holt. 1944-45. ix+554 pages.—During the war, the United

States Armed Forces Institute prepared a number of language manuals for use in teaching spoken French, spoken German, spoken Portuguese, etc., to service personnel. These books, of which *Spoken Dutch* is one, have been published for some time by commercial houses. They are all based on the basic processes involved in language learning: imitation and repetition. Selection, arrangement, and contents make a teacher unnecessary; however, in the class, a leader may take the place of the teacher. A native speaker should read the parts in the foreign language to be learned. In his stead, phonograph records may be used. There is a set to accompany each one of the manuals.

Special significance attaches to *Spoken Dutch* because of its author, Leonard Bloomfield, who is one of the leading contemporary linguistic scientists and Sterling Professor of Linguistics at Yale University.—*Fritz Frauchiger*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Beekman C. Cannon. *Johann Mattheson, Spectator in Music*. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1947. xi + 244 pages. \$3.—This amply-documented study, Volume I of the Yale Studies in the History of Music, gives a complete account of a German musicologist who was a composer and performer as well as a fairly influential critic. Born in Hamburg in 1681, Mattheson spent most of his life in that city, where he died in 1764. In nearly one hundred pages the author tells the story—perhaps a little too fully—of Mattheson's not very eventful life, then devotes pages 109 to 145 to *The Enlightenment of the Musical Spectator*, the section which is likely to have the most importance for the student of music. It seems to me that the insertion of some musical illustrations would have added substantially to the interest and perhaps the value of the book. However, as much of the material here presented is difficult of access, and some may have been burned in the bombing of Hamburg, the

numerous quotations from the writings of Mattheson and others, the critical bibliography of his works, and the historical and cultural data elicited by patient and extended research, are all welcome. In view of the fact that this is the first number of what bids fair to be an important series, and that it is sponsored by one of the most distinguished American universities, it is with genuine dismay that I find the author's style deplorable ("The nature of the choral music was not altogether contemporaneous." p. 21), the proof-reading so bad as to destroy the sense of some of the citations, (I am fairly stumped by *die klugen Butter* on p. 98) and the inaccuracy of the translations strictly scandalous ("correct" for *sich richten nach* on p. 137, "bad or simple" for *schlecht und recht* on p. 132).—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✱ Donald Attwater, ed. *Modern Christian Revolutionaries*. New York. Devin-Adair. 1947. xiii+390 pages. \$4.—A book about five men who varied in personal and practical life but had one thing in common—a more direct perception of the Christian faith than most of their contemporaries, even the "professionals." This is demonstrated by the fact that they were all revolutionaries, beyond the political meaning of the term. For example, those of them who held socialist views were ahead of modern communism; they not only wanted a change in the ownership, the "relations" of production, but in the purposes as well. They did not want merely more of the same old world for everybody; they wanted a changed world.

These revolutionaries were Kierkegaard, Eric Gill, G. K. Chesterton, C. F. Andrews, and Berdyaev. The thought of each is introduced in clear and readable language by a different author. The editor has secured a general unity in formal presentation while permitting creative variation in content and expression of thought. The book is particularly valuable for bringing to notice the thought

of the not-well-enough-known Eric Gill.
—*John Paul Duncan*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Dagobert D. Runes. *A Bible for the Liberal*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1946. xii+368 pages. \$3.50.—The well known polygraph and publisher had two aims in mind in preparing this compilation of excerpts from the Bible. He wanted "to help those with prejudiced eyes to get a view of the majestic panorama which unfolds itself in the writings of the great Hebrew men of God." The prejudiced eyes, according to the preface, are the eyes of the anti-Semite and the Liberal. Moreover, he reminds those who are blinded by race prejudice that not only the Old Testament, but the New as well, is a product of Jewish faith, a fact which has been frequently emphasized from many pulpits recently. The larger part of Dr. Runes' volume, however, is taken from the Old Testament. By eliminating what the editor considers merely historical or even mythological material, the book has been cut down to a slender volume in large, pleasantly readable print. The choice of the King James Version instead of one of the modern revisions takes the fact into account that even those who recollect only dimly a few familiar phrases from far distant Sunday School days dislike to have those phrases changed. Whether Dr. Runes is successful in persuading the Liberals, Christian or non-Christian, to read the careful selection dedicated especially to them is a question which the publisher can answer most competently.—*Adelheid G. Ladewig*. Hamilton College Library, Clinton, New York.

✱ Jean-Paul Sartre. *Existentialism*. Bernard Frechtman, tr. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. 92 pages. \$2.75.—This lecture was an attempt to clarify existentialism and answer the main criticisms directed against it. Although the supporting argument is at times vague, the main tenets are stated

with fair clarity, as is the reply to the charge that existentialism stresses the ugly. It is doubtful if Sartre satisfactorily answers the Marxian institutional-objectivists' criticism that existentialism is pure subjectivism, because they hold that man's personality is a result of the social situation and structure. The failure here probably rests on the fact that neither the Existentialists nor the extreme institutionalists will admit that man is both the creator and the creature of his social situation. But this is a common error certainly of practical philosophy and man may eventually destroy himself because of it.—*John Paul Duncan*. University of Oklahoma.

precisely its chosen language?" Very stimulating is David Gascoyne's *Little Anthology of Existential Thought* (Lichtenberg, Joubert, Kierkegaard, Chestov, Elie Faure, Martin Buber, Jesus Christ). Says Chestov: "Man only thinks properly when he realizes he has nothing to do, his hands are tied. That is why any profound thought must arise from despair." Nicodemus, here quoted, argued that it is a physical impossibility for an adult to be born again. But Lady Victoria Welby, also quoted here, urges that: "We must be ethically Copernican. Hitherto we have been . . . emphatically Ptolemaic!"

The title of this book might have been "Fruitful Despair."—*R. T. H.*

✂ Fred Marnau, ed. *New Road 4. Directions in European Art and Letters*. London. Grey Walls (New York. New Directions). 1946. 206 pages + 12 plates. 10/6.—Nearly every person who has had a part in this book—original author, translator, critic, compiler—is a poet. But these poets are not pretty versifiers. They write, translate, discuss poetry because poetry is the expression of thought and emotion, which move the world. "The danger to life," writes the poet who edits the volume, in his terribly serious Foreword, "is so great now that no one will be able to afford to misuse words for long. To kill a word is to kill a life." So Fred Marnau has brought together pieces by Georg Trakl, Ignazio Silone, Hugh MacDiarmid, Franz Kafka, Ernst Jünger, Pierre Jean Jouve, Paul Eluard, Federico García Lorca, Baudelaire. (Benjamin Fondane is quoted here as saying of Baudelaire: "Art, Baudelaire knew, he was the first to know it, is only *faking*, the best means we have, the instrument best suited for casting a veil over the terrors of the abyss. Neither Kant, Hegel, nor Schopenhauer told us that. Very likely all three would have refused to accept a proposition which, without beating about the bush, proclaimed *the reality of the abyss* . . . What if the abyss did have something to say, something important, what if art were

✂ Helen La Rue Rufener. *Biography of a War Novel: Zola's "La Débâcle"*. New York. King's Crown. 1946. ix+126 pages. \$2.75.—The apparent thesis underlying this scholarly and exhaustive study of the *raison d'être* of Zola's controversial book is that the author thereby unified and strengthened France. The collapse of the Third Republic and its vaunted "world's finest army" of four million men before the onslaught of 75,000 armored Germans while Mrs. Rufener's monograph was yet in preparation would seem to call her theory in pragmatic question. To this reviewer, long familiar with Zola's work, *La Débâcle*, more than any other of the Rougon-Macquart series, exposes Zola's festering inferiority complex. The civilian who evaded military service, who fled rather than defend Paris, stalks the weedgrown battlefield of Sedan two decades later, his pen dripping vitriol upon dead warriors. *La Débâcle* was Zola's cherished triumph over Balzac. The master had died with his long-planned military novel unpenned; his Leftist follower created a sensation by smearing his country. His school flourishes still. Although objective, Mrs. Rufener's pages will cause few pangs to Zola's admirers. The monographist's skill in absorbing, editing, and condens-

ing the vast quantity of primary materials that have gone into this slender volume is greater than her subject. Domiciled in Houston, Mrs. Rufener should have at hand data for the more worthy objective, a definitive study of that forgotten leader, Kirby Smith, C. S. A.—*John E. Kelly*. Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

✧ Richard Beer-Hofmann. *Jacob's Dream*. Ida Bension Wynn, tr. New York. Johannes. 1946. 188 pages. \$2.50.—Of this book two editions have been published, one by the Jewish Publication Society of America, the other by the Johannes Presse, both of them with a biography of the Viennese poet by Sol Liptzin, and the second also with an introduction by Thornton Wilder on myth and literature in which he speaks as only a poet can of some very important aspects of their ever-changing relation. *Jacob's Dream* is one of the few works in which the author has been able to make myth his own. It is a biblical play, the greatest of its author, and belongs with the most significant German poetry of our century. Erich Kahler in his commemoration of Beer-Hofmann (*Commentary* 1946), the best presentation of this great gentleman and eminent poet, has called it the most profound interpretation of the Jewish idea in post-biblical poetry. But it transcends Jewish problems by far, for it takes up once more the eternal dialogue of man with God. A theodicee, a justification of God—this is what its author called it and this is what it is. The greatness of the conception and some of the beauty of the verse shine through the translation.—*Herbert Steiner*. Pennsylvania State College.

✧ Th. Th. Heine. *I Wait for Miracles*. New York. Greenberg. 1947. 376 pages. \$3.50.—Some of the older ones of us remember the cozy days when there were joyous satirical magazines in many countries. *Requiescant in pace!* We had some good ones here—*Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*.

But they thrive best in Munich, Germany. When the caricaturist Thomas Theodor Heine, whose abbreviated signature is a whimsey in itself, left *Fliegende Blätter* and helped the publisher Albert Lange found *Simplicissimus*, he became co-father of the world's most notable satirical journal. This great artist, great wag, and great political philosopher lived a long and glorious life, suffered considerably in the early years of World War Two, but reached neutral Sweden safely at the end of the year 1942; and being by that time somewhere in his middle seventies, he started on a new career. His charming semi-autobiographical novel *Ich warte auf Wunder* (Stockholm, 1945) was handled by an admiring reviewer in our Summer 1946 number. We will only add that this skilfully made American version is almost as rich and malicious and thoughtful as the original. It will find many readers and will win the hearts of all of them.—*H. K. L.*

✧ Albert Bloch. *Ventures in Verse*. New York. Ungar. 1947. 98 pages. \$2.—Albert Bloch of Lawrence, Kansas, painter, poet, educator, came in contact years ago with the sensitive and high-minded Austrian Jewish poet, Karl Kraus, and he has been his devoted admirer ever since. Mr. Bloch published in *Books Abroad* (Winter 1947) an ardent article on the Kraus versions of Shakespeare's plays and sonnets. His translation of Kraus's *Worte in Versen* appeared in 1930, and he plans to translate others of his books. The present volume is made up largely of Mr. Bloch's own poems. They give charming expression to the author's love of nature, his artistic susceptibility to the appeal of birds and flowers and fruit and pleasant weather, and voice his pain and indignation at the follies of men. By and large the book is another monument to the master, Karl Kraus. There are translations from Kraus and other German poets, and the influence of Kraus is strong in the original verses. Of the lat-

ter, *Bread and Wine* is magnificent, and the little apple poem from "*Beside the Still Waters*" is agile, fragrant, but—characteristically—unhappy.—R. T. H.

✱ Porter Sargent. *Mad or Muddled?*

Boston. Sargent. 1947. 190 pages.—This study is a part of the 30th edition of Mr. Sargent's *Handbook of Private Schools*. It is an examination of the philosophies of education, of our educational practices, and the results which they achieve. It clearly sets forth the close relationship of education to all phases of life, and it maintains that life can be made or marred by the formal education provided for the youth of the nation.

An impressive feature of the study is the evidence it furnishes of the author's enormous reading, in books, magazine articles, and discussions dealing with schools and education. To read it is to acquire a degree of familiarity with the contemporary leaders in education and the nature of their contributions. As a critic Mr. Sargent is no friendly voice. He vigorously attacks what he conceives to be serious weaknesses in the schools of this country. Of special interest is his straightforward treatment of the Harvard Report on general education. This discussion, and the entire book, will prove rewarding reading for any serious person who is interested, not merely in formal education, but in social and human welfare.

Mr. Sargent's general conclusion, that American youth are being misinformed and miseducated, should awaken educators, and the country, to the necessity of a thorough check of our educational situation.—John F. Bender. University of Oklahoma.

✱ *Who's Who in Latin America. IV: Bolivia, Chile, Peru.* Ronald Hilton, ed. Foreword by Ray Lyman Wilbur. Stanford. Stanford University Press (Chicago. A. N. Marquis. London. Oxford University Press). 3rd ed., 1947. xviii+209 2-col. pages. \$2.50.—The

new edition of *Who's Who in Latin America*, to be complete in seven volumes, proceeds apace. We had previously received Part I (*Mexico*) and Part II (*Central America and Panama*), and we understand that we shall very soon have Part VI (*Brazil*). Part IV, now before us, appears to be quite as carefully made as the earlier volumes, and to be fairly adequate in its inclusions, in spite of occasional lack of cooperation. (Editor Hilton's plaintive little remark in his Preface: "It may be difficult for outsiders to believe that an individual can promise his biography, fail to send it despite several reminders, and then complain because it has been omitted"—will arouse the understanding sympathy of all editors.)

We were rather specially interested in the relative number of entries from the three countries represented in this volume. One Chilean in 57,000 is here, as against one Bolivian in 68,000 and one Peruvian in 112,000. This speaks well for Bolivia, with its scattered Indian population. But what about Peru, seat of the ancient Inca civilization and the oldest American university? Were the Peruvians less interested, as seems indicated by the exceptional number of Peruvians whose note consists of no more than a name, a profession, and an address, even this last sometimes incomplete?

Our one general comment is that the series, considering the obstacles which had to be faced, is admirably successful, and that we consult it with profit every day in the year.—R. T. H.

✱ Leo Baeck. *The Pharisees and Other Essays.* New York. Schocken. 1947. vii+164 pages. \$3.—Leo Baeck is one of the profoundest scholars of Judaism today. Formerly the leading rabbi of Berlin and a teacher in the *Hochschule für die Wissenschaft des Judentums*, in 1933 he was named president of the *Reichsvertretung der deutschen Juden* and was the official representative of his race until 1943, when at the age of 70 he

was transported to Theresienstadt concentration camp, where he remained until the end of the war. He is now living in England.

The Pharisees is a collection of seven essays, taken for the most part from two books published in the thirties. They are well organized and admirably written, and they range in subject matter from the title essay, which is the longest, to a penetrating analysis and comparison of Jewish and Greek philosophy. Baeck's scholarly discussion of some of the basic principles in Western as well as Jewish thought will be profitable reading for Jew and Gentile alike.—*Elizabeth Oakes*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✧ Olof Enckell. *Auringon lasku*. Helsinki. Otava. 1947. 194 pages. 180 mk.—The Setting Sun is one of Finland's most penetrating fictional treatments of the bitter ideological conflict that is convulsing post-war Europe. The white-haired and mummy-like Thomas Argillander shivers in wind that seems to him impure and foreboding. It is hard for him, brought up in the values of the 1880's, when the sun shone brightly in Finland, to understand his grandson's disdain for traditional institutions and laws, his strange mission in life (to build a bridge of understanding between the intellectuals and the masses), his attachment to Popular Democracy, his participation in the frenzy of street demonstrations. Johan, a modern Bazarov, regards his grandfather's way of life with equal disapproval. Living among his flowers (they have always looked pale to Johan), grandfather remains an incorrigible esthete, an eternal skeptic, isolated from the needs of the world, deaf to the voice of conscience. In a spirited clash shortly before the death of the grandfather, Johan exclaims: "You probably will be hurt, but I will speak bluntly. I have come to understand that I cannot live as you have done. Your life repels me. . . ." Even death does not end the battle. From beyond the grave the spokesman of a passing era speaks words of warn-

ing to a Johan who is raising potatoes in soil once planted to flowers and fruit.

Enckell's book, originally published in Swedish, encompasses the whole world of clashing *Weltanschauungen*. One is tempted to say that in vividness of style, in psychological insight, this Finnish volume is a worthy twentieth century restatement of the problem of *Fathers and Sons*.—*John L. Kolehmainen*. Heidelberg College.

✧ A. A. Daskalaki. *Ellenes Thalassoporoí kai alles istories*. Piraeus. Stephanos N. Tarousopoulos (New York. Spap). 1946. 103 pages.—A series of well-written radio stories for children, dealing with such Greek travelers as Skulax, Herodotus, etc., to which are added a number of sketches portraying various aspects of life in ancient Greece. The form is simple and the material selected is well chosen to interest children.—*C. A. M.*

✧ Alex A. Anastasiades. *He Afrika pou argopethamei*. Athens. P. Savvides and N. Vafeiadalkes (New York. Spap). 1945. 200 pages.—This volume is dedicated to Livingstone and Stanley. Its author is an Archimandrite of the Greek Orthodox Church, who visits Greek colonies in Africa. It gives a popular picture of the life, customs, and ideas of the natives, especially those untouched by civilization and living according to their primitive pattern.—*C. A. M.*

✧ István Gál. *Magyarország és kelet-europa*. Budapest. Officina. 1947. 276 pages.—In the field of comparative history there are not too many authentic studies. Specialization interferes with universality. Therefore there should be special interest in a study which aims to coordinate the similar and conflicting traits of a nation and surrounding nations. István Gál, the able Hungarian historian, with the cooperation of seventeen Hungarian scholars and writers, has edited such a book. Its theme is Hungary's relationship to neighboring coun-

tries. The introductory essay, by János Balázs, elaborate the principles of comparative history with reference to eastern Europe. Hungarian and Russian contacts are discussed by János Erös, Béla Fogarasi, Aladár Komlós, and Béla Illés. The chapters on Hungarian and Polish, Czech, Slovak, Austrian, Serbian, Croatian, Slovenian, Albanian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, and Turkish relationships were competently written by István Csapláros, Endre Angyal, Endre Kovács, Dénes Jánosy, Zoltán Csuka, László Hadrovics, Agoston Pável, László Gáldi, Endre Horváth, László Makai, József Bódey, and József Hollósi Somogyi. The essays are precise and factual, with no touch of pedantry. There are no sweeping generalizations, but well-grounded conclusions on familiar and unfamiliar problems. A useful bibliography completes the book.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✧ László Hadrovics. *Magyar és déli szláv szellemi kapcsolatok*. Budapest. Magyar Szemle Társaság. 1944. 80 pages.—A brief but pertinent dissertation on Hungarian and Yugoslav relations. It is a meritorious attempt to bridge the gap between Hungary and her neighbor. The unemotional presentation of the subject is indicative of the Hungarian historian's sense of fair play and scholarly responsibility. In a condensed but lucid style the writer portrays the historical contacts between the Hungarians and Croats and the intellectual and imaginative relations between the two peoples. His interpretation of social and linguistic problems with reference to the Croats and to the Serbs, of the quality of Croatian and Serbian culture within the boundaries of pre-war Hungary, of the place and recognition of Hungarian poets in the Croatian and Serbian world, shows an intuitive and factual understanding of the problem. The well rounded study contains information about the cultural aspects of recent times and also refers to

the Slovenian and Vend neighbors of Hungary. Studies of this kind should eliminate traditional animosities and restore friendships.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✧ Péter Ertsey. *Neve se volt*. Szeged, Hungary. Szukits Kiadás. 1945. 64 pages.—Péter Ertsey, the young editor of the literary review *Tiszatáj*, is inclined to poetic melancholy. Nature, love, family ties, loneliness, humanity, and other typical traditional topics seem to inspire him. Idealism, understanding, reverence, devotion to truth are the norms which determine his sense of values. His poetic individuality is still undeveloped, at times he has to search for the right word, but several poems are indicative of an inherent gift for stylistic simplicity and unyielding sincerity. The regionalistic qualities of his poems add to the warm, intimate character of the book. The volume is dedicated to the "eternal spirit of Gyula Juhász," the great Hungarian lyricist.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✧ P. Umberto Bonomo. *I nostri santi*. New York. Vatican City. 1946. 351 pages. \$1.50.—Father Bonomo of the Redemptorist Order was born in 1888 in the province of Vicenza, Italy, was educated for the American field, and has spent his entire active life in Canada and New York. He has the reputation of being a dynamic preacher, and he writes simply, fluently, and vividly. His little biographies of 97 *santi* and 54 *sante* are expertly done, and although they are intended mainly for pious readers who are not scholars, the book has some reference value. Rather characteristic is the following passage from the two-page life of the sixteenth century Spanish saint, Pascual Baylón: "In un viaggio che fece in Francia sostenne e trionfò in una disputa sulla SS. Eucarestia contro le bestemmie di un ministro calvinista. Gli Ugonotti presenti alla disputa, pieni di rabbia per la loro sconfitta, lo malmena-

rono talmente che a stento potè salvare la vita. . . ."—*R. T. H.*

✱ Francesco Brundu. *Il diavolo fra i pastori*. Roma. Mondadori. 1945. 283 pages. 200 l.—An excellent sample of that *opera castellata* which saved from insanity a considerable number of Italian political prisoners condemned by the Fascists to spend the best years of their lives in complete inactivity within the narrow confines of a cell—nothing to read, nothing to write with, nobody to talk to, nothing to do but think. Francesco Brundu is the pseudonym of a distinguished Sard who during his long imprisonment put down and revised in his mind day by day, sentence by sentence, this tale of Sardinia in which romanticism and realism, love and hate, tears and blood, witchcraft and religion are welded into the story of a village and its primitive inhabitants whose conditions cry out for the assistance of school-teachers, doctors, and social workers.

The story is built around the vicissitudes of Antonio Silano, who, pardoned after having spent twenty years in a penitentiary for a crime he did not commit, returns to his home town resolved to find the real culprits and avenge himself. It has all the main characteristics of *Cavalleria rusticana*, and the same fatalism dominates the lives of the villagers. However, Silano, unlike Compare Turiddu, is a modern, sensitive man who, once he does find the real culprits, remains bewildered by the sense and nonsense of such words as innocence, guilt, punishment.

The defects of the novel are those inherent in a work which was thought and not written. Certain characters are not sufficiently delineated, certain events are not fully developed, the action is at times confusing, but it is these very defects which give this compelling novel its documentary character of an *opera castellata*.—*Michele Cantarella*. Smith College.

✱ Luciano Anceschi. *Lirici nuovi*. Milano. Hoepli. 1943. 661 pages. 250 l.—Luciano Anceschi has taken twenty poets and made an anthology of their work. These are the younger writers, in most cases, and this collection is valuable because it makes it easy for the reader to trace relationships and try to discover similarities. It would be difficult to quarrel with the editor's selection of poems; he has included the most representative and, frequently, he includes earlier and later versions of the same poem. This scholarly approach is evident in the whole complexion of the book. Each author's section is prefaced by an estimate of his work by some eminent critic and a statement of the poet himself about his work, or about poetry in general. Also there is a valuable bibliography of the work of each poet and of articles about him. All in all, Anceschi has produced a valuable work, and any student of contemporary Italian writing must be grateful.—*William Fense Weaver*. University of Virginia.

✱ Alessandro Blok. *Poemetti e liriche*. Renato Poggioli, ed. and tr. Modena. Guanda. 3rd ed., 1947. 184 pages. 250 l.—They are doing some beautiful things in bruised and bewildered Italy. Attilio Bertolucci's *Collana "Fenice"* is a little library of translated poetry—Federico García Lorca, Katherine Mansfield, John Donne, Sergei Jessenin, Juan Ramón Jiménez. Its Alexander Blok anthology, prepared by that finely intelligent and conscientious craftsman Professor Poggioli of Harvard University, is an occasion of pure pleasure. The critical introduction and the biographical and bibliographical postword are excellently done. The translation of such cryptic and elusive work as some of Alexander Blok's poems must have been a difficult task. It is a fascinating business to compare two versions of Blok's uncanny long poem *The Twelve* (Christ leading a rowdy group of Red guards through the stormy streets of Petrograd). The Babette Deutsch-Avrahm

Yarmolinsky English version is vigorous and thrilling, but there is in this Italian translation a haunting eeriness that lingers:

avanti marci tu,
non veduto, o Gesù!

The gifted, unhappy Symbolist poet Alexander Blok is personally and artistically as arresting a figure as Edgar Allan Poe or Rubén Darío, but he has till now had little attention in this country. Born in 1880, he lived only a little more than forty years. To borrow an unforgettable phrase in the Deutsch-Yarmolinsky Russian anthology, he "died of heart disease in the starving capital of his blockaded country." But these unearthly poems of his will not die.—H. K. L.

✠ Mario Luzi. *Quaderno gotico*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947.—Mario Luzi, born in Florence in 1914, is one of the most promising and original Italian poets of the younger generation. His most important collections are *La barca* (1935), *Avvento notturno* (1940), and *Un brindisi* (1946). This new book of his contains only a long lyrical suite, an ambitious attempt originally published in the Florentine literary quarterly *Inventario*. In spite of the plastical connotations of its rather mysterious title, this Gothic Notebook seems to us rather the literary equivalent of a musical composition. The inspiration is erotic and mystical at the same time, but the erotic elements are treated with a great purity of feeling, and the mystical motives are developed simply, without morbidity, symbolism, and obscurity. It is the usual theme of love considered both as an earthy and as a religious experience, as a spiritual conflict. The eternal monologue of the lover becomes a kind of distant dialogue with the beloved one, present and absent at the same time. Psychologically it is easy to recognize the influence of the love metaphysics of François Mauriac, an author to whom the poet devoted an interesting essay entitled *L'opium chrétien*. Poetically, *Qua-*

derno gotico seems to aim at a modern reinterpretation of the lyricism of the *dolce stil nuovo* school: and this may explain its title.—Renato Poggioli. Harvard University.

✠ Umberto Saba. *Mediterranee*. Milano. Mondadori. 1947. 80 pages. 150 l.—"For a distant woman and for a heavenly boy, listening to me, I, an old man, have composed these songs . . .," says the poet in the first piece of this slim collection, to which he has given the shining and resounding title *Mediterranee*. And in the following poem, addressed to the Muse, he declares that never did a more youthful inspiration visit an elderly heart. We do not know whether with this *plaque* Umberto Saba is really taking leave from poetry, as he purports to be doing, with the austere grace and the melancholy serenity of an ancient sage. We know that he had already intended to withdraw into silence with the definitive edition of *Il canzoniere* and the publication of its last cycle, simply and movingly entitled *Ultime cose*. Perhaps he felt that the poet could not survive the man in him after he was forced to leave his beloved Trieste, which had always been his "city of the soul." But we hope that Saba will continue to write for us, for years to come, more poems as chaste and as wise as these. Of them and of their author no critic can speak with more justice than the poet himself:

Amai trite parole che non uno
osava. M'incantò la rima fiore
amore,
la più antica difficile del mondo.

—Renato Poggioli. Harvard University.

✠ *Doctrina christiana*. The First Book. Printed in the Philippines. A Facsimile of the Copy in the Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection, Library of Congress, Washington, with an Introductory Essay by Edwin Wolf, 2nd. Washington. Library of Congress. 1947 (Manila. 1593). 50+38 pages.—The reprint of this notable book is the third in a

series of notable facsimiles being issued by the Library of Congress. The first two were European incunabula. *Doctrina christiana*, of which the Library of Congress is a unicum, was printed by the xylographic method, i.e., the entire page was cut into a single wooden block, like the famous block books of the early 15th century in Europe. It is not so beautiful as the earlier Library of Congress facsimiles of *The Dance of Death* and *Le chevalier délibéré*, but it does represent one of the most important aspects of Spanish colonial history, the spread of printing as a vehicle for the missions. The introductory essay is an exemplary bibliographical study.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✧ Robert C. Stone. *The Language of the Latin Text of the "Codex Bezae."* Urbana. University of Illinois Press. 1946. 200 pages. \$2.50.—Mr. Stone's dissertation collects from the famous sixth century bilingual text of the New Testament all its important linguistic phenomena in phonology, morphology, and syntax, checking each carefully with the general practice of the Middle Ages in such matters. His purpose is to study the *Codex* with a view to determining its provenience. His results are not startling, nor could one expect them to be under the very complex situation which gave rise to the *Codex*. Following the suggestions of Clark and Oldfather (the latter great scholar lived long enough to guide the dissertation to completion), Stone concludes that the manuscript was written in Jerusalem, a trilingual community. More than two-thirds of the volume are devoted to an *index verborum* made with the precision characteristic of the University of Illinois Classics Department tradition. An index of passages and phenomena discussed in the introduction would have made it more useful, however. Norberg, *Syntaktische Forschungen*, would ascribe the origin of the accusative absolute to anacolouthon rather than to a

confusion with the ablative absolute, as Stone (following Leumann-Hoffmann) asserts. In the bibliography, the names should be *Krusch*, not *Vrusch*, and *Gregori*, not *Gregarii*, and *nouvelle* is misspelled at page 57. Kipling's edition should be included in the bibliography. A limited but useful work of analysis.—*L. R. Lind*. University of Kansas.

✧ Fredrik Stang. *Erindringer fra min politiske tid*. Oslo. Grøndahl. 1946. 168 pages.—In 1912-13 the late Fredrik Stang found time to write his memoirs of the six preceding years during which he served in the Norwegian Storting and as Minister of Justice. Few men have been so well qualified to write dispassionately of Norway's first years as an independent kingdom. His broad circle of acquaintances and friends, his competence as an authority on constitutional law, and the universal respect which he enjoyed among both political allies and opponents combine to make this work one of the most important documents of modern Norwegian history.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✧ Peter Egge. *Hvem er du? Nouveller*. Oslo. Gyldendal. 1946. 178 pages.—These nine short stories about little people and their material, spiritual, and intellectual troubles offer nothing that we might not have expected from Peter Egge in his old age, but they are satisfying and as mellow as Egge may ever become. Appropriately enough, the unconventional ghost story *Hvem er du?* lends its title to the entire collection, for here is a little man face to face with the unknown, asking for the meaning of life. *Engelen* is the touching story of the country schoolmaster whose first wife, even after her death, remained the angel of his dreams, despite her incompetence as a housekeeper and a mother. Somewhat more urbane is the clever story of Signe and Rosa, the renewal of a childhood acquaintance. As the two women relate their lives' experiences, the author

unfolds sharp personal contrasts, clever nuances of dialogue, amusing (though often somewhat grim) situations. Not the strongest story in the collection, but by far the most interesting for bookmen is *Skapecz*, a delightful tale of a clergyman's act of bibliokleptomania, although not quite so violent as the crimes of Padre Vicente or Pastor Tinius.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✱ Polska Akademia Umiejętności. *Polski słownik biograficzny*. Kraków (New York. The Reader). 1946-47.—The first feeling that comes over one as he opens the first of the post-war fascicles of this great work (No. 25) is, "How can they do it?" and on closing the last of the sections thus far received (No. 28), this feeling, far from having subsided, is but more deeply confirmed. How can they produce a work of this nature in times like these, and in the face of such gigantic losses of human and archival material as have been suffered by Poland in the years since the arrival of the last pre-war fascicle?

And yet the admirable and impressive DNB of Poland goes forward, with Professor Władysław Konopczyński still serving as Editor-in-Chief, and the Polish Academy of Sciences still in the rôle of publisher and sponsor. The bibliographies are not always so exhaustive as before—yet they are still remarkably full, at that—and we miss the expert hand of a Chrzanowski, a Halecki, or a Handelsmann, all three of whom, for one reason or another, are not present in this volume. But the work drives ahead, and the sad gap in what was before the war becoming a reference shelf that much larger and richer nations than the Polish could well envy, begins again to be filled.

No two persons, reviewing the *Slownik biograficzny* (Jan Drohojowski through Erlichshausen) will pick out the same figures for special mention, but there are three at least on whom almost any American, leafing through the

double-columned pages, would fix. The three are all "D's": Dyboski, Dyniewicz, and Dziewicki. To these, one familiar with Polish affairs "on the brink" might also add the name of Piotr Drzewiecki (b.1865), first President of Warsaw after the First World War, who in the summer of 1939 was one of the most active of all the men prominent in public life in the promotion of American methods in Poland and in the forging of friendly ties with our country.

Of the other "D's" mentioned above, Roman Dyboski (1883-1945) and Michał Drzewicki (1851-1928) were the two best ambassadors the English-speaking world has so far had from Poland. Dyboski opened his country to the British and ourselves through his *Outlines of Polish History* and his various books on Polish literature. (For an obituary of Dyboski, see *Books Abroad*, Spring 1946, pp. 140-142.) Dziewicki's name is best known to us here through his translations of Reymont, especially of *The Peasants* (4 vols., 1924-25). The third "D" of especial interest to Americans is Władysław Dyniewicz, who founded the first Polish newspaper in Chicago. May this splendid reference work go forward uninterrupted until it is complete, to the last "Z."—*Marion Moore Coleman*. New York City.

✱ Erico Verissimo. *A volta do gato preto*. Pôrto Alegre. Globo. 1947. 453 pages.—The author calls this book "o mais pessoal e o mais sincero que escrevi até hoje." It tells, in a delightfully intimate style, of his two years' stay in the United States as "good neighbor" and guest of the State Department. He lectured and taught special classes in various institutions, notably the University of California and Mills College. He spoke at countless teas, luncheons, and dinners and, amazingly enough, he still likes us!

He thinks we are a complex people, who cannot be lightly pigeon-holed. He does not believe that we are either puritans or sex-maniacs, or that we are pure-

ly materialistic. He is impressed with the way we face our problems. (He was here during the war.) Deeply troubled about the future of his own country, he feels that the Brazilians can learn much from us.

But he also thinks we are not especially brilliant or fascinating. He thinks we are extremely practical people—not always a compliment, coming from a Latin-American. Through his steady kindness there are occasional flashes of Latin *malícia*, as when he refers to our passion for “glamorizing” things, and our machine-madness.

Let us hope that this book will be translated soon. It should be read by every North American. We also have much to learn from the Brazilians; and here, even though we may wince occasionally, a good friend is pointing out the way.—*Eugenia Kaufman*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Antonio Rangel Bandeira. *Poesias*.

Rio de Janeiro. Cruzeiro. 1945. 94 pages.—In this, his first volume, Antonio Rangel Bandeira reveals himself a poet of modernist manner, with a turn for the gaudily picturesque. His lyricism is a sort of poetical Luna-Park, in which a noisy gaiety hides a chronic melancholy which strives constantly to forget. His vision of life is bitter and ironical, his images are bizarre and startling. His verse is free, his tone is conversational. His epithets are simple, direct, completely free from cultural pretentiousness. Readers who know the work of those two great masters of Brazilian poetry, Murilo Mendes and Carlos Drummond de Andrade, may expect to find in Rangel Bandeira something of the human and esthetic inspiration of those lyricists. But there are great differences. This young poet lacks the sincere and pathetic religious conviction of Mendes and the profound social sense of Andrade. And it seems to us that his best and most original poems are those which present life and the world as a chaos. Written between 1938 and 1945, this

book reflects one of the fundamental aspects of the world-soul in this time of infinite disorientation and uneasiness.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Joaquim Ribeiro. *Folklore dos bandeirantes*. São Paulo. Olympio. 1946.

213 pages.—This is the 53rd volume of the remarkable *Coleção Documentos Brasileiros*, to which there is nothing comparable in any other Latin American country. Ribeiro's early books, although of a general nature, have been invaluable in giving direction to the study of folklore in Brazil. For his new book he has chosen a more limited subject, but he discloses so many aspects of it that he outlines enough problems for an army of scholars to work on for the next quarter-century. He writes of legends about places and persons; popular beliefs concerning minerals, plants, animals; popular medicine, nicknames, popular festivals, songs, clothing, dialect of the *bandeirantes*, etc. Ribeiro will serve his successors as a model of scientific sobriety in a field too given to conclusions based on imagination. A country such as Brazil, whose complexity defies its attempts at self-knowledge, must judge the study of its folklore as one of unequalled importance.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Vera Inber. *Pochti tri goda*. Moskva.

Sovetski Pisatel. 1946.—This Leningrad diary, by a well-known woman writer of stories and light poetry, covers the period between the summer of 1941 and that of 1944, which Miss Inber spent in Leningrad. Leningrad during the blockade has been described many times, perhaps more powerfully by other writers; but this tale, told by a woman no longer young, is distinguished by a deceptive simplicity, that of good writing, and by a very genuine warmth of feeling. Miss Inber's husband was the physician in charge of a hospital and medical institute; it was his duty to remain in the blockaded city. For Miss Inber, the question of choice did not appear to arise;

it was her duty to remain at his side. Remain she did, through nearly three years of fear, cold, hunger, misery, narrow escapes from death. She faced them with an entirely unpretentious courage, of which she does not seem to have been aware. She faced the enemy as staunchly, as stubbornly and as unreflectingly as did the city itself, and though her story is on a modest, personal scale, it is at the same time the story of the city.—*Valentine Snow*. New York City.

✧ V. G. Bondarchuk. *Tektoorogeniya*.

Kiev. Kiev State University. 1946. 263 pages. 15 r.—The Russians are very active in geology and geography. This careful study of the history and present condition of the earth's surface is an important contribution to the subject. With the help of many figures, a few of them large inserts and the others varying from full-page to a small fraction of a page, Dr. Bondarchuk lucidly develops the changes in the shell of our planet occasioned, in the course of millions of years, by changes in the density and movements of the sun, by the atmosphere, by the complicated movements of the earth itself. The bibliography has 94 titles, of which 37 are Russian, nearly as many German, between 20 and 30 English, and two or three French and Spanish. The proof-reading, unfortunately, has been badly done, and paper and ink are inferior.

There is food for meditation in the fact that this prevailingly discreet and objective volume assures us cozily in farewell that the crown and climax of creation has been "the tempering of the climate, the time of a new flourishing of life *with the free socialist human society at the head*" (italics the reviewer's).—*H. K. L.*

✧ Emil Boleslav Lukač, ed. *Na brehu čiernych vôd. Výber z modernej maďarskej lyriky*. Bratislava. Elán. 1943. 176 pages.—The gifted Slovak poet Lukač and his able Hungarian assistant Reszö Szalatnai deserve credit for

presenting to the Slovak public this anthology of 20th century Hungarian poets. Considering the unhappy "official" relationship between Slovakia and Hungary, one must recognize the intellectual, moral, and spiritual significance of this book. It is a fine example of "intercultural understanding"; a healthy manifestation of the balancing validity of the creative spirit. Some of the best poems of Endre Ady, Mihály Babits, Gyula Juhász, Dezső Kosztolányi, and other prominent Hungarian poets are here translated into Slovak by the foremost Slovak poets, such as the editor himself. It speaks for the taste of the editor, his assistant, and the translators, that they have chosen Hungarian poets of pronounced esthetic merit as well as poets primarily significant for their social message. The book contradicts—as a matter of fact it refutes—the fallacious view that there is no hope for the cessation of political conflicts. The volume is founded on the idea that the creative spirit transcends the horizon of intentional and unintentional misunderstanding; a lesson which, for example, the members of the U. N. could take to heart.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✧ Ján V. Ormis. *Slovník slovenských pseudonymov*. Résumé in German and French. Turč. sv. Martin, Slovakia. Slovenská Národná Knižnica. 1944. 366

pages. 150 Kč.—An immense amount of drudgery, inventive genius, and both dry-as-dust and penetrating scholarship brought this valuable work into being. At once amusing, humorless, informative, and poorly balanced, it is indispensable for the Slovak reference library. Dr. Ormis has undertaken to classify the important works on pseudonyms in several languages. This he does in 89 pages plus an outline, whereas 10 pages would have been more than sufficient. Mr. Mencken's investigations into the word with its fixes, infixes, suffixes, affixes, combining forms, stems, etymons, etc., are put to shame by what goes on

here: patronym, exonym, peregrinonym, alienonym, sententionym, civil-okryptonym, origoparticulonym, falso-regionym, fortointmentym, triploposteronym, Ixypsilonym, tentumnumeronym, aliogeometronym, graforedactonym, comoconym, etc., etc., to the count of over one hundred.

The second part of the book, the Dictionary, lists 4,500 pseudonyms of 1,288 writers—a double listing, first of pseudonyms, then of authors. An immense accomplishment, for which Slovakia must ever remain in Dr. Ormis' debt.—*Ivan J. Kramoris*. Marquette University High School.

✧ *Engelsk-Svensk och Svensk-Engelsk ordbok*. Ruben Nöjd, compiler. Stockholm and New York. Bonnier. 2nd ed., 1942. vii+248+iv+220 pages. \$3.75.—This is a nice book to have on one's dictionary shelf: attractive binding, good paper, excellent print. Originally it must have been intended for Swedes alone, since the foreword and all directions for use are given in Swedish only. The pronunciation of English alone is explained and illustrated by means of phonetic transcriptions. But this dictionary should satisfy all ordinary demands of translation from either language into the other, for the compilers did a very thorough job of including synonyms and modern idiomatic equivalents whenever necessary or advisable.—*Fritz Frauchiger*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Mykola Lebed'. *UPA—Ukrainska Povstans'ka Armiya. I: Chastyna Nimetska Okupatsiya Ukrainy*. Paris. Press Bureau of the UHVR (Ukrainian Chief Revolutionary Council). 1946. 96 pages + documentary material.—During World War II the Western world heard with admiration the story of the heroic Soviet partisans who continued opposition to the Nazis long after the retreat of the Red armies and had much to do with the final victory. Then came a flood of accounts of the rise of "banditry" in many of the liberated areas,

especially in the Ukraine, and of the revival of that Ukrainian nationalism which had been so mercilessly repressed by the Soviets before 1939. The present volume does not claim to be a history of the activities of the Ukrainian nationalists during the war but rather a documented chronicle. Some of it may be disputed, but is worth consideration as one of the first attempts to show how the brutality of the Nazis and the Soviets and the efforts of both totalitarian powers to denationalize the Ukrainians and use them as pawns in the game of international politics aroused the Ukrainian Revolutionary Army (UPA) to fight for the independence of their country and culture against all opponents. It throws light on much that has been obscure in recent years and explains the unwillingness of displaced persons to return within the Iron Curtain. Likewise it casts a lurid light on the mentality and methods of the dictators.—*Clarence A. Manning*. Columbia University.

✧ M. Chubaty. *Ohlyad Istorii Ukrainshoho Prava* (Sketch of the History of Ukrainian Law). 2 vols. 98 and 175 pages.—D. Okinshevich. *Lektsii z Istorii Ukrainshoho Prava* (Lectures on the History of Ukrainian Law). 171 pages.—Vadym Schtscherbakiwskyj. *Kam'yana Doba v Ukraini*. 87 pages.—Viktor Petrov. *Ukrainsky Folklore*. 142 pages.—Yu. Sherekh. *Do Genezi Nazivnoho recheniya* (On the Origin of the Noun Sentence). 50 pages. München. Ukrainian Free University. 1946–47.—These mimeographed volumes, based largely on lectures given at the Ukrainian Free University in München, are a striking witness to the vitality of Ukrainian scholarship under the most adverse conditions. The Free University was founded in Vienna in 1921, after the fall of the Ukrainian National Republic. In a short time it was moved to Prague, and after World War II it resumed its activities in the American Zone of Germany. In spite of the shortage of books, paper, and all the conveniences of life,

these scholars are carrying on and doing productive work of real value. They certainly deserve support and encouragement.—*Clarence A. Manning*. Columbia University.

✱ *Röyte Pomerantsen*. Immanuel Olsvanger, ed. New York. Schocken. 1947. xiii+205 pages. \$3.—The mark of authenticity, of genuine "folk," is stamped all over this array of Jewish humor: style, sentence structure, colloquial speech, and, of course, subject matter. One who personally moved among these people can follow reminiscently the composite of naïveté and vehemence, simple faith and sophisticated skepticism, which find expression in these stories. He will also quite naturally conjure up the sing-song tone and even the accompanying gesticulations which are an essential ingredient of the telling.

They run the whole gamut from childish grotesqueness to complex subtlety, and the jokester's own nearest and dearest are not spared in the building of a humorous situation; but it is all so joyous and mirthful that the reader is rarely inclined to become the censor. Since the anecdotes and incidents deal with routine Jewish existence in Czarist Russia and under other anti-Jewish régimes of the old Europe, the reader is afforded a glimpse of the special web of tribulations in which the life of East European Jewry was enmeshed, and a feeling of sympathy with their lot wells up even as he chuckles at their humorous exploits.

The task of transliteration was very creditably done, and the introductory essay, in English, on Jewish humor is enlighteningly analytical and informative.—*S. Lomanitz*. Oklahoma City.

Luis Alberto Sánchez, the versatile Peruvian critic and editor, is now Rector of the National University of San Marcos in Lima.

Fred. Goldbeck is the editor of a new musical monthly, *Contrepoints*, published by Les Editions de Minuit, 41, rue Saint-Placide, Paris VI^e.

"... Berne, which of all European capitals has preserved most culture..." —E. K. Bramstedt, in *The Ayran Path*, Bombay.

Komödie, the theater magazine in Vienna, reports that Bermann-Fischer and Paul Zsolnay, publishers, have reopened their branches in that city.

Corvina: A Periodical of Hungarian Cultural Life is a new Hungarian digest printed entirely in excellent English and edited by O. E. Landy from Nagymező-U. 26, Budapest. It briefs Hungarian novels, plays, histories, biographies, criticisms, etc., reproduces poems, paintings, and drawings, and offers to secure

Hungarian books for possible translators.

Stechert-Hafner, 31 East 10th St., New York 3, have for distribution an index to Volume I of their *Book News*, which is in itself a useful list of two to three thousand of the important contemporary books and magazine publications of the day.

"... A German publisher is now printing Shakespeare and Homer on a rotary press in the form of newspapers. It does not sound appealing, but it is at least a way of distributing literature inexpensively."—Martin Gumpert, in *The Nation*.

"... He [Hugo von Hofmannsthal] spoke of the crises of his youth, of the Englishman who told him, as they played tennis together, how in a period of discouragement he had read *Der Tor und der Tod* and said to himself: If the man who wrote that could go on living, I must try to go on too."—Herbert Steiner, in *Erinnerung an Hofmannsthal*, in *Deutsche Beiträge*, University of Chicago Press.

The Editor Parenthesizes

Books Abroad has again been honored with a "promotion award" from Mrs. Ada P. McCormick, the generous editor of *Letter*, in Tucson, Arizona. *Letter* is financing the sending of sample copies of this issue to a selected list of one thousand persons. We thank Mrs. McCormick heartily for her expressions of appreciation and her helpfulness, and we welcome our new audience for this issue. We hope many of them will come again.

Books Abroad has recently acquired two new Contributing Editors. Professor Ronald Hilton, of the Department of Romanic Languages in Stanford University, whose outstanding title to fame is his editorship of those extremely valuable reference books *Who's Who in Latin America*, is British born and was educated in France, Spain, and Italy. He has visited almost or quite every Latin American republic, and he substantially strengthens our Hispanic section. Valentine Snow (Mrs. Eugene J. Rosen), of the editorial staff of the United Nations, was born in Russia, holds a degree from Barnard College, has authored various publications on Russian literature, and has published translations of several Russian books. The *curriculum vitae* which she compiled for us concludes with the information: "I speak five languages, play tennis and ride, and my hair is turning gray." It may be grayer before she solves the problems which face *Books Abroad's* Russian editor, but her impressive equipment and her agile typewriter should be equal to them. . . .

We have printed two lists of German intellectuals in straitened circumstances, and it is only fair that we should call the attention of readers to similar situations in other countries. Here are a few names from Italy suggested by Professor Michele Cantarella of our staff:

Scuola Normale Superiore, Pisa, Director, Professor Luigi Russo
Mr. Salvatore Granata, Via Trieste 6/16, Genova
Professor Emilio Castorina, Director Scuola Commerciale Jacopo Ruffini, Genova
Rag. Francesco Granata, Via Reitano 28, Catania
Dr. Domenico Sandulli, Via Costantinopoli 80, Taranto

Professor Cantarella adds: "I would recommend particularly the Scuola Normale Superiore of Pisa. It is the only Italian educational institution organized like our American colleges, and therefore food can be equally and effectively distributed. It is a graduate school to which students without means of their own from all over Italy are admitted after passing a very rigid competitive examination and receive free board, room, and tuition. The school now is in very bad need of food and money for scholarships. I can assure you that CARE packages from your friends will be a blessing to the students." . . .

The distinguished French novelist and traveler Marc Chadourne, who is now a professor in the University of Utah, writes us that the idea of his new novel, *La clé perdue*, was suggested to him by our symposium on *Transplanted Writers*, which appeared in the summer and autumn of 1942. While this doesn't quite constitute us a collaborator in the brilliant work, it does entitle us to bask modestly in the warmth of its success. We are pleased to report, too, that M. Chadourne has agreed to review an occasional French book for us. . . .

The amazing come-back of French publishing after the withdrawal of the Germans was a little over-enthusiastic. Several tons of precious paper have been wasted on books which might exactly as well have remained unprinted. And just as in other countries, the periodical press has been an accessory after the fact.

It is still true that many fewer literary masterpieces are released by Paris publishers every week than the unwary might infer from scanning the French literary reviews. A large fraction of the current book output of France is mediocre.

This is regrettable, in view of the international prestige which French books have always enjoyed, and which they are in some danger of imperiling now. Foreigners, in particular, need a candid and conservative guide through the wilderness. It appears that such a guide is now available. André Salvat and Gaëtan Picon have begun editing, from 9, rue La Pérouse, Paris 16, a concise semi-quarterly *Sélection Internationale du Livre* which is prepared especially for foreign readers. (Its American agent is The Mail Order Library, 58 West 57th Street, New York 19.) *Sélection's* committee of patronage carries such ingratiating names as those of André Gide, Georges Duhamel, François Mauriac, and André Malraux. The first issue gives succinct information about 188 books, in the space of 74 pages. The choice of titles impresses us as judicious. The books are carefully separated as to genre but for some reason are not alphabetized within the sections.

The magazine is, very wisely, associated with a book agency, *La Diffusion du Livre Français* (same address), which guarantees to supply all books mentioned. . . .



CORRESPONDENCE

Corrections

Dear Sir:

I wonder if Professor Moore has called your attention to two typographical errors on Page 420 of the Autumn number of *Books Abroad*. The date of the Vienna and London editions of the *Popol-vuh* is 1857 and not 1851. *Raynaud*, not *Renaud* is the correct spelling of the French scholar's name. . . .

It is too bad that Professor Moore

could not have reviewed and compared Capdevila's volume with that of Recinos (Biblioteca Americana, México, 1947). However, perhaps my brief note will suffice now that Professor Moore has dealt with it.—*Hensley C. Woodbridge*. Urbana, Illinois.—(The Recinos work is reviewed in our Winter 1948 number.—*The Editors*.)

Books for Europe

Dear Sir:

People who love books find it difficult to get along without them, but millions in the war-devastated areas today are forced to live, work, and study with practically no books, periodicals, and magazines. During the war, libraries of half the world were destroyed or damaged in the fires of battle and in the fires of hate and fanaticism. Poland lost 95% of the books in its school and public libraries, with 14,584,000 books and 352 libraries destroyed. In Silesia, Czechoslovakia, 537 libraries, at the time of the liberation, were entirely without books and manuscripts. Italy lost 250 libraries including some of the largest and best equipped. In France, 2,100,000 volumes were destroyed; China lost most of the large libraries outside of the walled city of Peiping. So the story goes, with similar losses that could be cited in every country that suffered war damage.

It will take many years to restock these public and university libraries, bookshops, and the libraries in private homes. Paper is scarce, printing presses and other equipment almost non-existent in many areas, and dollars to purchase books or materials in the United States are hard to get. The people in the United States can help by sharing what they have in an effort to aid these countries get back on their cultural feet.

If each person will take a home library inventory, many books will be found that can be donated to the cause of international understanding and cultural reconstruction. *Good books, in any language, in the fields of literature, history, social science, music, art, science*

and technology, etc., are acceptable. Books published since 1938 are preferable, although classics of any date will be useful.

If you find books that you wish to donate, write to the American Book Center, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C., giving them details: language, subject matter, number of books, etc. They will give you shipping instructions and provide the appropriate labels for your shipment. The American Book Center is a privately financed agency through which most of the contributions of books, periodicals, etc., for libraries and institutions in the war-devastated

areas are channelled by both private and governmental agencies. It receives *pre-paid* book packages and handles the packing, shipping, and distribution overseas. It is, through its close contacts with governmental sources, embassies, UNESCO, etc., kept informed of the changing needs in the various countries, and so can guarantee that your contribution is placed where it will do the most good. *Don't delay*—make your inventory, and then write to the American Book Center at once.—Mrs. Margretts S. Austin. Commission for International Educational Reconstruction, 744 Jackson Place, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

More than 30 theaters are now in active operation in Moscow, and several more are in process of construction.

Emilio Adolfo Westphalen edits from Lima, Peru, the attractive new *avant-garde* review *Las Moradas*.

Students may now specialize in the teaching of a Slavic language for the Master's degree at Teachers College, Columbia University.

We learn from the *Stechert-Hafner Book News* that Ernest Beutler of the Goethe Museum in Frankfurt is preparing a new edition of the works, letters, and conversations of Goethe, to be complete in 24 volumes, totaling approximately 22,000 pages.

"Lin Yutang, Chinese philosopher and author, has invented a revolutionary new typewriter which will type 90,000 different Chinese characters, will do a normal day's work for a Chinese copyist in an hour, and is expected to revolutionize Chinese publishing and office work."—From *Publishers Weekly*.

The June 1947 number of Roger Caillois' Buenos Aires French magazine *Lettres Françaises* was a sort of anthology of French writing since the Liberation. It carried work of Albert

Camus, Julien Benda, Jean-Paul Sartre, Jean Paulhan, André Malraux, André Gide, et al.

In *Realidad* (Buenos Aires), September-October 1947: Américo Castro, *La estructura del Quijote*; Marcel Bataillon, *Matrimonios Cervantinos*; Francisco Ayala, *La invención del Quijote*; Francisco Romero, *Don Quijote y Fichte*; Harry Levin, *Don Quijote y Moby-Dick*, etc., etc.

According to *France-Amérique*, a French Swiss publisher is putting out a volume entitled *Laval parle*, containing Laval's defense written in prison and various documents connected with his trial. A violent preface by José de Chambrun declares: "My father was assassinated at the command of De Gaulle."

Les Cahiers Luxembourgeois are a brightly handled monthly magazine in French and German published in the city of Luxembourg. Of its slight but well-written articles, one of the most readable has been Michel Verber's *La femme française dans la littérature d'après-guerre* (August), which handles Colette, Eve Curie, Elsa Triolet, Geneviève Tabouis, Suzanne Norman, Louise Weiss, Simone de Beauvoir, Thyde Monnier, Suzanne Chantal, et al.

The Once Over

French History, Biography, Memoirs

- ✧ Pierre Belperron. *La Guerre de Sécession*. Paris. Plon. 1947. iv+760 pp. + 8 plates + maps. 480 fr.—Historical development, causes; military operations; reconstruction.
- ✧ René Benjamin. *La table et le verre d'eau*. Paris. Editions Nouvelles. 1947. 183 pp. 150 fr.—How it feels to be a lecturer.
- ✧ Carles Cardo. *Histoire spirituelle des Espagnes*. René Bonnafous, tr. Paris. Portes de France. 1946. 349 pp. 190 fr.—Exiled Canon of Barcelona analyzes the underlying causes of the Spanish Civil War and denounces dictatorship.
- ✧ Georges Cattau. *Charles de Gaulle*. Paris. Portes de France. 1944. 386 pp.—Laudatory in tone; 26 appendices; list of dates; bibliographies.
- ✧ Mgr. Chevrot. *L'Abbé Roger Derry*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1947. 259 pp. 140 fr.—Martyr of the Resistance, executed at Cologne in 1943.
- ✧ Jan Ciechanowski. *La rançon de la victoire*. Jean Muray, tr. Paris. Plon. 1947. 524 pp. 285 fr.—The secret reasons for the sacrifice of Poland.
- ✧ M.-A. Couturier. *Chroniques*. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1947. 191 pp.—Newspaper articles (Canada & U. S.), lectures, notes, by a refugee Frenchman, 1939-44.
- ✧ Henri Davignon. *La première tourmente*. Bruxelles. Durendal. 1947. 192 pp.—England and Belgium, 1914-18.
- ✧ Pierre Edmond-About. *L'ombre verte*. New York & Montréal. Cercle du Livre de France. 1947. 161 pp.—A band of French in Indo-China is made prisoner first by the omnipresent green forest, then by the Japanese.
- ✧ Robert Guillaín. *Le peuple japonais et la guerre*. Paris. Julliard. 1947. 299 pp. 275 fr.—A people who, with all their faults and vices, have virtues worthy of

a better cause.

- ✧ Myriam Harry. *Mon amie Lucie Delarue-Mardrus*. Paris. Ariane. 1946. 211 pp. + 18 plates. 150 fr.—The mercurial Norman poet and novelist as remembered by her friend the Jerusalem-born exponent of the *roman passionnel*.
- ✧ Georgette Leblanc. *La machine à courage*. Paris. Janin. 1947. 230 pp. 280 fr.—Her experiences and new life in America after separation from Maeterlinck.
- ✧ Marcel Le Goff. *Anatole France à la Béchellerie*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 373 pp. 300 fr.—To prevent distortion of M. France's ideas, the 1924 edition was revised to include complete notes.
- ✧ Igor Markevitch. *Made in Italy*. Paris. Julliard. 1947. 216 pp. 150 fr.—Toward a better understanding of France's neighbor.
- ✧ Maurice Paléologue. *Journal 1913-1914*. Paris. Plon. 1947. ii+329 pp. 250 fr.—Day-by-day notes of a writer-diplomat throwing light on the Poincaré administration. Posthumously published.
- ✧ Henriette Psichari. *Renan et la guerre de 70*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 267 pp. 210 fr.—His pessimism and his anger at his country's defeat.
- ✧ Friedlind Wagner & Page Cooper. *Héritage de feu*. Paris. Plon. 1947. v+259 pp. 165 fr.—Germany 1923-1940. By Wagner's granddaughter. Translated from English.

French Public Questions

- ✧ Jean-Pierre Després. *Le mouvement ouvrier canadien*. Montréal. Fides. 1947. 205 pp. \$1.50.—Short history and present status. Preface by Edouard Montpetit.
- ✧ J. Huizinga. *A l'aube de la paix*. Amsterdam-Anvers. Pantheon. 1945. 180 pp.—Translation by Cecile Seresia of Dutch study on the chances for re-establishing our civilization.
- ✧ Claude Morgan. *Chroniques des let-*

tres françaises. I: A l'aube de la IV^{ème}. II: La fin d'un monde. Paris. Raisons d'Être. 1946. 198 & 156 pp. 120 & 90 fr.—Political editorials.

✠ Wladimir d'Ormesson. *L'éternel problème allemand.* Paris. Spid. 1945. 156 pp. 70 fr.—Newspaper articles, published since the Liberation, by a journalist who was hunted by the Nazis.

French Philosophy and Religion

✠ G. K. Chesterton. *L'homme qu'on appelle le Christ.* L.-M. Gauthier, tr. Paris. Nouvelles Editions Latines. 1947. 199 pp. 135 fr.—31st work of Chesterton's translated into French.

✠ P. de Foucauld. *XXV lettres inédites.* Paris. Bonne Presse. 1946. xxi+96 pp. 75 fr.—From a priest in Morocco to Canon Caron in appreciation of latter's literary work and discussing mission problems.

✠ André Giret. *La science et le scepticisme religieux.* Montréal. Fides. 1947. 146 pp. \$1.—Including personal struggles of faith and concluding that science and religion go hand in hand.

✠ *Ma joie terrestre où dont es-tu?* Bruges. Desclée de Brouwer. 1947. 380 pp. + 9 plates. 120 fr.—Carmelite studies by theologians and psychologists. Theme: Joy of the Christian life.

✠ Paul-Henri Paillou. *Arthur Rimbaud, père de l'Existentialisme.* Paris. Perrin. 1947. 91 pp. 80 fr.—Contribution to the fight "against this evil which strikes at our . . . moral philosophy."

✠ Blaise Pascal. *Pensées.* 2 vols. Zacharie Tourneur, ed. Paris. Cluny. 1943. 206 & 348 pp. \$4.90 U. S.—Most painstaking of all editions.

French Literature

✠ Matteo Bandello. *L'histoire tragique de Romeo Montecchio & Giulietta Capalletta.* Michel Arnaud, tr. Guiraud par Belvès (Dordogne). Vorms. 1947. 20,000, 12,000, 7,000 fr.—Magnificent edition of the Italian tale which Shakespeare retold.

✠ André Billy. *Max Jacob.* Paris. Seghers. 1946. 211 pp.—Critical introduction by the editor, anthology, pictures, facsimiles, etc.

✠ Gustave Charlier. *Passages.* Bruxelles. Renaissance du Livre. 1947. 182 pp.—Notes on the visits of certain distinguished foreigners to Belgium in the 18th and 19th centuries.

✠ Marcel Jean & Arpad Mezei. *Mal-doror.* Paris. Pavois. 1947. 223 pp + 9 plates. 240 fr.—Essay on Lautréamont and his work, with notes.

✠ Séraphin Marion. *The Quebec Tradition: La tradition du Québec.* Watson Kirkconnell, tr. Montréal. Lumen. 1946. 245 pp. \$1.50.—Poetry and prose dedicated to the two cultures of Canada. English and French on facing pages.

✠ Mary-Carmel Therriault. *La littérature française de Nouvelle-Angleterre.* Montréal. Fides. 1946. 325 pp. \$2.25.—Careful study of a fragmentary literature, with an extensive bibliography.

French Fiction and Drama

✠ Marcel Arland. *Il faut de tout pour faire un monde.* Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 312 pp. 185 fr.—Integrated short stories of humble, awkward people.

✠ Charles Barzel. *Mort et vivant.* Paris. Self. 1946. 215 pp. 120 fr.—Pianist killed in duel is reincarnated in the person of his adversary and finds love.

✠ Pierre Béarn. *L'océan sans espoir.* Paris. Emile-Paul. 1946. 291 pp. 120 fr.—Adventures of a phantom vessel.

✠ Albert Camus. *Le malentendu. Caligula.* Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 211 pp.—Two cruel Existentialist plays.

✠ Jean Cassou. *Le centre du monde.* Paris. Sagittaire. 1945. 277 pp. 145 fr.—The unattainable satisfactory adjustment to life toward which each man struggles.

✠ Gilbert Cesbron. *On croit rêver. . . .* Paris. Laffont. 1946. 301 pp. 140 fr.—Satire? Fairy tale? Adventure or love story? On the brink of the war.

✠ Pierre Daninos. *Le carnet du bon Dieu.* Paris. Jeune Parque (New York. Cercle du Livre de France). 1947. 170

pp.—For fun, God has a man born old, grow younger through life. Interlarded with pages from His journal.

✧ Roger Dorsinville. *Barrières*. Port-au-Prince. Deschamps. 1946.—Two hearts broken by racial prejudice.

✧ Anna Eisenberg. *Aube sur la Palestine*. Genève. Mont-Blanc. 1946. 194 pp.—Joys and troubles of modern pioneers in the rediscovery of an old land.

✧ Jean-Jacques Gautier. *Histoire d'un fait divers*. Paris. Julliard. 1946. 220 pp. 135 fr.—Naturalism.

✧ Iarmila Glazarova. *La porte de l'aube*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 285 pp. 240 fr.—Story of a woman's vengeance, translated from Czech by Alexandre Després.

✧ Julien Green. *Si j'étais vous...* Paris. Plon. 1947. 264 pp. 135 fr.—Eternally baffled search for a new personality.

✧ Jacques de Lacretelle. *Le pour et le contre*. 4 vols. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1946. 238, 237, 263, & 258 pp.—“*Chronique romancée* of Paris between the two wars.”

✧ Pierre Navarre. *Les vents de sable*. Paris. Self. 1946. 238 pp. 135 fr.—Sultry emotions in the sultry land of the Arabs.

✧ Roger Peyrefitte. *Mademoiselle de Murville*. Paris. Vigneau. 1947. 272 pp. 135 fr.—“Dying-aristocrat sensuality.”

✧ Georges Pillement. *Anthologie du théâtre français contemporain. II: Le théâtre du boulevard*. Paris. Bélier. 1946. 484 pp. + 8 plates. 450 fr.—Scenes from plays of 1914–45; notes on life and works of the playwrights; historical introduction.

✧ C.-F. Ramuz. *Nouvelles*. Paris. Grasset. 1944 (New York. Cercle du Livre de France. 1947). 250 pp.—Twelve of them, about Swiss country folk.

✧ Claude Seignolle. *Marie la louve*. Paris. Quatre Vents. 1947. 292 pp. 165 fr.—A tale of witchery, of animals like people, and of people like animals.

✧ Vassili Yan. *Gengis-Khan*. Boris Metzel, tr. Paris. Pavois. 1946. 422 pp. 240 fr.—Winner of the Stalin Prize.

French Verse

✧ *Floriant et Florete*. Harry F. Wil-

liams, ed. Ann Arbor. University of Michigan Press. 1947. xv+316 pp. + 7 plates. \$4.—Manuscript; notes on language, structure, style; rûmarium, glossary, index of proper names.

✧ Paul Reboux. *Le trésor des demoiselles*. Bruxelles. Chabassol. 1946. 111 pp.—One man's answer to the prudens.

✧ Paul Verlaine. *La bonne chanson. Amour—bonheur. Chansons pour elle. Fêtes galantes. Jadis et naguère. Romances sans paroles. Dédicaces. Epigrammes. Sagesse. Liturgies intimes*. 4 vols. Paris. Cluny. 1943–46. 317, 229, 297, & 219 pp. \$2.45 ea.—Beautifully printed edition, notes by Yves-Gérard Le Dantec.

French Arts and Music

✧ Marius Barbeau. *Alouette!* Montréal. Lumen. 1946. 216 pp. \$1.50.—55 folk-songs: melody, text, historical notes, list of versions.

✧ Germain Bazin. *L'époque Impressionniste*. Paris. Tisné (New York. Continental). 1947. 95 pp. \$10 U.S.—History of the movement, 95 full-page reproductions.

✧ Pierre Marois. *Des goûts et des couleurs*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 191 pp. + 16 plates. 180 fr.—New light on Bruegel, El Greco, Michelangelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Goya, Van Gogh, Picasso, et al.

French Travel

✧ Alexandra David-Neel. *A l'ouest barbare de la vaste Chine*. Paris. Plon. 1947. ii+303 pp. + 12 plates + map. 180 fr.—Caught in Tibet by the war, this traveler produced a valuable document on the country and people.

✧ Victor Forbin. *Un coureur d'aventures vous conte sa vie*. Paris. Susse. 1946. 381 pp. + 30 plates.—Looking for gold in Colombia.

French Essays

✧ Jean Cocteau. *La difficulté d'être*. Paris. Morihien. 1947. 276 pp.—The baffling enfant terrible, now well into

his fifties, muses on various of life's problems.

✠ Alfred Fabre-Luce. *Hors d'atteinte*. Paris. L'Auteur. 1946. 211 pp.—Politics, religion, and philosophy.

French Miscellaneous

✠ *Masques. La mode au théâtre & De la mise en scène*. Paris. Société Générale d'Éditions. 1947. 60 & 81 pp., ill. 150 fr. ea.—Comments of 20 actresses on their favorite clothes; sketches; description of stage settings. Large type and format.

✠ Claude Seignolle. *En Sologne. Enquête folklorique*. Paris. G. P. Maisonneuve. 1945. 158 pp.—A careful and extensive study of customs and superstitions of this region concerning birth, marriage, death, etc.

✠ Laurette-E. Toupin. *La bibliothèque à l'école*. Montréal. Fides. n.d. 86 pp. \$0.60.—A library for primary schools.

✠ *Annuaire de la Presse, 1947*. 61st ed. Maurice Roux-Bluyssen, ed. Paris. 7, rue Portalis (VIII^e). 815 pp., large format.—List of more than 100 French Underground periodicals, data on the government, lists of critics and chroniclers, pseudonyms, periodicals, and press organizations.

✠ Madame de Sévigné. *Lettres choisies*. Montréal. Fides. 1947. 94 pp. \$0.35.—Preface by Valléry Radot.

Spanish History, Biography, Memoirs

✠ Melchor de Almagro San Martín. *Crónica de Alfonso XIII y su linaje*. Madrid. Atlas. 1946. 15+322 pp. 35 ptas.—The tragedies of a nation are produced by the divorce of official life from the real life of the people. Prologue by Gregorio Marañón.

✠ Rosa Arciniega. *Dos rebeldes españoles en el Perú*. Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1946. 436 pp. \$10 m-n.—Gonzalo Pizarro, the "great rebel," and Lope de Aguirre, the "cruel tyrant."

✠ Pío Baroja. *Desde la última vuelta del camino. Memorias. I: El escritor según él y según los críticos. II: Familia, in-*

fancia y juventud. III: Final del siglo XIX y principios del XX. Madrid. Biblioteca Nueva. 1945. 318, 415, & 367 pp. 10, 12, & 12 ptas.—The old novelist rather cheerfully recalls his life, his writings, and the judgments of his critics.

✠ Pedro Henríquez Ureña. *Historia de la cultura en la América hispánica*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 241 pp. + 27 plates.—From indigenous cultures to 1945, with extensive bibliography and indexes.

✠ *La inmigración en Francia (1927)*. México. Archivo de Alfonso Reyes. 1947. 35 pp.—Her problem is to select, distribute, and assimilate badly needed workers.

✠ A. de Lizarra. *Los Vascos y las cruzadas*. Buenos Aires. Ekin. 1946. 149 pp. \$2.50 m-n.—First detailed study of the considerable Basque part in the Crusades. Chronological list of events, index of persons, bibliography.

✠ Isaac López Mendizabal. *Breve historia del país vasco*. Buenos Aires. Ekin. 1945. 185 pp. \$2.50 m-n.—Basque origins, laws, arts, religion.

✠ *Momentos de España. Memorias políticas 1920-1923*. México. Imprenta Barrié. 1947. 61 pp.—These notes, in succinct diary form, foreshadow the Civil War.

✠ Norberto Pinilla. *Biografía de Gabriela Mistral*. Santiago. Tegualda. 1946. 129 pp.—Life of last year's Nobel Prize winner by a scholar who has written about her before.

✠ *Revista de historia de América*. No. 22, Dec. 1946. México. Av. del Observatorio 192. 355 pp.—Articles, biographies, book reviews deal with history, politics, culture.

✠ Alfonso Reyes. *La conferencia Colombo-Peruana para el arreglo del incidente de Letecia*. México. Imprenta Barrié. 1947. 32 pp.—Historical review, protocol, personalities, background.

✠ Pedro de Rivadeneira. *Vida de Ignacio de Loyola*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 261 pp. \$2.25 m-arg.—Written first in Latin, it was translated into Castilian by its author in 1583.

✎ Hugo West. *Vocación de escritor*. Buenos Aires. Thau. 3rd ed., 1946. 359 pp.—Volume XXXI of his *Obras completas*.

Spanish Public Questions

✎ Enrique Dickmann. *Población e inmigración*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1946. 163 pp. \$4 m-n.—An eminent Argentine Socialist argues for a liberal immigration policy.

✎ Rafael Larco Herrera. *Hacia un congreso americano de hombres libres*. Trujillo, Perú. Rimac. 1947. 359 pp.—Essays favoring Pan Americanism.

✎ Ismael Rodríguez-Bou. *Problemas de educación en Puerto Rico*. Río Piedras. Universidad de Puerto Rico. 1947. 287 pp.—Hopeful view of education in Puerto Rico.

Spanish Philosophy

✎ Francisco Javier A. Belgodere. *Retorno a la lógica clásica*. México. Jus. 1947. 384 pp. \$12 m-n.—Definitions of terms; refutation of systems of Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, et al.; philosophical problems; present trends.

✎ Silvio Zavala. *La filosofía política en la conquista de América*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 165 pp.—Spanish America's past is rooted in liberal ideology.

Spanish Literature

✎ Azorín (José Martínez Ruiz). *Rivas y Larra*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 166 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—Traces the original sources of Spanish Romanticism.

✎ *Biblioteca Americana*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. n.d. 44 pp.—Plan for a new book collection by which South Americans may know themselves and each other better.

✎ Pedro Romeral. *Literatura rusa*. Buenos Aires. Atlántida. 1946. 269 pp. + 24 plates. \$2.50 m-n.—From its late (18th century) start to present day.

✎ Emilio Schaub-Koch. *Constancio C. Vigil y su obra*. Buenos Aires. Andhra

Research University. n.d. 8 pp.—Analyzes *Vigilismo* as practical humanism applied to daily life.

✎ *The Spanish Book*. Madrid. Cultural Relations Committee. n.d. 63 pp.—“A Guide to the Books Published in Spain since 1939.”

✎ Carlos Vossler. *La Fontaine y sus fábulas*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 148 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—Translated from German by Felipe González Vicén.

Spanish Fiction and Drama

✎ Demetrio Aguilera Malta & Willis Knapp Jones. *Sangre azul*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. n.d. 42 pp.—Love wins over national prejudice.

✎ Jacinto Benavente. *Espejo de grandes. La ciudad doliente. Titania. La infanzona. Al S. de S. M. I.* Madrid. Aguilar. 1947. 268 pp. 30 ptas.—At 80 his sophisticated pessimism is still vigorous.

✎ C. Blanco Soler. *El hijo de Don Juan*. Madrid. Aguilar. 1946. 352 pp. + 8 plates. 20 ptas.—Continuation, and expiation, of the life of the father. De luxe edition.

✎ Calderón de la Barca. *A secreto agravio secreta venganza y La dama duende*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 166 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—Two of Calderón's most romantic and fantastic comedies.

✎ Miguel de Cervantes. *Entremeses*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 150 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—The eight little plays in modernized text, no introduction or notes.

✎ Concha Espina. *El más fuerte*. Madrid. Aguilar. 1947. 382 pp. 35 ptas.—Psychological study; dramatic characters; sensational episodes.

✎ Augusto d'Halmar. *Cristián y yo*. Santiago. Nascimento. 1946. 397 pp.—Stories for youth, profusely illustrated. Preface by Mariano Latorre.

✎ Pedro Leandro Ipuche. *Cuentos del fantasma*. Montevideo. Ceibo. 1946. 182 pp.—21 delicate sketches of rural Uruguay.

✎ José Román Orozco. *Cosmapa*. Buenos Aires. Lautaro. 1946. 236 pp. \$4 m-n.

—Hot stuff from the banana plantations and towns of Nicaragua.

✎ Fernando Santiván. *El bosque emprende su marcha*. Santiago. Zig-Zag. 1946. 247 pp.—Short stories by a well-known journalist whose rural novels were once popular.

✎ Ramón del Valle-Inclán. *Cara de plata*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 150 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—One of his most famous *comedias bárbaras*.

✎ Ramón del Valle-Inclán. *Romance de Lobos*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 152 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—Completed the trio of *comedias bárbaras*.

Spanish Verse

✎ Vicente Echeverría del Prado. *Perfiles inviolados*. México. Imprenta Lira. 1947. 78 pp.—For his son, as an armor of beauty against the evil of men.

✎ Alfonso Francisco Ramírez. *Oaxaca*. México. Con el Autor, 4^a de Guillermo Prieto 55. 1946. 102 pp.—Sentimental verses by an eminent jurist of Oaxacan origin.

✎ William Shand & Alberto Girri. *Poesía inglesa de la guerra española*. Buenos Aires. Ateneo. 1947. viii+92 pp. \$6 m-n.—25 poems, by Herbert Read, Stephen Spender, Geoffrey Parsons, et al. Originals with Spanish translations.

✎ Arturo Torres Riosco. *Elegías*. México. Imprenta Barrie. 1947. 31 pp.—A poem to all the women in the world, one on Rio de Janeiro, and one on a wounded bird.

Spanish Art

✎ José Bernardo Couto. *Diálogo sobre la historia de la pintura en México*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 163 pp.—Still valuable because it synthesizes Mexican colonial painting.

✎ Cipriano S. Viturera. *Sentido humanista de la pintura brasileña contemporánea*. Montevideo. A.U.P.I.P. 1947. 48 pp.—This critic is impressed by the social significance of Brazilian painting.

Spanish Geography

✎ Ramón Carlos Góez. *Geografía de Colombia*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 219 pp + 23 plates.—“Equally good for classroom and general use.”

✎ Isaac López Mendizabal. *El país vasco*. Buenos Aires. Ekin. 1946. 230 pp. \$5 m-n.—Description of country by provinces, mention of famous Basques of Latin America.

✎ Emilio Romero. *Geografía del Pacífico sudamericano*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 194 pp + 23 plates.—Relates life of region to its geography.

Spanish Linguistics and Language Reference Books

✎ Morris Goldberg. *English-Spanish Chemical and Medical Dictionary*. New York & London. McGraw-Hill. 1947. x + 692 2-col. pp. \$10.—40,000 definitions; names and description of scientific equipment; new drugs and apparatus.

✎ Yakov Malkiel. *Three Hispanic Word Studies*. Berkeley & Los Angeles. University of California Press. 1947. iv + 70 pp. \$1.25.—The word-families of *macula*, *trigar*, *lo(u)çano*.

Spanish Reference Books

✎ *Anuario bibliográfico venezolano*. 3 vols. Caracas. Biblioteca Nacional. 1942, 1943, & 1944. xvi+227, viii+291, & 255 pp.—Publications received or examined by National Library during each year.

✎ *Compendio estadístico*. México. Dirección General de Estadística. 1947. 588 pp.—Mexican population, education, agriculture, industry, commerce, etc. Parts of 1940 and 1945 census not hitherto published.

✎ Gmo. Rojas Carrasco. *Contribución del profesorado a las letras nacionales*. Valparaíso. Amanecer. 1947. 164 pp. \$50 m-n.—Biographical dictionary of Chilean school teachers who have been writers.

✎ Manuel Segundo Sánchez. *Bibliografía de obras didácticas publicadas en*

Venezuela o por autores venezolanos en el extranjero. Caracas. Tip. Americana. 1946. xxvii+111 pp.—620 entries.

Spanish Essays

✧ Julio Camba. *Sobre casi todo.* México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 166 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—Everything "from soup to nuts" with a liberal dash of salt.

✧ Gregorio Marañón. *Vocación y éuca y otros ensayos.* México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 151 pp. \$1.50 m-arg.—A creed for doctors to live by.

✧ Julio Navarro Monzó. *El destino de América.* Buenos Aires. Losada. 1946. 213 pp. \$4 m-n.—In which are synthesized political, social, religious, and philosophical ideas.

✧ Alfonso Reyes. *A lápiz. 1923-1946.* México. Stylo. 1947. 220 pp.—Notes in graceful, simple style about literary and public figures, subjects of cultural interest.

Spanish Miscellaneous

✧ Arturo Capdevila. *Adolescencia y voluntad.* Buenos Aires. Hachette. 1947. 226 pp.—For the sound moral development of young men.

✧ *Recopilación de leyes, reglamentos, decretos y resoluciones hasta el 31 de Diciembre de 1943.* Buenos Aires. Ministerio del Interior. 1945. 928 pp.—Public health laws.

German History, Biography

✧ Otto Forst de Battaglia. *Die Sobieski-Biographie.* Einsiedeln-Zürich. Benziger. 1946. 380 pp.—Readable biography of the great seventeenth century Polish king and warrior.

✧ J. Huizinga. *Im Bann der Geschichte.* Basel. Pantheon. 1943. xi+376 pp. 19 Sw. fr.—Deals with theory and method of history, development of nationalism.

✧ Ferdinand Lion. *Thomas Mann, Leben und Werk.* Zürich. Oprecht. 1947. 169 pp. 9 Sw. fr.—Considers both the literary value and the social and political significance.

✧ Karl Privat. *Adalbert Stifter.* Berlin.

Tempelhof. 1946. 446 pp.—"Sein Leben in Selbstzeugnissen, Briefen und Berichten." Illustrated.

✧ Justus Schmidt. *Wien.* Wien. Schroll. 5th ed., 1947. 162 pp.—Bringing down to date one of the best and most richly illustrated histories of the architectural monuments of Vienna.

German Public Questions

✧ J. Huizinga. *Wenn die Waffen schweigen.* Basel. Pantheon. 1945. 198 pp.—Optimistic view of the prospects for the recovery of our culture.

✧ Hans Zbinden. *Um Deutschlands Zukunft.* Zürich. Artemis. 1947. 79 pp. 3.60 Sw. fr.—A Swiss studies the Allied occupation of Germany, not unkindly but critically.

German Philosophy

✧ Ludwig Binswanger. *Ausgewählte Vorträge und Aufsätze. I: Zur phänomenologischen Anthropologie.* Bern. Francke. 1947. 217 pp. 17.80 Sw. fr.—Psychotherapy, psychiatry, anthropology.

✧ Max Brödel. *Diesseits und Jenseits.* 2 vols. Winterthur. Mondial. 1947. 367 & 355 pp. \$10 U.S.—The novelist meditates on the eternal things.

✧ Fritz Buri. *Albert Schweitzer und unsere Zeit.* Zürich. Schriften zur Zeit. 1947. 53 pp.—An enthusiastic presentation of Schweitzer's philosophy of Reverence for Life.

German Literature

✧ Erich Auerbach. *Mimesis. Dargestellte Wirklichkeit in der Abendländischen Literatur.* Bern. Francke. 1947. 503 pp.—The method of European writers, from Homer to Virginia Woolf.

✧ Olof Gigon. *Sokrates, sein Bild in Dichtung und Geschichte.* Bern. Francke. 1947. 320 pp. 11.50 Sw. fr.—Based mainly on the testimony of Plato and the Socratics—Antisthenes, Aeschines, Phaedo, et al.

✧ Franz Kafka. *Beschreibung eines Kampfes.* New York. Schocken. 2nd ed.,

1946. 336 pp.—Some 40 fragments, constituting Kafka's posthumous work.

✎ Franz Kafka. *Erzählungen und kleine Prosa*. New York. Schocken. 2nd ed., 1946. 287 pp.—Everything published in Kafka's lifetime.

✎ Gottfried Keller. *Werke*. 8 vols. Basel. Birkhäuser. 1947. xiv + 390, 528, xii + 305, xviii + 395, xix + 531, xii + 409, xxii + 427, & xxi + 429 pp. 38.40 Sw. fr. set.—Edited by Gustav Steiner.

✎ Georg Lukács. *Deutsche Literatur im Zeitalter des Imperialismus*. Berlin. Aufbau. 3rd ed., 1946. 71 pp.—Recent German literature has failed of its social purpose.

✎ Georg Lukács. *Goethe und seine Zeit*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 207 pp. 14.50 Sw. fr.—Also study of letters between Goethe and Schiller, the latter's theory of modern literature, Hölderlin's *Hyperion*.

✎ Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. *Werke*. 4 vols. Basel. Birkhäuser. 1946. xx + 412, xxiv + 433, xxxi + 383, & xxxi + 391 pp. 19.20 Sw. fr. set.—Each has an informative foreword by the editor, Gustav Steiner.

✎ *Phyllobolia für Peter Von Der Mühl*. Basel. Schwabe (New York. Phiebig). 1946. 288 pp. \$6 U.S.—Studies on Greek subjects presented as tribute from five former students of an eminent classicist.

German Fiction and Drama

✎ Werner Bergengruen. *Der Grosse Tyrann und das Gericht*. München. Alber. 1947. 192 pp.—Even this Renaissance tyrant has a little of the milk of human kindness.

✎ Euripides. *Ion*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 66 pp. 5.50 Sw. fr.—Translation and foreword by Emil Staiger.

✎ Alma Holgersen. *Grossstadtilegende*. Wien. Amandus. 1946. 248 pp. 13.80 sch.—Difficult living in Vienna from the Anschluss to the Liberation.

✎ Alexander Jackiewicz. *Der Magier*. Wien. Amandus. 1946. 261 pp. 12.80 sch.—Polish miners conspire against their German masters.

✎ Esther Landolt. *Namenlos*. Zürich.

Humanitas. 1947. 445 pp.—Story of the lives and marriage of Jacob, who was an eternal wanderer, and of Anna, who followed him step by step.

✎ Thomas Mann. *Doktor Faustus. Das Leben des deutschen Tonsetzers Adrian Leverkühn, erzählt von einem Freunde*. New York & Stockholm. Bermann-Fischer. 1947. 774 pp. 20.70 kr. \$6.50 U.S.—Tragic life of a German musician, against the background of a disintegrating Germany.

✎ Adalbert Stifter. *Bunte Steine*. Basel. Birkhäuser. 1944. 321 pp. 4.70 Sw. fr.—Stories for children written about 1852.

✎ Adalbert Stifter. *Der Waldgänger*. Basel. Birkhäuser. 1944. 107 pp. 2.57 Sw. fr.—The true text of the original edited by H. Augustin.

German Verse

✎ J. F. Angelloz, ed. *Meisterwerke deutscher Lyrik*. Paris. Presses Universitaires. 1947. 259 pp. 200 fr.—From Walther von der Vogelweide to Werfel and Carossa. Biographical and bibliographical notes.

✎ *De Profundis. Deutsche Lyrik in dieser Zeit*. München. Desch. 1946. 473 pp.—Anti-Nazi poems of the last 12 years, edited by Gunter Groll.

✎ Rainer Maria Rilke. *The Life of the Virgin Mary*. Berkeley. University of California Press. 1947. x + 55 pp. \$2.50.—Translations by C. F. MacIntyre on facing pages.

German Art

✎ Hans Holbein. *Die Bilder zum Gebetbuch. Hortulus Animae*. Basel. Schwabe (New York. Phiebig). 1943. 268 + 115 pp. \$3.75 U.S.—The illustrations reproduced are described and discussed by Hans Koepler.

✎ Heinrich Wölfflin. *Gedanken zur Kunstgeschichte*. Basel. Schwabe (New York. Phiebig). 1940. viii + 165 pp. \$4.50 U.S.—Principles of art, the Classicists, art criticism, section on Jacob Burckhardt.

✎ Heinrich Wölfflin. *Kleine Schriften 1886–1933*. Joseph Gantner, ed. Basel.

Schwabe (New York. Phiebig). 1946. 272 pp. \$7.25 U.S.—Architecture, painting, sculpture, Roman antiquities.

German Textbooks and Reference Books

✧ *Morgenröte: Ein Lesebuch*. New York. Aurora. 1947. 351 pp. \$3.50.—A wide selection of brief readings in poetry and prose, all from eminent writers.

✧ Hans Zantop. *Bibliographie der philosophischen, psychologischen und pädagogischen Literatur in der Schweiz 1941–1944*. Basel. Schweizerische Philosophische Gesellschaft. 1945. 278 pp.—Lists German, French, and Italian publications.

German Essays

✧ J. Huizinga. *Homo ludens*. Basel. Pantheon. 1944. xvii+344 pp. 19 Sw. fr.—Attempt to define the play elements of civilization.

✧ J. Huizinga. *Parerga*. Basel. Pantheon. 1945. 176 pp. 16 Sw. fr.—Five essays: Man and Culture, John of Salisbury, Erasmus, The Problem of the Renaissance, Nature and History in the Eighteenth Century.

German Miscellaneous

✧ J. Alan Pfeffer, ed. *German-English, English-German Dictionary of Everyday Usage*. New York. Holt. New ed., 1947. xxvi+369+504 2-col. pp.—Sub-title: *Handbuch der amerikanischen und deutschen Umgangssprache*. Originally published in 1945 by American Council of Learned Societies.

✧ Emil J. Walter. *Erforschte Welt*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 325 pp.—Summary of the achievements of the natural sciences.

English Philosophy and Religion

✧ Jean-Paul Sartre. *Existentialism*. Bernard Frechtman, tr. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. 92 pp. \$2.75.—First appearance of lecture in English;

exact transcription of discussion which followed.

✧ Meyer Waxman. *A Handbook of Judaism*. New York. Bloch. 1947. x+195 pp. \$3.50.—Its traditional observances, practices, and beliefs.

English Literature

✧ Douglas H. Gordon & Norman L. Torrey. *The Censoring of Diderot's Encyclopédie and the Re-established Text*. New York. Columbia University Press. 1947. vii+124 pp. + 7 plates. \$3.—From an extra volume of material assembled by the publisher Le Breton, recently come to light.

✧ Sigmund Skard. *The Use of Color in Literature*. Philadelphia. American Philosophical Society. 1946. 249 2-col. pp. \$1.25 & \$2.—Monumental study with bibliography of nearly 1,200 items.

English Fiction and Drama

✧ Richard Beer - Hofmann. *Jacob's Dream*. New York. Johannes. 1946. 188 pp. \$2.50.—The profound Biblical drama is translated by Ida Bension Wynn.

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English Miscellaneous

✧ I. D. MacCrone. *Group Conflicts and Race Prejudice*. Johannesburg. South African Institute of Race Relations. 1947. 31 pp. 2/6.—Color-caste barrier need not be abolished but modified.

✧ L. R. Blanchard. *Les journalistes américains . . . See France*. Rochester, New York. Gannett Newspapers. 1946. 118 pp.—A wealth of facts and incidents sympathetically treated.

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✧ Leo Baeck. *The Pharisees and Other Essays*. New York. Schocken. 1947. vii + 164 pp. \$3.—Author was foremost rabbi of Berlin.

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✧ Gíanis Petsopoulos. *Ta ethniká zetemata kai oi Ellenes Kommounistes*. Athens (New York. Spap). 1946. 41 pp. 1,000 dr.—An exposition of the policy of the Greek Communists.

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Hungarian Miscellaneous

✧ Elemér Miklós. *Még egy csokrot*. Buenos Aires. Délamarikai Kiadás. 1947. 146 pp.—Social, political, and literary memories of an old Hungarian.

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✧ László Hadrovics. *Magyar és déli szláv szellemi kapcsolatok*. Budapest. Magyar Szemle Társaság. 1944. 80 pp.—A study of the relations between Hungary and Yugoslavia.

Italian Fiction

✧ Corrado Alvaro. *L'età breve*. Milano. Bompiani. 1946. 296 pp. 300 l.—Cynical defeatism in southern Italy.

✧ Massimo Bontempelli. *L'acqua*. Roma. Darsena. 1945. 151 pp. 160 l.—Elusive tale of a water sprite.

✧ Francesco Brundu. *Il diavolo fra i pastori*. Roma. Mondadori. 1945. 283 pp. 200 l.—A man who has been wronged meditates vengeance for years but comes to the conclusion that crime and punishment are empty words Composed orally by a political prisoner who had no facilities for writing.

✧ Marino Moretti. *I coniugi Allori*. Milano. Mondadori. 1946. 302 pp. 250 l.—The thorny problem of old age.

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✧ Giovanni Verga. *Tutte le novelle*. Vol. II. Milano. Mondadori. 1945. 526 pp. \$2 50 U.S.—*Vagabondaggio, I ricordi del Capitano d'Arce, Don Candoloro, Dal tuo al mio*, and several short sketches.

Italian Verse

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✧ *Inventario*. I: 3-4. Firenze. Parenti. 1947. 308 pp. \$4 U.S.—Includes some unpublished items in English text: preface by Allen Tate, poem by W. H. Auden, letters by Hart Crane.

Polish Miscellaneous

✧ Jadwiga Słomczyńska. *Maria Konopnicka: Życie i twórczość*. Łódź. Wyd. "Poligraifka." 1946. 287 pp.—Polish poetess and patriot (1842-1910).

✧ Władysław Szpilman. *Śmierć miasta*. Warszawa. Wiedza. 1946. 204 pp.—The Warsaw pianist recounts his ghastly experiences in Warsaw under the Nazis.

✧ Polska Akademia Umiejętności. *Polski słownik biograficzny*. Kraków (New York. The Reader).—This fascicle of the great work deals with names from Dr— through Er—.

Portuguese History, Biography

✧ *Correspondência epistolar entre Emílio Hübner e Martins Sarmiento 1879-1899*. Guimarães. Sociedade Martins Sarmiento. 1947. xxi+329 pp., quarto.—96 letters between two eminent archeologists. Many illustrations.

✧ Santana Rodrigues. *O Abade Faria*. Lisboa. Empresa Contemporânea de Edições. 1946. 187 pp.—The mysterious

prisoner in *The Count of Monte Cristo* was professor of philosophy and creator of modern doctrine of hypnotism.

Portuguese Verse

✧ Antonio Rangel Bandeira. *Poesias*. Rio de Janeiro. Cruzeiro. 1945. 94 pp.—Gaudy, ironical verses. This poet's first volume.

✧ Cassiano Ricardo. *Um dia depois do outoro*. São Paulo. Companhia Editora Nacional. 1947. 306 pp.—Musical verses with a touch of mysticism.

Portuguese Miscellaneous

✧ Feliciano Ramos. *Trindade Coelho homem de letras*. Coimbra. Atlantida. 1947. 328 pp.—The author of *Os meus amores* as storyteller, esthete, and pedagogue.

✧ Ferreira de Castro. *A lã e a neve*. Lisboa. Guimarães. 1947. 373 pp.—A "local color" story about people whose lives are wrapped in wool—"on the hoof" and in the mill.

✧ Arthur Ramos. *Introdução a antropologia brasileira*. Vol. 2. Rio de Janeiro. Casa do Estudante. 1947. 644 pp.—Deals largely with the effects of the mingling of races.

Russian Miscellaneous

✧ Vera Inber. *Pochti tri goda*. Moskva. Sovetski Pisatel. 1946.—Diary of the Leningrad blockade.

✧ Marion Bergman. *The Russian-American Song and Dance Book*. New York. Barnes. 1947. 95 pp. \$3.—Simple piano accompaniment, Russian and English lyrics, explanations, beautiful illustrations.

✧ Charles Berchtold. *Russe. Grammaire, vocabulaire, conversation*. Paris & Neuchâtel. Attinger. 1947. 262 pp.—French version prepared in collaboration with Max-André Berger.

Unclassified

✧ Chaim Rabin. *Arabic Reader*. London. Lund Humphries. 1947. viii+174

pp. 12/6.—Selections from modern literary Arabic.

✻ Ssu-Yu Têng. *Conversational Chinese*. Chicago. University of Chicago Press. 1947. ix+441 pp. \$5.—933 characters and 907 phrases provide basic vocabulary for reading and conversing in the Mandarin dialect of Peiping.

✻ Olof Enckell. *Auringon lasku*. Helsinki. Otava. 1947. 194 pp. 180 mk.—The older and the younger generation cannot understand each other.

✻ Páll Eggert Olason. *Handritasafn landsbókasafns*. Reykjavík. Prentað í Felagsprentsmíðjunni H. F. 1947. 196 pp.—Catalogue of manuscript material in the National Library.

✻ Serge Elisséeff & Edwin O. Reischauer, eds. *Selected Japanese Texts, Literature and History*. Vol. 3. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1947. vii+302 pp.—For use in a third year course.

✻ Fredrik Stang. *Erindringer fra min politiske tid*. Oslo. Grøndahl. 1946. 168 pp.—The Norwegian statesman writes

of his country's first years as an independent kingdom.

✻ Karl H. Menges. *Qaraqalpaq Grammar. I: Phonology*. New York. King's Crown. 1947. xviii+110 pp. \$2.50.—Part of a Comparative Historical Grammar. Asiatic language map.

✻ Hugh MacDiarmid. *Speaking for Scotland*. Baltimore. Contemporary Poetry. 1946. 77 pp. \$2.50.—Glossary, pronunciation guide, notes.

✻ *An Anthology of Slovak Poetry*. Ivan J. Kramoris, tr. Scranton, Pa. Obrana. 1947. xiv+146 pp.—With translations in rimed verse.

✻ Gustaf E. Berndtsson. *Allsvensk samling*. Stockholm. Bokvännen. 1947. 106 pp.—Guide to the formation of a Swedish library.

✻ Royte Pomerantsen. Immanuel Olsvanger, ed. New York. Schocken. 1947. xiii+205 pp. \$3.—Tales mirroring Jewish life in East Europe, printed in Roman characters with footnotes and glossary.

Janus Pannonius is a new humanist periodical published from Via Giulia I, Rome, by the Accademia D'Ungheria. Its editor is the literary historian Tiberio Kardos. Its recent double issue of 550 pages has essays, criticism, verse translations, and splendid art. Dr. Joseph Remenyi of Western Reserve University and of our staff is represented by a paper on the American neo-humanist Irving Babbitt.

"The young writers who grew to maturity in the early forties were excluded from contact with foreign cultures, which is one of the strongest stimuli for artistic work." (*U. N. World*, March 1948).

The Brazilian *Livro do Mes*, launched a little more than two years ago, now has 5,674 members, most of whom live in small towns and in the country; 764 have subscribed on the basis of receiving every selection.

Erik Sjögren (Swedish novelist) says in *U. N. World* (March 1948), "... Swedish literature is decidedly more introspective today than it ever was before."

The Middle East Journal fills a gap by giving information on a part of the world now much in the limelight. Its January 1948 issue contains articles of interest, documents and book reviews. Harvey P. Hall edits it at 1906 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington 9, D. C.

"... Jean-Paul Sartre has been in Berlin for a week, and astoundingly enough the town, with its theaters, forums, radio stations, cabarets, newspapers, has abandoned all else to give itself passionately over to the problems of art and philosophy. It is curious, and for my own part touching, how in a moment this city can care so little about *Existenz* and so much about Existentialism (it amounts almost to a mass movement).—Malvin J. Lasky, in *The Partisan Review*.

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CONCERNING CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

WOLFGANG SCHNEDITZ (*Alexander Lernet Holenia*) is an Austrian critic who has published studies of Rilke and other contemporary writers.

PEDRO SALINAS (*Saint Alonso and Saint Miguel*), whimsical and delicate poet, is one of Spain's best gifts to America. He has been in this country since 1936, and is now Professor of Spanish Literature in Johns Hopkins University. Many of his poems have been translated into English by Eleanor L. Turnbull.

STANLEY VESTAL (*An Oscar for Dumas Père*), is the pen-name of Professor Walter S. Campbell, Director of Courses in Professional Writing at the University of Oklahoma. Of his long list of distinguished books of poetry, history, biography, fiction, text-books on the art of writing, and others, the most recent are *Jim Bridger*, 1946, and *Warpath and Council Fire*, 1948.

BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE (*High Lights in Recent Belgian Letters and Art*), of Reed College and the *Books Abroad* staff, is probably the leading American authority on contemporary French-language Belgian literature.

OSKAR SEIDLIN (*Franz Kafka-Lackland*), Swiss novelist and scholar, is Professor of German in Ohio State University and a frequent contributor to *Books Abroad*.

ALBERT LESTOQUE (*In Memoriam—Arnold Rönnebeck*), sometime District Attorney and Judge of the Court of Appeals in the German Rhineland, author of the much discussed documentary novel *Menschen in Aktendeckeln* (Zürich and New York, 1939), has lived in this country since 1937 and is an American citizen. He was a neighbor and close personal friend of Arnold Rönnebeck.



POPE PIUS XII

To whom the French Academy has awarded the "Médaille de la Langue Française"

BOOKS ABROAD



Alexander Lernet Holenia

BY WOLFGANG SCHNEDITZ

IN every sphere of public life in Europe, the concept of the Grand Seigneur has passed into history. Goethean intelligence, courtesy, tact are dated. Culture, humanity, good breeding have given way to violence, exaggeration, vindictiveness, and that ghastly vice which the National Socialists baptized with the name *Vergeltung* (requit). Cultural life is experiencing the worst crisis it has ever known in this quarter of the globe. It is even possible that it cannot survive the ordeal. There are in Austria and all over Europe a great many "writers," but the species *Dichter* is dying out. Galsworthy, Valéry, Rilke, Hofmannsthal, Werfel, Huizinga, those worthy champions of the disappearing human values are dead, and the few who still maintain the tradition of true *Dichtung* live scattered and isolated among the others who once followed the tradition but now live in the great world and have become its docile citizens.

Yet their very infrequency sets off all the more clearly and beautifully against the bloody, smoky sky of a chaotic Europe the outlines of those who have remained their own masters. One of these few is the Austrian Alexander Lernet Holenia. Scion of a distinguished old Austrian family, Grand Seigneur in both mind and heart, no lover of sentimentality, he has a way of covering his emotions with the mask of irony, till all at once the emotion bursts through, irresistible and elemental. In spite of the ugliest and most trying experiences, he has managed to cling to his home and has remained inflexibly and uncomplainingly faithful to his art. Lernet Holenia is in the neighborhood of fifty by now, but he has never taken on the look and the heavy manner that usually come with

fifty years. Tall, slender, with a wise, kind, oval face, lighted often with a sense of humor but serious and determined again in a moment, he is the typical Austrian officer of the old school. Born in Vienna, his life has been divided between that old city, Carinthia, and Sankt Wolfgang in Upper Austria, the charming watering-place in the Salzkammergut which may be known to a few Americans—to the worldly minded for the Tavern of the White Horse, to the religiously inclined for the famous High Gothic altar of Michael Pacher. At present he lives most of the time in Sankt Wolfgang, in a charming old-fashioned villa which has belonged to his family for generations.

The double name Lernet Holenia is evidence that the poet's ancestors were of French and Spanish origin. They emigrated to Austria during the Thirty Years' War and founded a typically Austrian family. Alexander's paternal grandfather was a *cuirassier*; his father was a naval officer. In spite of his tender age, young Alexander had a part in World War One and became an officer, body and soul. He declares today that he was a thoroughly good officer then, but that in World War Two, in which he served under compulsion, he was a good officer no longer, because he had been compelled to look on helplessly and with smouldering animosity while a hated foreign government enslaved Austria and profaned his sacred ideal of the military profession.

Just before the outbreak of the last war, he made a trip to the West Indies and the United States. The visit to America was much too short, but he brought away from it a stimulating impression of real freedom, of the fruitful enthusiasm of a young nation which is proud to be a democracy. Of the writers in the young country, he testifies that he fell in love particularly with the group which he calls the "writers of thin books," notably James M. Cain, Thornton Wilder, and Ernest Hemingway, the Hemingway of the shorter stories. Lernet Holenia reads very little at present, because he is so filled with the joy of his own work and with plans for his own writing that he has no time or thought for anything else. He writes tirelessly—prose, plays, poems, which last genre is the one at which he works hardest.

He was twenty-two years old when his first volume of verse appeared. He was twenty-six when, as a result of Rainer Maria Rilke's personal appeal to the publisher Anton Kippenberg, the Insel Verlag in Leipzig, the most distinguished book firm in Germany, printed a collection of his sonnets which bore the title *Kanzonair*. These poems, austere careful in form but strikingly original in their point of view, excited considerable interest. When Rilke died, Lernet Holenia wrote in his honor

a short dramatic sketch whose central character is Cornet Christoph Rilke from the *Weise von Liebe und Tod*. Lernet changed his attitude toward Rilke later, although he still regards him with the highest respect.

It was not long till he became much more widely known as playwright and novelist than as lyric poet. Popular attention was focussed on him especially by his strange story of disguise, *Die Abenteuer eines jungen Herrn in Polen*, which was promptly translated into English. In 1926 Max Reinhardt's theater in the Josefstadt in Vienna staged the *Oesterreichische Komödie*. The play kept the boards successfully for a long time, in spite of the storm of indignation from members of the Austrian aristocracy, who considered certain characters malicious caricatures. A second comedy, *Ollapotrida*, which portrays an adultery in the frivolous manner of the *Commedia dell' Arte*, won for Lernet Holenia the Kleist Prize, one of the most highly valued literary distinctions of that period. A series of excellent plays followed, among them *Die Frau des Potiphars*, which he called a Renaissance comedy, and which handles the ever-enticing theme of the chaste Joseph and the designing Egyptian woman with witty irony but poetic profundity. The Swiss impresario Oscar Wälterlin is planning an elaborate staging of the comedy at the Salzburg Festspiele. In the realm of classical drama, Lernet Holenia has done distinguished work in his two one-act plays *Saul* and *Alkestis*. The latter was written in one day. That was in 1926, but in 1944 he enriched the piece with a chorus on the Greek model. Saul's interview with the Witch of Endor inspired the playlet laid in an Austrian farmyard in the period of the Baroque. In *Alkestis* he undertakes to portray the sublimation of an earthly love which attains to separation from all ulterior motive, to a nobly complete selflessness such as Rilke saw in various women, notably in the Portuguese nun Marianna Alcoforado, and which he celebrated in his fifth Duinese Elegy. In *Alkestis*, Lernet Holenia unconsciously returns to Rilke and comes closer to him than ever before.

In the list of novels which Alexander Lernet Holenia has written in the last twenty years, all of which belong with thoroughly good fiction, two stand out as likely to live: They are *Der Baron Bagge* and *Die Standarte*, that gripping account of the collapse of the old Austrian army, symbolized by the banner of a famous old regiment, which on the day of the abdication of the last Austrian monarch lay smouldering to ashes in a fireplace of Schönbrunn Castle. Lernet Holenia's own favorite among his works is one of those documents of the old Austrian tradition, the novel *Beide Sizilien*, which bears the name of an old Austrian regi-

ment. His last novel, *Mars im Widder*, which the Third Reich guardians of *Kultur* had refused to sanction during World War Two, was released recently by Bermann-Fischer in Stockholm. It goes back to the beginnings of the Second World War and shows extraordinary thoughtfulness in its conception of human relations. It is notable for its frequent brilliant aphorisms and develops, behind a story of threatened and thwarted love, a philosophy which has been growing in Lernet Holenia's thought, a belief in the existence of powers which almost mathematically determine the progress of a human life. The same conviction is evident in most of his later short stories, which may now be had in a two-volume edition.

The most significant work of Alexander Lernet Holenia, the work which shows him at his inimitable best, is his lyric poetry of the last few years, published recently by the Pegasus Verlag in Zürich under the title *Die Trophäe*. Lernet has long been moving away from rhymed verse and the classic verse-forms, especially in the direction of a new German-classic hymnic. It is a genre like that of Pindar and Horace among the ancients, like the pioneer work of Klopstock with the ode, and even closer to Hölderlin. Form is everything to him. Content must develop from form. It is growing a little hard to follow him. He published lately, in iambic pentameters, the best and wisest epic rendering of German history which has yet been achieved. This great poem is called *Germania*. With unequalled skill, and what is even more important, without short-sighted partisanship, he portrays the series of suicidal tragedies which constitute German history and which culminated in the unexampled self-destruction of the Third Reich. This work once more proves Alexander Lernet Holenia an unquestioned master of the writing art.

Thus his work has constantly developed new facets, has shown its author as a great story-teller, a wise, witty, and expert dramatist, and most original and individual of all, as a lyric poet who changes in tone and grows in stature as he grows older.—*Salzburg, Austria.*

Professor Boris P. Popovitzky, Editor of *La Revista de Estudios Eslavos*, Apartado Postal 2263, Mexico City, has issued an appeal to Slavic scholars in the United States and Canada to help support his useful magazine, which has finished its first year with a considerable deficit. He offers Volume 1 for \$1.00 U.S.

Don Quixote has been filmed in

Spain, and Marcel Pagnol is planning to film it in France.

The eccentric French philosopher-essayist-novelist Han Ryner (whose name was originally Henri Ner) learned Spanish at 53 so that he could read Cervantes in the original, and wrote his strange *L'Ingénieux Hidalgo Miguel Cervantès* in 1915.

Saint Alonso and Saint Miguel

BY PEDRO SALINAS

[We reproduce part of a paper by Professor Salinas which is to appear in a volume entitled *Defensa del libro y de la lectura*, to be published by the press of the Universidad Nacional de Colombia.—*The Editors*]

THE French critic Albert Thibaudet proposed in one of his books on the novel a distinction between two kinds of reader: the *liseur* and the *lecteur*. I do not know whether a similar differentiating nuance is possible in English, but in Spanish I call them *lector* and *leedor*. The gallery of *leedores* is extensive: The student who strains his eyes over his text on the eve of the examination, the professor who spends the night with his treatises collecting data for his lecture, the cook, who, pausing near the stove, recites aloud the culinary instructions conducive to the succulent dish. Opposed to these legions, and in rare minority, are the *lectores*. A *lector* may be defined simply as one who reads for the sake of reading, for the pure delight of reading, because of an invincible love of the book itself. He has no desire to obtain from what he is reading material gain, promotion, money, or concrete information which will boost him up the social ladder; his attention is focussed completely on the book itself and the world the book evokes. . . .

Saint Alonso, Holy Patron

It would appear that in the matter of reading we Spaniards do not make a very brilliant mark. Among our people the illiterates number millions. We are censured as charlatans for preferring a spoken discourse with living neighbors to a mute conversation with the defunct in books; we pride ourselves on our illustrious title in oral tradition, which contrasts with our poverty in written thought. Spain can, I believe, offer one thing alone to the world as her particular contribution to this crusade for the ransom of the pure readers: its Holy Patron. In such an arduous undertaking it is much better to go protected by a high and invisible guardian who is able to get us out of evil passes and lead us to a good end. It is well to follow the example of the rest of the world—of the artillerymen with Santa Bárbara, of the carpenters with San José—and place ourselves beneath a Holy Guardian. My candidate suffers from a single trifling inconvenience, as Rome would see it: He has never been beatified, so that we are not authorized to revere him as a saint. We shall, therefore, have to lean, well aware of the dubiety of the support, on that claim

to holiness in which two sinners, Rubén Darío and Miguel de Unamuno, concurred with abundant enthusiasm. For there is no patron more fitting, more exactly cut to this measure, than San Alonso el Bueno, known in his region, La Mancha, as Alonso Quijano.

Albert Thibaudet has already alluded to this exceptional aspect of Don Quijote as a reader. The list of incomparable claims to the high office of patron that the moonstruck citizen of La Mancha can muster should be emphasized. The first is the ability to forget himself. "Quédeme y olvidéme" ("I remained and forgot myself"), he was able to say, referring to his love—books: "... he gave himself over to reading books of chivalry with such passion and relish that he almost entirely forgot the management of the house and even the administration of the estate. . . ." The following incident recorded by his biographer gives an idea of his clear perception and just evaluation of things. He sold many acres of arable land to buy books of chivalry. How could one of his excellence hesitate even a fraction of a second between the evanescent possession of a few miserable, drab acres for the production of bread, and the golden expanses of Hyrcania, of Gaul, of Greece, lands of fantasy whose fertility is never exhausted? We have thus two excellent virtues which incline us to place Don Alonso among the patrons of readers. But you will remember that there are still others. Such an ardent reader was he that the night did not arrest him, and he is presented to us as one of the first and most assiduous of those who read on into the morning hours: "He passed the nights reading from light to light. . . ." to the end that, "from little sleeping and much reading . . . all of that fantastic structure of dreamed-up inventions which he was reading became so fixed in his imagination that for him there was no history more certain in the world." Here I must ask permission to quit the words of Cervantes and turn for a moment to those of Goethe, who spoke thus of Winckelman: "Man *lernt* nichts wenn man ihn liest, aber man *wird* etwas." (One *learns* nothing in reading him but one *becomes* something.) It is a superb expression of the most decisive effect of reading, its sacred function: to become life and flesh and blood in a man, to become Quijote in Alonso Quijano. For Don Alonso not only lent credence above all credulity in the world to that which he read; he transformed himself, infusing all of himself into the reading, or letting all of what he was reading be poured into his being, which, from that time on, lived from the book and for the book. "It seemed fitting and necessary to him, as much for the augmentation of honor as for the service of his republic, to make himself a knight errant. . . ." This much is very clear: Books did not teach him; they did

not delight him, no; they made him "become himself . . . arrive at a new condition of himself." And to that world of books and the abnormal norms of books he abandoned himself and even, one decisive morning, his activity in this world, an unequal exchange which was imputed to insanity. What Don Alonso gave to books, who had given before him and who would give after him? He changed the eternal rôle of the masters of reason into that of professors of foolishness: He proved beyond doubt that fantasies most ridiculous to the reason can motivate actions with as much beauty and ethical rigor as do the most illustrious moral codes, and in this process he restored reason to the irrational. And did he give his life and nothing more to books? There was something else: his afterlife. His terrestrial acts were born of books, they *were* books, deeds in the flesh of man; but to be perpetuated they had to return to another book. And scarcely had he set out across the fields when he began to speak with himself and say "Who doubts but that in time to come the true history of my famous deeds may come to light?" aspiring already to the final book, sighing in his soul to die in a book—a way of escaping death entirely—assured that the two lives, that of the here and that of the beyond, would be born and would die as a book, and in a book would return immortal to rebirth.

Saint Miguel, Holy Sub-Patron

This took place in Spain at the beginning of the seventeenth century. And in the same nation, three centuries afterward, appeared Miguel de Unamuno with his *Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho*. Is this a book? Rather the reading of a book, or its recording marked off by heartbeats. And a reading done with the whole soul, with all the passion, the intelligence, the enlightenment of knowledge, and the mysteries of ignorance, with all the humanity of a man of flesh and blood, with his capacity for error and for precision, with the best of his good and the worst of his evil. For the book has a quality of adoration, of obsequiousness, of worship of the best, and also, also, between the lines, indications of envy. One Miguel envies another for having written a book which he would have liked to write. And he sets about writing it in his own manner, excelling its creator, censuring him for obscurity, though he himself is blind, magnificently blind with creative and fecund envy. To call this book a commentary, a gloss, an explanation of *Don Quijote de la Mancha*, is to beat about the bush. Indeed, Unamuno himself said so: He called his book *Vida* (Life). Our academic definition of this word *Vida* is "biography," a narration of someone's life. But this was not Unamuno's meaning.

What he cherished more than reading a book, more than commenting on it, and even more than writing a new one, was to live the life he revived in the *Vida*—the biography—of Don Quijote.

Both of them, Unamuno and Don Quijote, reveal to us a new relation between the man and the book: a *lector*—no, not even a *lector*, nor a student, nor a critic nor a commentator. Both are actors, not of the scenario, but of the heart of books, men who turn books into actions. If all of us are players in the great theater of the world, dreamers of the dream of life, would it not be more beautiful for us to play those great rôles which are already written in books, awaiting him who wishes to incarnate these noble roles, rather than play the miserable part of ignoble men?

And in the light of these virtues of theirs I make earnest supplication that they be appointed by acclamation Saint Alonso and Saint Miguel, Patron and Sub-Patron of the Crusade of the Pure Readers. When sociologists, compilers of statistics, pedagogues, and other savants confront us Spaniards with coefficients of illiteracy, charges of ignorance, and further afflictions of which, and justly, other nations accuse us, tell them that the misfortune of having in Spain millions of men who never learned to read is sufficiently mitigated by the consolation of having had the two men who have best known how to read, and from whom even the most erudite may still learn much about reading.—*The Johns Hopkins University*.



"Victor Hugo poured forth spates of magniloquent nonsense. Yet I doubt whether the proportion of the mediocre in him is as great as in Baudelaire, or greater than in Shakespeare. The work that is good is enormous; but the part which is of surpassing beauty is hidden under a double veil: the most impenetrable of all veils, obviousness. Victor Hugo expressed great ideas, and he was a master of form: for the true connoisseur, these are sins against the Holy Ghost. . . . At last, poets have torn the double veil of the obvious. Surrealists have published an anthology of Hugo's verse, in order to claim him as one of their company: the first, the greatest, the best known (Victor Hugo. *La bouche d'ombre*. Poems chosen by Henri Pariset. Preface by Léon-Paul Fargue. Paris,

Gallimard). They borrowed the title from the philosophical poem in *The Contemplations: The Mouth of Darkness*. . . . The mysterious is also the absurd: Hugo had explored its depths, within and without. . . . Victor Hugo, who can be witty in the eighteenth century tradition, can also indulge in epic buffoonery. . . . Of course, good taste will shake its smooth vacuous head; good taste, that once declared that Shakespeare wrote like a drunken savage."—Albert Guérard, Sr., in *Quarterly Review of Literature*.

Mérimée's *Colomba* has been filmed on the spot where the events occurred which the author of the story novelized. It is said that descendants of the feuding families still live in Corsica.

An Oscar for Dumas Père

BY STANLEY VESTAL

MOST of the great adventure stories may be classified somewhat vaguely under two heads: (a) the Ramble; (b) the Struggle. The two archetypes are, of course, the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*. Necessarily the Ramble is commonly less well-organized than the Struggle. Thus in the *Odyssey* we find a great number of interruptions and digressions and irrelevant adventures along the hero's path home from the war. In the *Iliad*, on the other hand, there is less matter excrescent to the main plot. Where a story is enacted at one time and in one place, it is much easier to give it unity and coherence.

If the *Iliad* is not to bear the palm, on account of the extraneous material attached to the main plot, the medieval stories must also, I fear, be excluded. The Arthurian and Norse legends, the Irish sagas, and similar monuments of medieval literature—many of them palpably tall tales—are, rather than an organized story, a mass of stories which have, as it were, swarmed about a hero. Some of these tales, of course, have unity, but few of them are good adventure stories.

If we set plays aside, in modern literature, we find our best adventure stories written by popular entertainers who are also, sometimes, men of letters. Still, most of these were authors of long tales, sometimes composed serially and in instalments for newspapers and magazines, and therefore not always tightly constructed or well plotted. Until recently, popular writers of serials could make up one instalment at a time as they went along, as Dumas and Dickens did. They were thus more intent upon their characters and scenes than upon the overall pattern of the story. In the case of Dickens, we have only one well-plotted novel—*A Tale of Two Cities*—the plot of which was provided by a friend of the author.

There are, of course, many modern authors, who, like Rudyard Kipling, wrote very good short tales of adventure which are plotted; but somehow a short story scarcely seems to provide the necessary amplitude and freedom which a lover of adventure stories demands. The popular taste seems to swing between a tightly plotted gripping action and a desire to get away from it all and move about in exciting, and often exotic, surroundings. Thus, it is almost impossible to find an adventure story that is at once on the grand scale and at the same time tightly plotted.

In the juvenile field we have Robert Louis Stevenson, whose *Treasure Island* perhaps comes nearest to filling the bill of a good juvenile adventure yarn. In America we have James Fenimore Cooper, no one of whose stories of the wilderness (also juvenile in their appeal) seems to me better constructed than the others. But great literature, though it end on the juvenile shelf, does not begin there.

The author of the historical novel is bound to be hampered somewhat in its pattern-making by the stubbornness of facts and events known to have happened and by the discrepancies of time and space. I do not believe that Sir Walter Scott and his imitators overcame these difficulties sufficiently to rate top places as adventure writers.

I believe that most readers would give the primacy in writing adventure stories to Alexandre Dumas. His great books are, of course, those included in the Cycle of the Valois (*La reine Margot*, *La dame de Montsoreau*, *Les quarante-cinq*), and the Cycle of Louis Treize and Louis Quatorze (*Les trois mousquetaires*, *Vingt ans après*, *Le vicomte de Bragelonne*); besides these two trilogies, *Monte Cristo*.

In *The Count of Monte Cristo*, he treated the theme of crime pursued by vengeance most effectively. The first part of this book is probably as well designed as anything in adventure literature. The second part of it does not measure up to the first in this respect but seems to lose power and interest. Perhaps no author could have lived up to that beginning.

In these other adventure stories we find various merits of plot, scene, characterization, and other sources of interest, but in most of these the local and political interest create blind spots, for the American reader at any rate, and contain passages which are false, theatrical, and even dull.

Like Shakespeare, Dumas takes the reader into the open air of the real world. His characters are active, outdoor men. Their morality is that of the camp and the field, which is too healthy and wholesome to strain at a gnat, even though now and then it may swallow a camel. Dumas never gloats over evil and shows no curiosity regarding vice and corruption. Though his heroes and villains are moved by the strongest passions, their motives are universal and, as a rule, brave and honorable. Friendship, Honor, and Love are the trinity which govern their movements.

In the times of which he wrote, there was plenty of material of a gruesome and painful character, but Dumas never dwells on the horrors of the torture chamber. He is all for the courage shown, not for the pain and cruelty inflicted and endured.

Accordingly, though his fencing is not historical, and many of his properties are anachronisms, he can match the greatest masters in setting a duel or a battle before us.

"I know four good fights of one against a multitude, in literature. These are the Death of Gretir the Strong, the Death of Gunnar of Lithend, the Death of Hereward the Wake, the Death of Bussy d'Amboise. We can compare the strokes of the heroic fighting-times with those described in later days; and, upon my word, I do not know that the short sword of Gretir, or the bill of Skarphedin, or the bow of Gunnar was better wielded than the rapier of your Bussy, or the sword and shield of Kingsley's Hereward."*

But the gusto of his battles and his duels is matched by the simplicity and grandeur of his epic diction. For only such language could convey the whole-hearted enthusiasm of his heroes, their loyalty, courage, and affection, the zest with which they approached a fight, a dinner, a bottle, or a beautiful woman.

It is too little appreciated, the fact that the greatest writers are, as a rule, also the most prolific. Certainly Dumas joins company with the masters on this score. Few have ever lived who wrote with such masterly ease, who wrote so rapidly, yet who, at the same time, were never dull and never pedantic. Flabby readers, flabby writers, may find his high spirits distracting and fatiguing, for Dumas did not write for a clique or a coterie.

To write a good adventure yarn, a man must have rich materials with which he is naturally and by education in sympathy. If these rich materials have been already processed by other skilful authors, so much the better. In fact, most of the classics are made out of folklore older than the hills.

Now Dumas had as his source material for *The Three Musketeers* the memoirs of D'Artagnan, which apparently had been already handled by another author and brought nearer the fictional norm. It was a subject made to Dumas's hand.

It may be that there are better plotted adventure stories than *The Three Musketeers* in the sense that, when analyzed, the structure seems tighter. But this method of recommending the effectiveness of a written work is inadequate, false, and misleading. A man may have a wonderful pattern and not be able to write up to it so as to put it effectively before the reader. Plotting must therefore be considered in terms of the reader's reactions rather than in terms of abstract mechanics. Now it seems to me

* *Letters to Dead Authors* by Andrew Lang. New York, 1912. p. 114.

that *The Three Musketeers*, though it includes a number of separate adventures and enterprises, has the kind of unity and coherence which is felt by readers; the only kind of unity and coherence that is important for the author. In fact, all the mechanics are merely means to this effectiveness in giving the reader the satisfaction he craves, and in unskilful hands they produce the very opposite effect.

The unity and coherence of construction of *The Three Musketeers* is not only one of a plotted struggle but of a character and group of characters, a way of life, and of a flowing continuity of interest that never flags.

Though, of course, there is no perfect example of the adventure story in existence—one which combines all possible merits to the fullest degree—I believe that readers generally, at least male readers, have inclined to give the palm to *The Three Musketeers*. I concur in this general opinion.
—*University of Oklahoma.*



High Lights in Recent Belgian Letters and Art*

BY BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE

DURING the war years the Office de Publicité in Brussels brought out a series of low-cost monographs dealing with national men of letters and artists. More are to follow. Each booklet is the work of a specialist; most of them have bibliographies, all contain portraits of the writer under discussion and some are illustrated.

CAMILLE LEMONNIER alone among the regionalists took all Belgium for his fief. M. Gauchez accomplishes the feat of analyzing in a ninety page study practically all his manifold work. The discussion of each volume marks clearly inspiration drawn now from the old masters like Rubens and Jordaens, now from contemporaries like Courbet and Constantin Meunier. Plastic artists exercised more influence than writers—*nous-mêmes ou périr* was the novelist's proud motto—but literary affinities are not neglected. Among the latter the popular Flemish romancer, Henri Conscience, receives more attention than I remember to have seen elsewhere. M. Gauchez shows thorough familiarity with the thought of other critics, always keeping his vigorous independence. He presents vividly the magnetic personality of Lemonnier, his tireless energy and multiple interests, all of which, as much as his

* *Camille Lemonnier* par Maurice Gauchez. pp. 93.—*Georges Eekhoud* par Georges Rency. pp. 74.—*Eugène Demolder* par Claire Caillewaert. pp. 78.—*La Jeune Belgique* par Valère Gille. pp. 96.—*Iwan Gilkin* par Henri Liebrecht. pp. 80.—*Albert Graud* par Henri Liebrecht. pp. 86.—*Edmond Picard* par Alex. Pasquier. pp. 82.—*Félicien Rops* par Maurice Kunel. pp. 78. Ill.—*Hubert Krains* par Gaston-Denys Périer. pp. 80.—*Fernand Severin* par Paul Champagne. pp. 78.—*Charles Van Lerberghe* par Lucien Christophe. pp. 82.

books, justify the epithet bestowed by Rodenbach: *le maréchal des lettres belges*.

In one of his last works GEORGES EEKHOUDE remarked: "L'homme instruit, raffiné, la partie ultra-civilisée de mon être avait été reconquise par ses éléments bruts, par sa frustesse originelle, par sa barbarie primordiale." This is the theme which M. Rency illustrates by well chosen quotations and by commentary. Belonging by his origins to the upper bourgeoisie and possessing a wide culture and artistic refinement, Eekhoud turned his sympathies toward naively instinctive folk. He is not fundamentally a reformer; the individualism, color, and picturesqueness of the Campine peasants drew his admiration; he regards organized society as an agent of both moral and esthetic corruption. Hence his *naturisme* and a nostalgia which readily turns to violence bordering on anarchy when civilization threatens to destroy his dream. His own individualism makes him intensely subjective; he has his place assured among the most autonomous of novelists. He belongs distinctly to the regionalistic group and his special domain is the polder region north of Antwerp.

Mme. Caillewaert is primarily interested in pointing to the painters who inspired individual works of EUGÈNE DEMOLDER, and in this effort she is eminently successful. She connects each book or group of books with a definite artist or school of plastic art, indicating the additions, combinations, or innovations introduced in his interpretations. His taste was catholic: he appreciated contemporaries like Félicien Rops and James Ensor no less than the old Dutch masters and the eighteenth century French school. From all he drew inspiration which sharpened his perception of the picturesque in immediate reality; e.g., *Sous la robe*, where he recalls his experiences as a police magistrate. He combined aristocratic family tradition with a great heart and an expansive personality; a large humanitarian spirit appears everywhere in his work. While not neglecting this aspect, Mme. Caillewaert avows that "il montre et ne prétend pas démontrer." Thus he is in line with the Belgian novelists of his day. We have seen that Eekhoud's sympathy is all with the down-trodden and the rebels, yet he would not change fundamentally the lot of his *voyous de velours* lest they lose their fascinating color. Both novelists would enlarge the doctrine of art to include and even high-light the humble and the outcasts. Hence their quarrel with the aloof Parnassian doctrine of La Jeune Belgique.

The tumultuous career and effervescent personality of FÉLICIEEN ROPS find sympathetic interpretation in Maurice Kunel's monograph, completed by eleven illustrations of Rops's work as painter, designer, and engraver. Popularity in his lifetime was largely due to his satanic tendencies: "Baudelaire est l'homme dont je désire le plus vivement faire la connaissance. Nous nous sommes rencontrés dans un amour étrange, l'amour de la forme cristallographique première et la passion du squelette," he wrote. Yet M. Kunel is convinced that if the artist had followed his natural bent and given more time to painting, his lasting value would have been greater. Work like *L'enterrement au pays wallon* will survive when his *Diaboliques* have passed into oblivion. Parisian success intoxicated him, but his instinct and real talent were for simple or rustic scenes.

Valère Gille, the last surviving director of LA JEUNE BELGIQUE, presents an anecdotal history of the movement, recalling with a nostalgic smile memories of his fervent youth. He deals with the early years and stops before reaching the internal dissension which resulted in the founding of the rival Coq Rouge by Verhaeren and certain of the prosateurs. This marked the beginning of the end: doubtless the author preferred to avoid sombre notes. Throughout there are incisive traits which crystallize the personalities of the leaders. Art for art was always the slogan; now realism, now Parnassian ideals, now symbolism were championed as modes of expression. The author is aware of the vagueness of the word "symbolism" and, in

characteristic aim at clarity, he quotes aptly Mallarmé's definition: "Les Parnassiens présentent les objets directement. Je pense qu'il faut au contraire qu'il y ait allusion. Les Parnassiens, eux, prennent la chose entièrement et la montrent; par là ils manquent de mystère. Ils retirent aux esprits cette joie délicieuse de croire qu'ils créent. Nommer un objet, c'est supprimer les trois quarts de la jouissance du poème qui est faite du bonheur de deviner peu à peu: le suggérer, voilà le rêve." The little book is provocative in an unpretentious way and offers, along with a lively introduction to a decisive episode in the history of Belgian letters, hints for further investigation by aspiring young scholars; e.g., the influence of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam in Belgium.

IWAN GILKIN, a pillar of La Jeune Belgique, is presented by his younger contemporary and friend, Henri Liebrecht, as a man of vast culture, fired by the desire to endow Belgium by his personal achievement and encouragement with a share in the world's great literature. His musical talent is reflected in the subtle rhythms of his verse, while the reading of philosophers and historians enriched his dramatic compositions. Two of his works have every promise of survival: the lyrics in *La nuit* (1897) and the dramatic poem *Prométhée* (1899). The first, a collection of earlier poems written in a period of intellectual stress, shows intensive study of Baudelaire but, thanks perhaps to parallel reading of Leconte de Lisle, largely escapes the impression of artificiality often felt in *Les fleurs du mal*. The foreword announces *La nuit* as the first of a triptych, of which the other parts, *L'aube* and *La lumière*, were not published. The whole was planned as a kind of lyric Divine Comedy. The projected reconciliation appears in *Prométhée* and in its sequel, *Le sphinx*. Here Liebrecht finds a Christian pantheism. Gilkin was always fascinated by Shakespeare; there is no question of direct borrowing, but a similarity of world vision. "Il a, comme lui, dessein de peindre des époques, de mettre aux prises, dans de grands conflits, les hommes avec les événements, opposant les uns aux autres ou tous ensemble aux peuples, dont ils incarnent les aspirations ou les colères. Dramas d'histoire, ils se déroulent comme des fresques, traitées en larges scènes (e.g., *Savonarola*). Ou bien ce sont des féeries, d'une fantaisie souple, où le cœur s'épanouit sous la grâce ailée des symboles et sous la fraîcheur des sentiments" (e.g., *Le roi Cophétua*). All in all Gilkin appears as a cosmopolitan man of letters, firmly rooted in his tiny fatherland.

ALBERT GIRAUD, another Jeune Belgique, is the undisputed leader of Parnassian poets in Belgium. Henri Liebrecht offers a vivid portrait of the man with a penetrating analysis of his thought. He appears as a tragic figure, born out of his time: hence the pessimistic tone of his early work.

"Je m'exile à jamais dans ces vers nostalgiques
Et mon cœur n'attend rien des hommes d'aujourd'hui."
(*Hors du siècle*, 1888)

Thirteen years later a calmer note, presaging a certain reconciliation with life, appears as he draws inspiration from the beauty of the ancient world of mythology and mingles with it an undercurrent of sympathy for human suffering. The First World War sent him for consolation to the museums, and he transposes in chiseled verse masterpieces of the national painters. The last work of this aloof hermit of the ivory tower, *Les lauriers*, is striking where he castigates the brutal invader and communes in the common tragedy:

"C'est pour libérer que je forge
Sur l'enclume du vers souverain,
Cris qu'un peuple a gardés dans sa gorge,
Le poème à la bouche d'airain." (*Les lauriers*, 1919)

Alex Pasquier portrays EDMOND PICARD as one "transporté d'enthousiasme pour le droit, pour le beau, pour le peuple, pour l'humanité." The phrase sums up

well the astonishing versatility of the man. Primarily a jurist and author of monumental legal studies, he found time for literary activity sufficient to fill an ordinary life. Two aspects must be mentioned: from 1881 to 1914 he edited *L'Art Moderne*, championing the social mission of art, and he experimented boldly in efforts to instill new life into Belgian dramaturgy, always with a humanitarian aim. He wrote at top speed, with more interest in ideas than in formal perfection. His colleague Léon Hennebicq dubbed him "un professeur d'énergie," and vigor is his master trait. His place among the pioneers of the renaissance of Belgian letters seems assured.

HUBERT KRAINS published relatively little: two short novels, five collections of stories, and a small volume of critical essays constitute his collected work. He was ever guided by the quest for perfection in his literary endeavor as in the exacting duties of his professional career in the postal service. In both he reached the summits. He took to heart the precept of one of his favorite authors, La Bruyère, about the one adequate expression to convey his thought or emotion: the result is a style of classic simplicity and directness. His stories and novels are marked by dramatic concision; the characters are presented at critical moments, chosen to evoke their essence before our eyes. M. Gaston Périer sees in him the ideal regionalist who found a cosmos in his tiny province. At the end of the monograph he suggests a parallel between Krains and André Baillon, who portrayed with similar insight the peasants around Antwerp. Both possessed "l'intuition que l'écrivain belge doit puiser dans son pays, dans les souvenirs de son terroir ou wallon ou flamand ou thiois, les éléments complets de son art." A realist in the true sense of the word, Krains is distrustful of the imagination; he finds in humble peasants the essence of the human comedy—or rather tragedy—since nearly all his work is in a sombre tone. Only the sketches in *Mes amis* present the jovial side of rustic life. But "le pessimisme de Krains est générateur d'énergie. Ainsi compris, le pessimisme cimente la base de toute morale. Il engendre le besoin d'accomplir le mieux possible la tâche à laquelle on est destiné, de travailler en dépit des échecs, de faire du bon service, de servir l'idéal qui illumine la mission de chacun."

FERNAND SEVERIN receives sympathetic treatment at the hands of a fellow poet and ardent admirer, Paul Champagne. "Ermite spirituel qui semblait transporter partout son ermitage avec lui," he is a kindred spirit to Octave Pirmez and, in his own generation, to his friend Van Lerberghe. His marked traits are sincerity, a classic simplicity of style, and love of nature; his ideal was "Voir le vieil univers avec les yeux d'enfant," and his conception of originality that of the classicists: "Ce qui importe, ce n'est pas tant ce qu'un poème exprime que la façon dont il s'exprime." Elsewhere he declares that matter and form are inseparable and equally essential. Music fascinated him; through it he was allied to the symbolists in their reaction to Parnassian aloofness, but he sought above all clarity and artistic sincerity. A brief section on sources shows cosmopolitan influences including the English "Iakists."

In an essay on Marie Bashkirtseff, CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE notes that her life was only "une aspiration vers la lumière." Hubert Krains cites the study as offering a psychologically exact portrait of the poet himself: "Lui aussi fut un panthéiste, profondément attaché à la vie, mais qui souffrait de la trouver imparfaite, qui voyait en elle, en même temps que tous les éléments du bonheur, mille germes d'impuissance qui nous empêchent d'y atteindre. Ne pouvant vivre cette vie-là il aspirait lui aussi à la lumière et s'appliqua à créer, au moyen de son art, le monde qu'il rêvait." As a penetrating thumbnail critique, this can hardly be surpassed. In a longer study Lucien Christophe examines the man and his work. Van Lerberghe died in 1907 at the age of 47 and his published work—plays, poems,

and tales—does not bulk large in quantity. “Je suis un être hésitant devant tout ce qui est réel dans la vie,” he wrote. He is little known outside of an élite in his own country, although he is one of the masters of symbolism and his first play, *Les fleurs* (1889), was translated into five languages. It preceded by a year Maeterlinck's *Les aveugles*, and the theme is somewhat like that of *L'intruse*. The author was not consciously creating a new dramatic genre: in later years he implied that the play was an effort to escape from unhappy memories of his youth. Left an orphan, he was sent to a school directed by priests to whom he refers as *les corbeaux*. His last work, *Pan* (1906), which he calls a satiric comedy, seems an echo of the same experience. Ecclesiastical and civil authorities are lampooned in this revival of pantheistic exuberance. He sought above all beauty in a combination of dream and vision; hence the title of his collected short poems, *Entrevisions* (1898).

“Là dans le silence, persiste
Le rêve que je sus aimer.”

His best known work is *La chanson d'Eve* (1904), often proclaimed the masterpiece of symbolic poetry. Here he makes extensive use of free verse. Like many Belgians, he was profoundly interested in plastic art, and he declares that this poem is as much painted as sung. He admired especially the early Italian painters; and his feminine ideal, to whom his Eve owes much, is one of the angels in Botticelli's *Couronnement de la vierge*. He has put much of himself into his heroine who sings of an ideal world: the Creator had neglected to consult the poets, he remarks. Throughout, his style is characterized by studied simplicity of language combined with elusive symbolism. His posthumous *Lettres à Fernand Severin* offer keen comment on the literature of the period together with revelations of his own personality.—*Reed College*.

Franz Kafka-Lackland

BY OSKAR SEIDLIN

SO MUCH enthusiastic devotion has been lavished on Franz Kafka by our intelligentsia that by now not only the issues of his writings are thoroughly shrouded and confused, but even some of the basic facts have been lost in the shuffle. His nationality, for instance. Since it does not seem to be *chic* in our days to be an Austro-German Jew from Bohemia, Kafka has been transformed into a Czech. An anthology claiming to make its readers familiar with *The Heart of Europe* (New York, 1943) carries him under the section “Czechoslovakia”; a publisher (Vanguard), issuing a book about him, announces on the jacket that this is something on a Czech author; *The Kafka Problem* (New York, 1946) which, instead of elucidating the Kafka problem, exhibits an entirely different one, the problem of present criticism, makes him out to be a member of the “Czech minority” (p. 418), a statement which Mr. Beneš won't like a bit. And there is hardly a newspaper review in this country in which Kafka is not presented as the “great Czech novelist.” Assuming that it is pure ignorance (although it might be something else), let us review the facts:

Kafka's native tongue was German. He never wrote a single line in any language but German, indeed, so chemically pure a German that only the best trained ear may discover a very slight Austrian modulation (of course, not a trace of dialect). All his books (until 1936, 12 years after his death) appeared originally in German publishing houses.

He went to a German school. He studied at the German Karl-Ferdinand Uni-

versity in Prague, the oldest German university, which could have celebrated its 600th anniversary this very year, had not the Czechs chosen to close it in 1945. He belonged to a literary fraternity which had adopted as its colors black-red-gold, the colors of the national-liberal German students' organizations of the 19th century and, from 1919 on, the official colors of the German Republic.

His most intimate friend (until Max Brod took his place) was the young art historian Oskar Pollak, who was one of the earliest war-volunteers in the Austrian army. As late as 1917, when Masaryk had already formed his Czechoslovak Legions against the Central Powers in France and Russia, Kafka desperately tried to enlist in the Austrian army (he had originally been exempted because of his "vital" occupation), a plan which failed because of the acute outbreak of his disease. A Czech who in 1917 voluntarily tries to join the Austrian army is something unique indeed.

All his life he tried to leave Prague and to settle in Germany (of course, not for political reasons). His first plan to move to Munich failed when the war broke out. He finally managed to go to Berlin in 1923 and spent there the only comparatively happy months of his life. This "Czech" preferred (again, of course, not for political reasons) life in the inflation-ridden, starving German capital to life in his home city, which had by then become the capital of the Czechoslovak Republic.

We could go on indefinitely assembling proof that Kafka was not a Czech. What did he himself have to say in this matter? In his novel *Amerika* we find this little bit of dialogue between the hero (who, like all Kafka heroes, is but a reflection of his own self) and an old cook who, by the way, is the only kind and helpful person in this book: "You are German, aren't you?"—"Yes," said Karl, "I haven't been in America long."—"Where do you come from?"—"From Prague in Bohemia," said Karl.—"You don't say!" exclaimed the cook in German which had a strong English accent, and almost raised her arms. "Then we are fellow countrymen. My name is Grete Mitzelbach, and I am from Vienna" (*Gesammelte Schriften*, II, 131).

"A German from Prague in Bohemia"—one could not put it less unequivocally. It might be a help if those "critics" who write volubly on Kafka would, once in a while, read him, too.

Some, however, cannot even claim ignorance. Pavel Eisner, for instance, cannot—because he knew Kafka personally (although his first name was at that time still Paul, and not yet Pavel). Still, in his article *Franz Kafka and Prague (Books Abroad, Summer '47)* he makes the most curious contributions to the question of Kafka's nationality. He knows the facts—but what do facts count in the face of chauvinism? Eisner does not make any bones about it. Kafka is "a German author only from the standpoint of material facts and language." This "only" is really precious: "only" from the standpoint of the language—and this with reference to a great writer whose urge to express himself ("only" in language) was such that he penned the aphorism: "Writing—as a form of prayer." (This generous contempt for the "material facts" reminds me of Goering's classic statement: "I am the one to decide who is a Jew and who is not.")

Of course, no one will deny that Kafka's work is permeated with the atmosphere of old Prague, especially of the Prague Ghetto. But only a man who doesn't give a hoot about the "material facts" of history can write down this overwhelming logical *non sequitur*: "Kafka's works are related to Prague, to the Czech spirit, to the Czech people." And since in good Rosenberg fashion the "material facts" have been thrown overboard, we are now ready for the ultimate revelation: "The instincts are Czech." The instincts!—I think I've heard this song before.

And why are the instincts so thoroughly Czech? Because "Kafka is a mystic," (this is in itself a most dubious contention, but we cannot go into that here) and

mysticism is, as every child knows, a Czech monopoly. Of course, we cannot point to the greatest modern mystic, Jakob Boehme, or to the long mystic tradition from Angelus Silesius to Gerhart Hauptmann, because all these people were Silesians, and Silesia, so Eisner tells us, is old "Slav territory" (Knock, knock, who's there? —Blubo, blood and soil at its bloodiest!). But what about the great German mystics of the Middle Ages: Meister Eckhart, Seuse, and Tauler? What about Pascal? Well, what about them? The instincts, you know!

And so it goes on and on. By constantly asking the question, "How can I justify my existence?" he (Kafka) is a moral phenomenon typically Slavonic." Unfortunately, this very question has been asked by every religious (and many a non-religious) genius: by St. Paul and St. Augustine, by Pascal and Kierkegaard. A German by the name of Martin Luther asked this question so loudly and persistently that the religious unity of the Western World was torn asunder by it. All of them typically Slavonic, of course.

Kafka "would have never been inspired by a single one of the German thinkers," Eisner assures us. If he means philosophers in the strict sense, he may be right (although Schopenhauer made a profound impression on Kafka), because systematic philosophy was not one of Kafka's vital concerns. If Eisner means "thinkers" in a more general sense, this statement of his is as correct as all his others. In Kafka's intellectual world these "thinkers" stood uppermost: Kierkegaard, Pascal, Goethe, Flaubert (and the Jewish tradition). We do not know of a single Czech (or Slavonic) thinker who meant anything to him. Eisner enumerates a number of Czech authors whom Kafka would have loved, had he read them, and who would have loved Kafka, had they read him. We leave these speculations gladly to somebody so scornful of "material facts" as Eisner. Since we have no "instincts," we do not know what Kafka would have liked if he had read it. We know, however, what he did read and did like. Apart from those mentioned above: Benjamin Franklin, Dickens, Kleist (and how he loved him!), Stifter, Fontane, Thomas Mann, Hermann Hesse, Hamsun, Carossa, Emil Strauss—and again and again and again: Goethe. The preponderance of "Slavonic" names is simply staggering! It is quite obvious that a writer with such literary preferences "will always stand out in German literature like a lost rock of undetermined origin." Of course, he will: so much so that, at a very early date, he was considered in Germany one of the outstanding representatives of the Expressionist movement, and that in one of the best anthologies used in American universities and colleges (Steinhauer's *Die deutsche Novelle*), Kafka's *Hungerkünstler* is included as a "model" piece.

The whole thing would be funny, were it not such a sad indication of the mental attitude in some "liberated" European countries. But at times Eisner gets really funny. With the full conviction of his righteousness he blasts forth: "When Kafka's complete works are published in Czech (well, why aren't they, 25 years after the death of the "Czech" writer?), they will be understood by every Czechoslovak of good will." So far, so good. But Eisner forgets that two pages back he told us that he translated *The Castle* into Czech in 1937 (11 years after its original publication in—pardon me!—German; 7 years after the English edition), and that it was a "classic flop," that no more than a handful of copies were sold. There must have been miserably few "Czechoslovaks of good will" in 1937. And to judge from Eisner's performance, from the burning of German books, from the ban against German music in Czechoslovakia, I cannot help feeling that there are even fewer today than there were 10 years ago.—*Ohio State University.*

The famous old Reclam *Universalbibliothek* is to be resumed. The Reclam-Verlag is no longer in Leipzig but in Stuttgart.

In Memoriam—Arnold Rönnebeck

BY ALBERT LESTOQUE

WINTER CAME LATE this year in Denver. People had started already to water their lawns again. But now suddenly the town was buried under tons of snow.

My car worked its way slowly and laboriously toward Clermont Street. There was the house, the garden, the view over the plains to the majestic Rocky Mountains, unchanged, familiar, in quiet grandeur.

I stepped out of the car and walked slowly through the deep snowy mush around the house to the garage which was transformed into a studio. Inside everything was just as he left it: the pedestal in the middle of the room with his latest work, the long table beneath the windows cluttered with scrap paper, notes, letters, manuscripts, in the corner on a trestle *The Wrestlers*, one of his most perfect sculptures, along the walls busts of haggard old men, young boys, and beautiful girls. Nothing was changed. Only the old iron stove was cold and dead and a chill filled the room. Ronny, as he was known to his friends, had gone forever.

I sat down on the couch and waited for the door to open. I knew he would come in, a cigarette in his fingers, a smile on his face. He would wear his cord trousers, his Mexican sandals, his two-tone house jacket, and the old Indian silver bracelets would jingle on his wrist. He would bow with a gracious gesture of his right arm and would show me the latest progress in the expression on the face of an old man. "Wissen Sie, mein Freund," he would say, "there is so much more satisfaction in modeling a great personality than in portraying a youngster. You see life itself has modeled this face." He would point to the deep lines in the emaciated cheeks, touch the protruding jawbones, the sharp features of the nose.

He loved to recite. He had an amazing memory. He knew Baudelaire's *Fleurs du mal* by heart. He possessed the unique talent for identifying himself with the author of foreign language poetry and could translate verses from German into French, from French into English or Italian without destroying in the least or even changing the meaning, rhythm, or color of a sentence or a sound. Music was for him revelation and divine service. His Saturday and Sunday afternoons were entirely devoted to the Philharmonic orchestra and the Metropolitan opera. He would make no appointments for those hours. He was an excellent lecturer, a great art critic, and a much applauded amateur actor. He was a deeply religious person, with a sincere inner leaning toward Catholicism.

He was the center of a circle of highly cultured people, scientists, artists, writers, musicians. Ronny loved parties and gaiety, good wines and delicate food. He had many acquaintances and a few close friends to whom he remained loyal even after their death. In the best sense of the word he was a world citizen. An American by choice, he was proud of his Swedish-German heritage and full of love and admiration for France where he had lived and worked so many years.

In his European way he loved his family with the patriarchal attitude of a *bonus pater familias*. He tried to instil in his children the understanding of the great tradition of European civilization and of the eternal values of humanistic culture. His was a nervous, emotional temperament. But he had the great luck to have an understanding wife, herself a distinguished artist. And he knew how to esteem the outstanding qualities of his wife whom he loved and adored to his death. She was his closest friend and adviser. We, his friends, miss his companionship, his stimulating personality, his understanding of all things human. But his spirit will live forever in his art, in the indestructible values of his genius with which he warmed so generously our shivering world.—*Denver*.

Not in the Reviews

The Artist and His Art

(After Jens Peter Jacobsen, by
Herman Salinger)

Not one of those, enclastered in a choral
of bright bacchantes, strewing fruits
and grain,
drawn by tame panthers through the
easy plain;
such without strain as reach the ready
laurel:

but one in whom a dream is wedged
away,
not great, not wild: a small, persistent
vision,
to focus with unnatural precision
against a patch of soul, day after day.

And in that place where fell the scene's
refraction,
printing the porous stuff with chrome
and smalt,
the soul was fed with fire and washed
with salt
and torn with concentration and
distraction;

and he was most and least himself in
these.

And what he painted always was the
same:
the same refrain, no matter what odd
name.

Out of a single soil grew all the trees.

No matter where he dived beneath her
skin,

with a blue longing, out of beauty's
ocean

he drank clear-headed from her weedy
potion

and found the valleys where the pearls
begin.

Dedication to Gandhi

(From *Common Cause, A Monthly Report of the Committee to Frame a World Constitution*, March, 1948)

"If there had been a world presiden-

tial election before January 30, 1948, Gandhi would have been elected. The compact mass of the 'lesser breeds,' together with a considerable vote from the white West, would have given him a clear majority over the two other candidates of plurinational influence, Stalin and Churchill. He dies as the presumptive first president of One World.

"The most obvious aspect of the originality of his experience is that for the first time in history a 'little brown man' won leadership over all races of men. The uninterrupted tradition of white primacy came with him to a halt. China had her excellence through the ages, but remained self-enclosed. Gandhi spanned the continents. . . .

"The unarmed prophet acted as the sparse embodiment of a gigantic destiny which dissolved the largest of empires



SAMUEL PUTNAM

Leading North American Authority on
Brazilian Literature

and called to life the second largest of nations. But nation and the universality of man were to him one love. If need be—he even dared to say—my own country may die that the human race may live. For himself, between death and consent to fratricide in his own country, he chose ‘the better way.’ . . .

“The honorable men who killed Caesar learned soon that they had laid down the flesh and raised to perpetuity the spirit. Through two thousand years whoever aspired for good or evil to world rulership called himself a Caesar.

“The model left by Gandhi is better. It is the power of justice as manifest in peace. Whoever will be World President will be an heir to Gandhi, a Mahatma, which means the magnanimous, august.

“It is fitting that a preliminary draft of a world constitution be dedicated to the Precursor.”

It's Bad Luck to Read American Magazines in Czechoslovakia

(From *Torch*, Franklin Square Subscription Agency, Englewood, New Jersey)

“On February 20th we received an urgent request from a bookseller in Canada to cancel three subscriptions, one for *Time*, one for *Life*, and one for *True*, for a subscriber living in Czechoslovakia: . . . ‘Subscriber threatened if magazines do not stop!’ Franklin Square telegraphed the urgent request to the publishers involved and they cooperated by stopping service immediately. . . .”

The Polish Novelist Zofia Nalkowska

(Ryszard Matuszewski, in *Poland
of Today*)

“ . . . Of the fifteen members who made up the Polish Academy of Literature in 1939, only seven were alive in 1945, and one of them was Zofia Nalkowska. . . . Her work is characterized by a high regard for man's intellectual



JOAQUÍN XIRAU

Spanish Philosopher, now in Mexico

attainment, his aspirations and his emotions, and by a sympathetic understanding of his weaknesses and vices. Nalkowska's novels and her less numerous plays deal with the basic problems of our contemporary customs and morals. Some, like the problem of woman's unsatisfied longing for love, or the problem of marital fidelity, may be called eternal problems. But Nalkowska's contribution consists in depicting the extremely complicated social and moral background of our time as a determining influence in these intimate relations. She is also interested in crime as a moral problem. *The Frontier* (Granica), her most mature work, which was awarded the Grand Prize of Poland in 1937, deals with the imperceptible yet definitely drawn borderline between that which is permissible and that which constitutes crime. Another novel, *The Walls of the World* (Sciany Swiata), was completely devoted to the pathological disturbances arising from conflicts with the prevailing order of things . . . Having lost her home, the author lives at present in Lodz, in an apartment offered her by the Writers' Association in the 'Writer's House,' where she continues her work as before. . . . She seems to possess the secret of eternal youth. It is hard to say,

though, what lies at the bottom of this secret—whether it is the freshness which springs from her spoken words and gestures, or whether it is the perpetual youth which greets the reader from the pages of her works, and which imparts its regenerating force to the author herself."

The Best Recent German Books

German Book News, published by Joachim Joesten (Hartsville, Great Barrington, Mass.) contains good, up-to-date information on German publishing. No. 2 (January 1948) lists these twelve books published in 1946-47 which, "in the opinion of qualified German reviewers, stand out among the thousands of new publications listed in *Das Neue Buch*."

Stalingrad. Theodor Plivier. Berlin. Aufbau. —"He [Plivier] travelled again and again to the Stalingrad battlefield, interviewing both German and Russian eyewitnesses of this formidable and decisive battle."

Die Jerominkinder. Ernst Wiechert. Munich. Desch —"... the story of an East Prussian village and its people, over four decades."

Das Unauslöschliche Siegel. Elisabeth Langgasser. Hamburg. Claassen & Goverts. 529 pages. 15.50 mk. —"Key figure is a baptized 'Wandering Jew' named Belfontaine, whose erratic course between good and evil is finally guided toward the state of grace by the indelible seal of baptism."

Don Hjalmar. Ernst Hardt. Leipzig. Insel. 174 pages. 6 mk. —"... a fascinating story

of a modern Viking . . . who is irresistibly attracted toward sunny Spain and meets his death in an amateurish bullfight. . . ."

Von unserem Fleisch und Blut. Walter Kolbenhoff. Munich. Nymphenburger. 198 pages. 4.80 mk —"This wartime novel . . . is the work of one of the most talented 'new' German writers. . . ."

Das gute Recht. Kasimir Edschmid. Munich. Desch. 1,089 pages. 15 mk. —"... detailed account of the life and times of the 'inner emigration' . . . under the Nazis."

San Salvatore. Hans Kades. Munich. Desch. 781 pages. 14 mk. —"... an arresting study of medical problems combined with a well-spun love story."

Grüne Oliven und nackte Berge. Eduard Claudius. Munich. Desch. 423 pages. 6.80 mk. —"Written with passion, verve, and considerable craftsmanship, this novel features the battles of the International Brigade in Spain, in which the author . . . took part."

Der Kranz der Engel. Gertrud von Le Fort. Munich. Bechstein. 313 pages. 7 mk. —"... a sequel to . . . *Das Schweisstuch der Veronika*."

Der SS-Staat. Eugen Kogon. Munich. Alber. 339 pages. 7 mk. —"... hailed by German and foreign critics as the best of the concentration camp books."

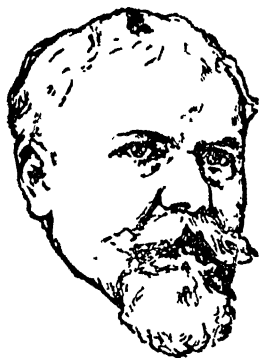
Adel im Untergang. Ludwig Renn. Berlin. Aufbau. 391 pages. 4.80 mk. —"... the story of his [author's] life and times in the Saxon army and at the Dresden court before World War I, when he himself was still an unregenerate Junker."

Der Irrweg einer Nation. Alexander Abusch. Berlin. Aufbau. 271 pages. 4.80 mk —"... collection of critical essays on various phases and aspects of German history, written from the standpoint of an orthodox Marxist."

"To Shield Young Eyes from Wickedness"

(From Lucien Descaves, *J.-K. Huysmans et l'Abbé Mugnier*)

"The educators [at the Petit Séminaire of Nogent-le-Rotrou] watched scrupulously over the children who were confined to their care. Thus young Arthur Mugnier [the famous *mondain* priest who was destined to accomplish the conversion of Huysmans] was taken to visit the Exposition of 1867—he was fourteen years old that year—and the priest who dogged his footsteps kept repeating as they passed this picture and that: 'Arthur, fermez les yeux. . . ' . . . 'Arthur, ouvrez les yeux. . . '."



JUSTO SIERRA

Mexican Statesman, Educator and
Writer (1848-1912)

Swedish Books for American Libraries (1946)

(Compiled by Greta Linder, Swedish library adviser, from lists published by Swedish Government Library Commission, with prices by Albert Bonnier, New York City. Reproduced with permission from *The American Swedish Review*.)

Fiction: Stina Aronson. *Hitom himlen*. Norstedt. 300 pp. \$2.85.—Irja Browallius. *Ljuva barndomstid*. Bonnier. 228 pp. \$2.25.—Dagmar Edqvist. *Musik i mörker*. Bonnier. 446 pp. \$3.50.—Olle Hedberg. *Större än du nånsin tror*. Norstedt. 578 pp. \$3.75.—Eyvind Johnson. *Strändernas svall*. Bonnier. 598 pp. \$7.50.—Berit Spong. *Svarta tavlan*. Norstedt. 534 pp. \$3.75.—August Strindberg. *Skrifter. Utg. och försedd med kommentar av G. Brandell*. 1-14. Bonnier. Vol. I. \$2.25.

Non-Fiction: Erik Askund. *Stockholm-sommarmarstaden*. Kooperativa förbundet. 96 pp. \$2.25. A summer day and night.—Fredrik Böök. *Esaias Tegnér*. 1-2. Bonnier. Vol. I. \$4.50. First exhaustive biography. — Otto Cyren. *Svensk kemisk industri*. Bonnier. 350 pp. \$5.25. Sweden's chemical industry. —Gerard De Geer. *Sveriges naturrikedomar*. I. Bonnier. 332 pp. \$6. Forest, waterpower, ore.—*Folket i fest*. Av Erik Lundberg a.o. Landbruksförbundets tidskrifts a.b. 211 pp. \$2.75. Old buildings, folk music and dances.—Knut Jaensson. *Essayer*. Bonnier. 276 pp. \$2.25. Six writers as person and artist. —Artur Lundkvist, ed. *Europas litteraturhistoria 1918-1939*. Forum. 656 pp. \$4.50. National literatures (not Swedish). —Arthur Montgomery. *Svensk ekonomisk historia mot internationell bakgrund 1913-1939*. Kooperativa förbundet. 392 pp. \$3. Development of Swedish industry.—Elsa Nyblom. *Nar hjärtat var ungt*. Ljus. 357 pp. \$3. Strindberg Theatre troupe.—Ivan Oljelund, ed. *Min mor. Fyrtiofem svenska män och kvinnor om sina mödrar*. Lindblad. 268 pp. \$4.25. Mothers of 45 famous men and women.—Elisa Steenberg. *Svenskt glas*. Forum. 158 pp. \$2.

Swedish decorative glass industry.—Sitten Strömbom. *Carl Milles*. Seelig. 40 pp. \$0.75. A sculptor now living in U.S.—*Sverige i fest och glädje*. Av B. Nerman a.o. Mats Rehnberg, ed. Wahlström & Widstrand. 253 pp. \$5.75. Youth courts of old Uppsala to barn dances of 19th century.—*Våra folk-rörelser*. Kooperativa förbundet. 255 pp. \$1.50. The great folk movements.

The Belgian Market for English Literature

(From a pamphlet published by the Belgian Society for the Diffusion of Anglo-American Literature)

1944.—When the need was greatest it was impossible to find an English book in the Belgian bookshops.

1945.—At last, toward the end of the year, well bound and attractively presented American and British books appeared on the market. Books by Pearl Buck, Charles Morgan, Louis Bromfield, Somerset Maugham, Evelyn Waugh, Daphne du Maurier, Graham Greene, Carson MacCullers, et al. were at last available: they sold themselves.

1946.—In the early part of the year, the position was similar to 1945, but by the end of 1946, the "salesman on the spot," the Allied soldier, had left, and the demand for English literature, being no longer stimulated, was weakening.

To improve this situation, an organization, BESODAL, has been formed by a number of individuals, both Belgian and English, closely connected with the book trade in Belgium. Its address is 61 rue Joseph II, Brussels. Its objects are to provide British and American publishers with publicity services, to publicize English books in the Belgian press, to provide a regular information service to Belgian booksellers, to organize traveling books exhibitions, to sell translation rights to Belgian publishers, to provide publishers with an agent dealing in English literature for Belgium, to arrange visits of publishers' representatives to Belgium, and so on. The basic

annual subscription to American publishers is \$55.00.

A Tear for Vanished Spanish Courtesy

(Bill O'Reilly, in *Palabras Neighbors*, Office of Puerto Rico)

"I prefer the older Spanish way of introducing men to each other, to our American style, which in my case always means an awkward pause, since I'm sure of forgetting one of the names. The Spanish way is for the men introduced to give their names: 'Juan López, para servirle,' or 'José Gómez, a sus órdenes.' That's better than, 'Smith, I want you to meet my friend—er—er—what the hell's your name?' I confess I never achieved the graceful easiness that captivated señoritas with 'A los pies de Ud.' (at your feet)—but I liked to hear it said.

"Other phrases in which piety and courtesy commingled—"Vaya con Dios' (go with God), 'Que se quede con El' (remain with Him)—I hear now very infrequently. Once a couple of years ago on a bus I heard a tall young colored man who had been talking with a very old black woman say as he was leaving: 'Echame la bendición, tía' (Give me your blessing, Auntie).—'Que Dios te bendiga' (God bless you), she replied. I thought it a touchingly simple kind of leave-taking that spoke well for both parties."

For An Indian Sanskrit University

(From *The Aryan Path*, Bombay)

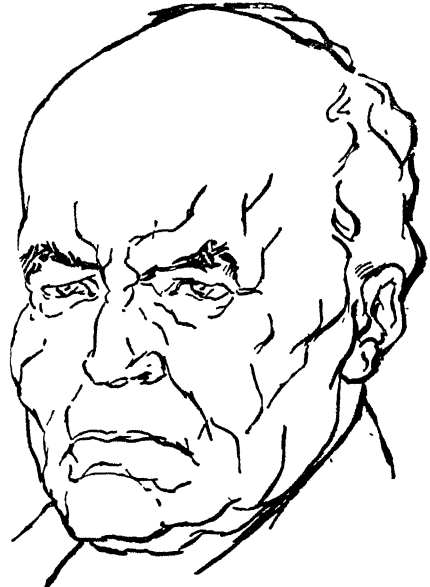
"Dr. C. Kunhan Raja, himself an eminent Sanskritist, pleaded, in an address published as the first Kala pamphlet, for a Sanskrit University for India. In such a University as he visualizes, Sanskrit would be the medium of instruction in all subjects, though 'Indian culture will be only the center . . . not the circumference of this cultural circle.' All subjects of interest in the humanities would be taught; ancient and modern

lore would be brought together; and the ancient Indian spirit of breadth, tolerance, and continuity in learning restored. The wealth of ancient Indian science, prominently psychological science, would be tapped. Dr. Raja predicts a great future for such a university as a center of modern scientific research. Other languages than Sanskrit would be studied and the philosophies of other religions than the Hindu, but 'the great function of the Sanskrit shall be to restore religion into the life of the nation,' religion being not a set of dogmas, he explains, but 'virtuous life.'"

Ilya Ehrenburg

(Martin Thomas in *Commentary*, New York)

. . . Ilya Ehrenburg is best known in this country as the Number One Soviet journalist. But there is much more to Ehrenburg than that. For many years he was one of the most brilliant Russian novelists. But his more recent works are chiefly interesting as working demonstrations of the effect of totalitarianism



BALDOMERO SANÍN CANO
Dean of Colombian Essayists

on creative art. Ehrenburg relinquished his freedom as an artist. Today his fiction can hardly be classed as literature at all.

As Ehrenburg wrote once, there are two ways to get past a fence: you can jump over it, or you can crawl under it on your stomach. . . .

Ehrenburg spent almost four years in Russia as an active participant in the Revolution, but by 1921 he had become a bitter adversary of the Bolshevik régime. He went to Berlin, at that time the center of Russian emigrants, and he became very active among the disaffected. . . .

Russia's rulers wanted Ehrenburg, who was a famous writer, well-known not only in Russia, but also in Germany, France, and nearly all other European countries. Ehrenburg, too, had important reasons for making peace with the Soviet authorities. The lack of a literary convention enabled—and still enables—the Soviet government to publish books written by authors who live abroad without paying them any royalties; only those considered friendly to the régime receive their writers' fees from Moscow. It is also possible that the strong, nationalist, and imperialist Russia of Stalin was more to the liking of Ehrenburg than the Russia he had left in 1921. . . .

Ilya Ehrenburg is now living in Moscow in one of the most luxurious apartments in the city. He is a rich man, and on state occasions he can cover his chest with rows of decorations. When he was in New York in 1946, he told a reporter that almost everything in American stores was junk, but that he would buy a few things for his two dogs. . . . During his last stay in New York he ran into one of the friends of his Paris days. The friend pretended not to see Ehrenburg. Irritated, Ehrenburg went up to him and asked whether he didn't know him. "Of course I know you," the friend answered. "You are Ilya Ehrenburg, the former writer."

How a Philosopher Served His Country

(Condensed from *Bergson al servicio de Francia*, by Alfonso Reyes, in *El Nacional*, Mexico City)

Do students of philosophy know that Bergson was a secret diplomatic agent? Does the world know how much Bergson had to do with Wilson's declaration of war against Germany in 1917 after long hesitation? In *Hommes et Mondes* for July 1947, Floris Delattre presented under the title *Mes Missions*, notes dated Vevey, Switzerland, August, 1936, in which Bergson related his two missions to the United States, in 1917 and 1918. When Bergson died he ordered all unpublished notes, manuscripts and even letters destroyed, excepting only this short document.

The second mission, looking to the construction of an Eastern Front, was of less consequence, because Foch's military victories had already made the task easier, but the earlier one was difficult and crucial. These notes, written simply and modestly, bring out clearly how much idealism there was in the step taken by the United States despite accusations to the contrary. Bergson believed that had it not been for his illness and death, Wilson could have dominated the Senate and public opinion. As it was, the world lost its only opportunity to introduce the evangelistic spirit into international relations. We see in these notes the simple-minded Clemenceau who was astonished by his own successes; the reserved, suspicious Wilson, not easily accessible and not familiar with the history of Europe, a man divided between the apostolic desire to save the world and the fear of sending multitudes to their death; we see also a sympathetic and well-informed Colonel House, and other men of the time. In that hour politicians and presidents came to entrust Bergson with the most serious interests of France. For once, men of action sought the help of a thinker.

M. Tataresco is Thorough

M. Tataresco, president of the Roumanian delegation to the Peace Conference, bought during his last stay in Paris the complete files of *Fantômas*, which total 42 volumes.

When someone expressed surprise at his interest in the somewhat over-violent contents of that publication, he explained with a smile:

"I read to escape. You can't saw through the bars of a prison with a nail-file."

A Glance at Italian Literature

(From *Stechert-Hafner Book News*,
September 15, 1947)

In recent months, two Italian writers, Carlo Levi and Curzio Malaparte, have achieved international recognition—Levi for his sensitive and perceptive book, *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, and Malaparte for his morbidly compelling account of Fascism, *Kaputt*. These books may be looked upon, we think, as repre-

sentative of two major literary trends in post-war Italy.

On the one hand, we see the reaction against the rhetorical style of Italian Renaissance tradition, against the ranting grandiloquence of D'Annunzio—a reaction expressed in the delicate, balanced prose of Levi, who describes life in "confino" in a quiet, yet vivid and unforgettable fashion. On the other hand, we see the curious continuation of the dannunzian tradition in Malaparte's violent, morbidly fascinating account of life in a Fascist state.

To state arbitrarily that either of these trends will mature and be further enlarged would, at this point, be nonsensical. And, too, there should be no attempt to reconcile these two movements in order to simplify the critical viewing of literary trends in Italy. Instead, they must be viewed merely as two distinct, wholly separate, mental states which have arisen from similar points in time and space.

Also, it must be remembered that the reaction from the perverted and "heroic" love dramas of D'Annunzio does not preclude the avoiding of the elemental themes of love and death. Indeed, the difference lies almost entirely in the perspective—a realist penetration, an intellectual and rational temper, a generosity and sincerity evident in the work of the non-dannunzian school, as opposed to a wild, irrational attitudinizing, a self-pre-occupation, often a brilliant emotionalism seen in the work of D'Annunzio's followers.

The end of Fascism in Italy marked such a turning point in life, and hence in literature, that all the interdependent factors are still in the stages of early growth. But we do have enough material already to anticipate, if but tentatively, one possibility—the possibility of a second Renaissance. This can develop, of course, only after the world's traditional post-war problems have been solved, the finding of enough to eat and decent places in which to live.

Meanwhile, tentative directions are being set, the Italian literary frame of



— Cher maître, j'ai pensé que ça vous
amuserait de lire mon livre.

FRENCH LITERARY JURIES

From *Carrefour*, Paris

mind is beginning to be shaped, and life, culture, and the signs of greatness promise a bright future.

In Defense of "Linguistic Areas"

(Carlos De Vidts Valderrama, Chilean Publisher, in *La Prensa* of Lima)

"It has never occurred to any Latin American publisher to publish books or periodicals in English, Czech, Russian, or Japanese, but foreign publishers are constantly issuing books and periodicals in our language. We Latin American publishers disapprove of this practice. We protested against it in our resolution favoring defense of our linguistic area, agreed on at our meeting in Santiago, in June 1946. The Russian government is now printing in Moscow a Spanish periodical and many Spanish books. These books are sent to our countries and sold for whatever our people are willing to pay for them. The objective is ideological penetration. Before the war the Germans and the Japanese did the same thing for the same purpose. The World War is over, but the United States continues to compete in the same unfair fashion with our publishers, and England does the same. North American publishers who have developed an enormous publishing capacity or are scheming to evade heavy profit taxes, are flooding us with Spanish publications. We Latin Americans must defend our publication rights against these outsiders. That is why the publishers' conference in Santiago agreed to 'urge our various governments to pass laws protecting our linguistic area by levying duties or otherwise rendering difficult the importation and circulation within our countries of all books published in Spanish in countries whose native language is other than Spanish.'"

A Question and An Answer

(Mrs. Ada P. McCormick, in the program of the American Library Association Conference held at Atlantic City

June 13-19, 1948. Mrs. McCormick is Editor of *Letter*, Tucson, Arizona.)

The Question

Each individual who comes to your library desk has a question he will never ask you. Yet if you give him the answer his whole life may flower in a different way. And America will be a stronger, safer place. Whether it is a boy crazy about prize fights, or an ambassador facing the despair of international problems, whether it is a young novelist who has just won a huge success and is yet on the verge of taking his own life, whether it is a school-girl or a scholar. All of them want one thing. They won't ask you for it. But it is this:

"Where can I find someone of complete intellectual integrity and of a gifted mind, who faces every truth in the universe however bitter without faking any of the answers and from that stark realistic basis loves man and loves God?"

"Where is the man who can tell me the true answers and tells me in language I can understand?"

I tell you soberly that it is a big thing that God has given you, the librarian, the chance to answer the heart asking this question. You are underpaid; there is a lot of drudgery to a librarian's work. *But in your hands are the tools of life.*

An Answer

There is living in our own time an old giant of a man working in Africa whose virile, witty, straight-thinking books have been translated into six languages and read by two million thoughtful people. Learned Europeans tell us that since Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe the world has not known so universal a mind. Yet because he is so great in other ways, people forget he is an author.

. . . This man, Albert Schweitzer, is the successor to Paul of Tarsus. Standing on the shoulders of Paul, Darwin, Kant, and Bach, he can see even farther. The S. R. L. called him "the thirteenth disciple." Douglas Auchincloss in *Time* called him "the great man's great man." But you don't have to be a great man to

realize Schweitzer's greatness. Albert Schweitzer's greatness is that any one can read him.

Out of Schweitzer's sixteen books there is some one book for everyone. The musician will read his Bach. The philosopher will read his philosophy. Any age from ten to eighty should read his *Memoirs of My Childhood and Youth*. The teacher, the psychologist, the pediatrician, the eugenicist, the sociologist, who have not read this book to see what forces made of the child the greatest man living today are ignorant of a book vital for their own profession.

You, the librarian, can tell them about it.

Any child, whether his home is shallow or tragic or happy, should have a chance to get strength from this book of a great heart in another child. There isn't a parent alive who shouldn't read this book and ponder it. No one is too poor but with good will and work he can give his children much of what Schweitzer's parents gave him.

So much for Schweitzer's youth. For the Schweitzer manhood go to that remarkable biographer George Seaver, Harpers. The Beacon Press has his *Goethe*.

The first European post-war encyclopedia is the seven-volume *Schweitzer Lexikon*, published by the Encyclopedisch-Verlag of Zürich, and handled in this country by Albert J. Phiebig, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NEW WHO'S WHOS FROM EUROPE

(*Stechert-Hafner Book News*)

"... *Quem é Alguem*, sub-titled *Who's Who in Portugal*, is especially noteworthy since no recent compilation had dealt with that country. Published in Lisbon in 1947, the work is sturdily bound in cloth and costs \$22.50.—*L'Italia e gli Italiani di Oggi* (Genoa, \$11.00) replaces *Chi E?* whose publisher has gone out of business and which therefore will probably not resume publication. This new work contains more than eight thousand listings printed on large double-column pages."

Le Livre Belge (*Het Boek in België*), bimonthly bibliographical guide published by the Syndicat des Editeurs Belges, Brussels, carries in each number data on well toward a thousand publications. French and Flemish books are included under one alphabetization.

"Japanese-language Bibles are being shipped to Tokyo from the United States. An edition of 150,000 copies is being sent because Japan has printed no Bibles

since 1941."—From *World Report*.

The Dietzverlag of Berlin is publishing the *Ausgewählte Werke* of *Books Abroad's* Contributing Editor F. C. Weiskopf. Four volumes are in print, including the study of German literature in exile *Unter fremden Himmeln*, which is appearing also in French (Paris, Cimier).

The enterprising Caracas weekly magazine *Elite* made the inauguration of President Rómulo Gallegos the occasion for a brilliant and lavishly illustrated special number (February 15, 1948) which is especially notable for its handsome portrait gallery of Venezuela's presidents.

"Maeterlinck's enormous reputation paid him a dirty trick in the United States. He wrote and published during his stay here a book called *Le cadran stellaire*, which sold a few hundred copies while a book of Saint-Exupéry's sold 20,000. . . . When he asked the dealers for an explanation, they told him that the author of *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *La vie des abeilles* was so famous and had been famous so long that no one would buy his book. Everybody supposed that Maeterlinck was dead and that they were trying to foist a reprint on the public. . . ."—From *Terre de France*, New York.

Head-Liners

✠ Otto Forst de Battaglia. *Jan Sobieski, König von Polen*. Zürich. Benziger. 1946. 379 pages. 16.80 Sw. fr.—To celebrate the 250th anniversary of Poland's most famous king, the author ransacked the archives of Europe for new materials. Some of these he gives in the quaint phrasing of the original Latin, French, German, and Italian contemporary reports. He gives a colorful and enthusiastic portrait, perhaps a little overloaded with laudatory adjectives, of Sobieski as Polish magnate, military leader, brilliant king, and devoted husband. By skilful diplomacy and almost incessant wars Sobieski defeated the troublesome Turks and Tartars and extended Poland's boundaries. His most famous military action was in 1683 when he rescued Vienna, which for eight weeks had been surrounded and besieged by the Turks. The influential part played by Sobieski's French wife, both in the chaotic rivalries of Polish magnates and in the Bourbon-Hapsburg conflicts, is well emphasized. Sobieski had hoped to strengthen Poland by establishing a hereditary monarchy in his own family, but the seeds of internal decay and the baneful interference of external rulers thwarted him, and the fatal elective monarchy continued for another century. This is a lively and interesting biography, though with the multitude of names and minor details one is often in danger of losing sight of the forest because of the trees.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✠ Pierre Belperron. *La Guerre de Sécession (1861-1865). Ses causes et ses suites*. Paris. Plon. 1947. iv+760 pages + 8 plates + maps. 480 fr.—The *manchette* of this valuable work carries the deft phrase "Le vent n'a pas tout emporté!" and the last paragraph brings the whole matter poignantly down to date:

"La dernière leçon à tirer de la Guerre de Sécession est donc la nécessité pour

un Etat fédératif, qu'il soit à l'échelle de la Suisse, des Etats-Unis, de l'Europe ou du monde, d'avoir un pouvoir central assez fort pour se faire écouter des gouvernements particuliers. La Société des Nations était un corps sans tête et son échec s'acheva dans la deuxième guerre mondiale. L'O. N. U., si elle réussit à fédérer les Nations, devra songer à éviter une Guerre de Sécession sur le plan mondial."

Between these two arresting declarations lies one of the most objective, thoughtful, inclusive, and readable volumes ever written on the origins, the progress, and the consequences of the War Between the States. The French talent for organizing and clarifying stands the historian in good stead, though it sometimes leads him to questionable generalizations. Written for Frenchmen and not Americans, the book makes no demands on the reader's previous knowledge of the subject. This will presumably not stand in the way of an English version, which is a desideratum.—*H. K. L.*

✠ Carlo Bronne. *Leopold I^{er} et son temps*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 399 pages.—We have here, colorfully yet precisely told, an impartial, poignant, and well documented narrative of the life of the first King of Belgium, as well as of the political trends among the European powers, for whom the fate of the new kingdom was a pivotal issue.

The author first shows us Leopold, the youngest and ablest son of the ruling family of a small duchy in central Germany, an active enemy of Napoleon, becoming a personal friend of Czar Alexander, marrying the English Princess Charlotte, whose untimely death left Leopold for the rest of his life a broken, silent man. Having come into the limelight through his ability, his activity, and his keen judgment, he was offered by the Belgians the throne of their young king-

dom (the oldest member of their delegation was thirty). Leopold accepted their extremely democratic constitution with the words: "Messieurs, vous avez rudement traité la Royauté, qui n'était pas là pour se défendre. . . . Mais avec de la bonne volonté de part et d'autre, on peut marcher."

Supported by the people and the Catholic clergy—although he himself was and remained a Protestant—looked at askance by the big industrialists and the nobility, he first consolidated the revolution of independent Belgium against the attempts of Holland to recapture her. For 35 years, at times compromising, more often by dint of stern advice and firm decisions, he steered the country successfully from crisis to crisis, and, working together with this people of "revolutionary vagabonds," created "a model monarchy." He developed the new country materially, often using his personal authority and pressure; e.g., when in 1834 Belgian engineers built between Brussels and Malines the first European continental railroad. He cherished visions of colonial expansion, and his failures in that direction were due partly to the jealous antagonism of Great Britain. Related to the great ruling families of Europe, he became through his tact and the prestige of his judgment the "sagacious counselor" and the "arbitrator of the nations of Europe," sending personal emissaries with conciliatory messages to Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna at the slightest sign of international differences, knowing well that the existence of his country was linked with the peace of Europe.

It is a fascinating book, interspersing the well documented political exposé with equally well documented intimate glimpses into the personal and sentimental lives of this far-flung family.—*Léon Verriest*. Dartmouth College.

✱ Gabriel Ferrer. *Justo Sierra*. México. Xóchitl. 1947. 191 pages.—A vivid, well documented, and readable evocation of one of the creators of present-day Mexico, admired alike by the Dictator

Porfirio Díaz and the revolutionists. The book opens with a delightful *cuadro de costumbres*: baptism, popular fiestas, the life of children in Campeche. Little Justo Sierra used to tell his small friends stories of the exploits of the pirates along those coasts. His character was tempered by severe experiences. In 1857 his house was attacked in the course of a political uprising. At thirteen, he lost his father. His only brother was killed in a duel. In Mexico City he learned French and became known as a good student and an anticlerical. One day, at mass, he cried out ¡*Muera el Papa!*

In the chapter *La bohemia del 70*, we are given a view of the Mexican writers of that day. Altamirano spoke of young Sierra as *precoz talento, corazón irrequieto*. He became a Deputy and a great orator. He defended the permanent tenure of the judiciary. He traveled in other countries and saw the good in them but was not blind to their defects—nor to the defects of his own country. He said of the United States: "I caught a glimpse of a great people . . . and I acquired the conviction that it is possible for men to breathe in an atmosphere of liberty." He laid the foundation of the Mexican educational system; it is to him that Mexico owes her Department of Education and the rebirth of her university. He was greatest as a teacher, through his personal influence. The poet Urbina said to him: "You are helping form personalities." As historian "his universal vision defined Mexican reality." Alfonso Reyes wrote of him: "His place is among the creators of Hispanic-American tradition."—*Rubén M. Landa*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Claudio Sánchez-Albornoz. *Una ciudad hispano-cristiana hace un milenio*. Buenos Aires. Nova. 1947. 207 pages. \$9 m-n.—The Roman Leon (Legio), famous now for its incomparable cathedral, was reconquered from the Moors in the middle of the eighth century and in the tenth century became the most important city in Christian Spain. Those who expect to find an ac-

count of a Spanish city in the tenth century as dry as sawdust or as artificial as an archaeological novel do not know their Sánchez-Albornoz. This eminent professor has the imaginative gift of extracting every atom of life from difficult and ancient texts (literary texts there are none), and at the same time he pins down his brilliant picture with documents, notes, and appendices. The result is, as Dr. Menéndez Pidal says in his preface, the art of the novelist based on sound historical science. We are introduced, a few generations before the birth of the Cid, to the varied life of the city, to the market and the prices of its wares, to the court of King Ramiro, to preparations for war, services in the churches, life in rich and poor households and the fare of lord and peasant. Everything, including the language, was in a fluid state. The same word might be written in half a dozen different ways. An important glossary explains the medieval words, some of which (as *moyolo*, jug, or *sulzeca*, salt-cellar) one would not willingly let die. This is a characteristically Spanish book, for the Spanish have great skill in vitalizing the past. It is as if a coat of whitewash had been removed to reveal a curious and enchanting picture on the wall, and Spain's magnificent past is thus further enriched.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ J. Huizinga. *Wenn die Waffen schweigen*. Wolfgang Hirsch, tr. Basel. Pantheon. 1945. 198 pages.—Written in 1943, this last work of the great Dutch historian is one of the most heartening documents that have lately come to my attention. After a truly devastating survey of our western cultural history, particularly under the heading *Kulturverluste der letzten hundert Jahre*, Huizinga devotes his final chapter to *Aussichten auf Genesung* and succeeds in being hopeful without blinking any painful facts and without deluding himself or the reader. It is interesting that he sees in federation the only hope of avoiding world chaos. The book

should be translated into every civilized language and read by every citizen of the world.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✧ Paul Reboux. *Notre (?) Afrique du Nord*. Bruxelles. Chabassol. 1946. 315 pages.—Here are lively, acute, and often amusing accounts of villages and peoples that the author saw in criss-crossing by automobile and airplane the wide spaces of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis. It is a rich panorama of French functionaries, native dancing girls, magicians, snake-charmers, prostitutes, synagogues, mosques, Arabs, Berbers, Negroes, and Jews. He knows the country thoroughly, having visited it many times since childhood. He loves and understands the peasants and Arabs but eyes critically all French officials (with the exception of Lyautey, for whom he rightly expresses admiration). Beneath his breezy manner runs a serious feeling—his fear for the future, as suggested by the question mark in his title. He points out how Arab nationalism has increased, how little French politicians really understand the people, how the peasant is ground down by the rich landowners and industrialists, and how the native population is increasing far more rapidly than that of their French masters. He urges that the French abolish burdensome and unfair tariff restrictions, pay more respect to the Arab sense of dignity, and give the peoples of North Africa more self-government and some kind of dominion status. Otherwise, as he repeats, the French some fine day will have to pack up and leave, or order their coffins: "La valise. . . ou le cercueil!"—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ Jules Romains. *Le problème numéro un*. Paris. Plon. 1947. xvi+230 pages.—Romains, known for his doctrine of Unanism, portrays humanity's present predicament as the result of the divergence which since the middle of the 18th century has increased geometrically between the two curves representing human nature and institutions (educa-

tion, laws, culture, etc.), and the rapidly ascending third curve, technics. Since human nature has not changed appreciably in one or two thousand years and there is not much chance of retarding the curve of technical advancement, Romans, like many others including Bergson, Reinhold Niebuhr (see *The Nation*, Mar. 6, 1948), and E. Jordan (*Forms of Individuality*), thinks the solution must be found in the improvement of the institutions of society. More education is not enough (witness Germany). Nobility of character, concepts of heroism, ideals of justice, relinquishment of national sovereignty must be part of it. Man lacks not the know-how, but the *will* to pursue his ideals. Within the framework of world government there must be a "spiritual power," vested in an advisory board, one of whose duties would be to fix the general direction of human evolution. How could such a board be chosen? This question, unfortunately, is rather vaguely answered. And what chance is there of saving civilization? Not much, he thinks, for time is of the essence and there is little time. Although his analysis is not unique, it is sane, logical, penetrating, and, as another voice of warning, ought to be translated. —B. G. D.

✱ Otto Strasser. *Deutschlands Erneuerung*. Buenos Aires. Trenkelbach. 1946. 180 pages.—With sincere idealism and much wisdom Dr. Strasser put forth in this little book a vigorous program for the reconstruction of a wholly new Germany and the salvation of Western civilization. Rejecting both capitalism and communism, he urges "solidarism," the uniting of the whole German people in a new classless society whose principle shall be "All for each, and each for all." Much of his inspiration comes from the Swiss. Beginning with elections in small local areas where all citizens know each other personally and will therefore choose the best men as their representatives, he would organize a new German federal state giving recognition to the old historic territories (except Prus-

sia). Its representatives would be chosen by indirect election so weighted as to give a voice to all social groups. Federal Germany could then in due course be integrated with a federation of Western Europe. "Solidarism" would make all land and natural resources the property of the German people as a whole. The peasant, for instance, would continue to occupy his land but would pay a perpetual rent instead of taxes on it; big businesses would be managed cooperatively for the good of all concerned by a board on which workers, managers, and consumers were equally represented. A social security organization would provide a minimum existence for all. Raw materials and markets would be found increasingly in Africa, since so much of the rest of the world is dominated by the United States and the Soviet Union. This bald summary does scant justice to the wealth of suggestions, the often prophetic observations, and the conciliatory and constructive spirit of this exile voice crying in the wilderness. —*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✱ Erich Auerbach. *Mimesis. Darstellung der Wirklichkeit in der Abendländischen Literatur*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 503 pages.—This ambitious work, which covers the development of European literature from Homer to Virginia Woolf, is remarkable mainly for its method. And when I say "remarkable" I mainly mean instructive: every teacher of literature could and should learn something from the author's procedure. He never tries to "survey," to say prettily what is already known, or to surprise the reader with his knowledge of otherwise completely obscure authors, like Ammianus Marcellinus, Gregory of Tours, or Antoine de la Salle, each of which has a whole chapter for himself. Instead, he begins every chapter with a sample of the writer's work, analyzes its form, and out of this formal analysis arrives at the philosophy underlying and determining this form. The extreme poles of such stylistic forms are Homer's immanent, idealizing plasticism and the

Bible's broken, transcendent, figurative realism. European literature is seen to move between these poles, sometimes exaggerating or debasing the one or the other, on the whole moving towards a synthesis between them. The weakness of the book seems to be that the author himself does not seem to have any philosophical standpoint, he does not seem to be aware of what he is doing. The excellence of his formal literary analysis is vitiated by his philosophical dilettantism.—*Gustav E. Mueller*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Camille Hanlet. *Les écrivains belges contemporains*. 2 vols. Liège. Des-sain. 1946. 1,302 pages.—M. Hanlet passes in review practically all Belgian writers using French, from the 18th century Prince de Ligne to date. Many receive bare mention; others are given full length portraits with essential biographical notes; Verhaeren leads with nearly forty pages. Representative works of significant authors are summarily analyzed, and generous quotations from the poets aid in appreciation of their talent and manner. Brief bibliographical indications follow the longer studies. M. Hanlet makes a commendable effort to do justice to the literary merit of all, even to those whose works he feels obliged, as a Catholic priest, to stigmatize as "à proscrire en vertu de la foi ou de la morale chrétienne." The lay reader may be surprised at many of these condemnations: for instance, most of Maeterlinck's essays, as also *Monna Vanna* and *Joyzelle*, are thus banned. M. Hanlet explains that here he is following the *Index*. The partisan critic is evident also in his persistent denunciations of any departure from strict orthodox dogma. He assails bitterly the theory of art for art, although he quotes in his preliminary statement on *La Jeune Belgique* other judges who explain its timely rôle in the renaissance of Belgian letters. The leaders of the movement receive due meed of honor for their technical achievement. Needless to add, the author's predilection is rather for the Cath-

olic wing of *La Jeune Belgique*. The greatest value of the book is its complete presentation of literary endeavor in Belgium during the last century and a half.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

✱ Georg Lukács. *Goethe und seine Zeit*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 207 pages. 14.50 Sw. fr.—The author of the profound esthetical analyses *Die Seele und die Formen* (Berlin, 1911) and *Theorie des Romans* (Berlin, 1920) now presents a series of essays in German literature, all previously published in various periodicals. The basic view of these essays is that the development of the "bourgeois-revolutionary" ideas in Germany was somewhat irregular as compared with that of the principles of the French Revolution. The innocent non-Marxist reader, used to reading and judging literature from his "bourgeois" standpoint, irrespective of social-economic, particularly Marxist doctrines and categories, may often be baffled by the intricate dialectics expounded so lavishly. But he will appreciate the congenial understanding and elucidating analysis applied to purely poetical and esthetic problems. The author does not connect Goethe with Utopian Socialism. Goethe does not understand the economic-social essence of capitalism, but through his intuition he exhibits its contradictory rôle in the development of mankind. While, for example, Faust dreams of a free people on a free soil, his grave is being dug by the lemures. The nucleus, therefore, of this Marxist interpretation of Goethe's *Faust* is: progress is impossible without Mephistopheles, i.e., a development of productive forces in a bourgeois society is possible only through capitalism. Faust tries in vain to turn away from magic. His dream of a bright future of mankind is just a dream. Striking vistas opening into world-literature and philosophy contrast strangely with the strict observance of the materialistic *Weltanschauung* dominating the scholarly work. But it is a remarkable book, with all its shortcomings.—*Max Lederer*. Library of Congress.

✧ Leone Vivante. *La poesia inglese ed il suo contributo alla conoscenza dello spirito*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 542 pages. 650 l.—These seventeen essays were written in England between 1940 and 1944. Vivante has made a good selection of poets to illustrate one philosophical tenet which he calls "the active principle," and which differentiates life and dynamism from "mechanism," that is, from physical reality. There is a "psychic reality" the very essence of which prohibits its externalization. Poets are concerned with the psychic reality, and "the strength of their words depends on their ability to crystallize the spirit." Poetry is a spiritual reality in flux. Of this fact Shakespeare was aware, as we can see from these lines from *Timon of Athens*:

... our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.

But the conception of Heraclitean flux is even more evident in Shelley, where imagery and words expressing change and potentiality predominate.

The scope of Vivante's work is to stress the necessity for literary critics to search for the ontological meaning of poetry and not only its aesthetic values, since "every great literary work is also a philosophical accomplishment." He is against those modern pseudo-theories which make art a tool of pleasure or which search in the subconscious for the spiritual meaning of a work of art.

Although Vivante's philosophical introspection (which does not make for easy reading) seems sometimes to lose itself in abstractions, although certain poems are sometimes fitted a little arbitrarily into the formulae, these studies are useful and interesting.—*Silvia Biancalani*. Smith College.

✧ Paul Zumthor. *Victor Hugo, poète de Satan*. Paris. Laffont. 1946. 339 pages. 210 fr.—In his opposition to orthodox religions, Hugo, gnostic and pantheistic in his manhood, created an optimistic myth of Satan. Hugo's Satan is not the dreaded medieval symbol of ab-

solute evil; he is the archangel whose sin was venial; he merely wanted to emulate God. Myriads of years passed, and through Hugo's cosmic anthropomorphism, the fallen angel identified himself with the sufferings of man, with his rebellions for a better world, with his ascension from darkness to light. He begot the Angel Liberty, who touched off the French Revolution. From Fatality, Satan became Progress; he had a little of the spirit of Jesus in him and all the spirit of Hugo, the seer, the tireless but grandiloquent champion of social justice. Hugo presented this unconventional, redeemable, and redeemed Satan in many of the poems that he wrote at Jersey and Guernsey: *Les contemplations*, *La légende des siècles*, *Dieu*, and especially *La fin de Satan*.

Paul Zumthor has presented these facts and ideas with learning and enthusiasm but with an excess of philosophical jargon. He is generally convincing, except when he claims that the unfinished *La fin de Satan* is "le sommet de l'oeuvre poétique de Hugo." Indeed, this all but forgotten epic poem is worth reading and has *images-idées* which have the genuine color and ring of great poetry, but I still place *Les contemplations* and *La légende des siècles* at the peak of Hugo's monumental work.—*François Denoeu*. Dartmouth College.

✧ Max Aub. *Morir por cerrar los ojos*. México. Tezontle. 1944. 251 pages.—*Cara y cruz*. México. Sociedad de Autores de México. n.d. 75 pages.—Max Aub is one of the most dynamic writers of the generation. Moved by a great hope, hot with a great indignation, he rarely writes a page that is not a challenge. His Jewish tragedy *San Juan* (See our issue for Winter 1945) is the most powerful thing he has written, but the two plays before us are characteristic and important. *Morir por cerrar los ojos*, which takes place in France at the beginning of the German occupation, deals largely with the cruelly mismanaged French detention camps and is notable for the skill with which the author has

intertwined the stupid tragedy of France with the bungled lives of individuals who are France in miniature. The protagonist is a high-minded young French woman with an interned Spanish husband. At the end of the play she stands over the body of her murdered husband and launches into a half-mad tirade against the cowardly functionaries who have allowed such things to happen. Suddenly she begins hoarsely screaming the Marseillaise. The whole detention camp, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Scandinavians, Hungarians, Greeks, takes up the song, and the curtain falls on a raucous *fortissimo* which must be tremendously thrilling on the stage.

Cara y cruz has as much of the political pamphlet as of stagecraft. This time the historical background is composite. Taking a hint from the Prologue, which may, if the manager wishes, be spoken, we find in the play reminiscences of the fall of President Madero of Mexico and of two crises in the Spanish Civil War. The Mexican General Félix Díaz, spared by Madero after an unsuccessful uprising, but cynically continuing his intrigues against him, is here, as is General Franco. But we see only the office of the Prime Minister, and we learn of the violent action only as reports of it come in by telephone or by messenger. There is brilliant phrase-making and much moralizing. The blood-stained Dictator is haunted by the verbose ghost of a slain Republican leader, whose theme is that of the passage from James Russell Lowell:

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Max Aub is a preacher as well as a playwright. Preachers are sometimes tiresome. But there have been few great plays which have not been sermons.—*R. T. H.*

✱ Jean Cayrol. *Je vivrai l'amour des autres*. Paris. Seuil. 1947. 580 pages.
—This novel won for Jean Cayrol, pre-

viously known only as poet, the Prix Théophraste Renaudot, the most creditable of current French literary prizes. It is one of the most important books of the post-war period.

Built entirely of interior monologues, this novel attracts immediate attention by its almost uncanny power of evocation. A vagabond who has no occupation, no home, scarcely even a name, draws into his domain the persons and things which attract his attention and recreates his interior world with them. Nothing has power against his creative observation. Caught in the octopus grasp of this pariah, men unveil their thoughts and their deepest wounds; objects acquire an unforeseen importance, extraordinary dimensions, begin living a life of incredible intensity.

It is a big book because in it little things become big: a knife, a jacket, a cigarette are active beings who influence the lives of men. The author's gift of observation is not enough to explain the success of the book. There is in it the power to surmount and dominate the sufferings which he himself has known (and there has not been as true a book in this domain since Knut Hamsun's *Hunger*). But there was requisite also an overpowering love for men and things. And this love guarantees that the young author has a message for his generation.—*Charles Eubé*. Paris.

✱ Eulalia Galvarriato. *Cinco sombras*. Barcelona. Destino. 1947. 243 pages.
—A first novel by the wife of the well known poet and scholar Dámaso Alonso. It received two of the votes of the five-man jury which awarded the Premio Nadal de Novela, the most important literary award in Spain. It was first entitled *Cinco sombras de mujer en torno a un costurero*. This work-box in the middle of a room is the symbolic center of the lives of five sisters, creatures as delicate and exquisite as the lace they weave as they sit around it. The story is told by a man, now well along in years, a close friend of all five, a little in love with all of them and at last very much

in love, secretly, with one of them, who secretly loves him in return but does not betray her secret till the hour of her premature death. The five lives move on to their futile end, mournfully, without complaint or bitterness, in an atmosphere of modest, intimate elegy like a painting by Vermeer. The time element is handled skilfully; viewed in retrospect, reality is veiled in the sadness of the past. Inner experiences and exterior happenings fuse together in lyric tonality. This poetical novel recalls the declaration of Herman Cohen that the novel is lyric, not epic, in origin. But its lyricism has not interfered with the firm and distinct characterization or the movement of the narrative. The style is neither affected nor vulgar; the story is told elegantly and naturally. The book places Eulalia Galvarriato in the first rank of the new Spanish novelists.—*Pedro Salinas*. Johns Hopkins University.

✎ Jacques de Lacretelle. *Le pour et le contre*. 4 vols. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1946-47. 238, 237, 263, and 258 pages.—The aim of *Le pour et le contre* may be explained by the aim of the central character, Olivier Le Maistre; in writing a work of the same title. His book would be, he explained, both an autobiography and the chronicle of an era. So we find the personal story of Olivier, a young author of twenty-five at the beginning, set against the wider background of *entre-deux-guerres* Paris. Olivier states also that the title of his projected but never completed book refers to the opposing forces and appetites present in each of our acts—contrary elements which make it possible for us to admire order and fantasy, to enjoy ambition and nonchalance, sensuality and renunciation.

Olivier's own story begins with a marriage contracted more from love of adventure than from financial need. In accordance with arrangements made by a friend, he marries a wealthy American girl in order to provide a name for her child. He sees her only at the time of the ceremony and is paid for securing

a divorce shortly afterward. As he never feels quite certain of the ethics of his conduct, the affair preys more and more heavily on his mind. It is a youthful adventure from whose influence he never escapes.

Constantly interwoven in the story are portraits of the social life of Paris in an age characterized by *la fureur de l'éphémère*, and discussions of Olivier and his friends concerning literary figures and political news of the day. The growing division of thought on the subject of totalitarianism and the mounting uneasiness over the prospect of another war are well brought out. But perhaps the most striking feature of the story is the author's psychological perception—his ability to reveal the hidden springs of action in his characters. This is as true of the sketch of a minor character who appears for a page or two as of the full length portrait of Olivier.—*Besse A. Clement*. University of Oklahoma.

✎ Alberto Moravia. *La romana*. Milano. Bompiani. 1947. 488 pages.—The success of Moravia's novels up to now has given him an eminence not altogether enviable, since critics must scan each new work with care and ask themselves if it can add anything to the stature he has already achieved. I am inclined to think his latest novel does indeed do that. It is the old background of questionable characters and rather squalid episodes—*La romana* is in fact a prostitute—but in addition to the eye for detail and the happy faculty for selection that are characteristic of this writer, we find here more depth and more human sympathy than were encountered in such works as *Gli indifferenti*. *La romana* is what she is and does not sentimentalize over it; yet she does manage to awaken in the reader a feeling of sympathy and pity. The minor characters too—particularly the police official who is obsessed by the physical appeal of the prostitute—are presented with more warmth and understanding than might have been expected from the younger Moravia. I have the feeling that

in this novel the author is perhaps unconsciously exploring a new dimension of humanity—one that was wanting in the earlier work even though his artistry covered the lack of it.—*T. G. Bergin*. Cornell University.

✠ Ernst Wiechert. *Die Jeromin-Kinder*. Zürich. Rascher. New ed., 1947. 467 pages. \$4.50 u.s.—Wiechert here emphasizes once more the greatness of the simple things and of the unknown soldiers of life, of an existence close to nature and God far from the soul-destroying civilization of the cities. This latest example of the great German type of *Entwicklungsroman* follows Jons Ehrenreich Jeromin from his childhood in the poverty-stricken village of Sowirog to the *gymnasium* in the provincial capital and the ordeal of the First World War, from which he returns with the decision to dedicate his life to the obscure service of a village doctor. He is a Prussian type very different from that caricature which frequently has been presented as Prussianism. He is an uncompromising seeker for justice and truth, a man more of thought and action than of words, a representative of the German and Christian ideal of *Mehr sein als scheinen*. Wiechert has created a wealth of characters as a background for Jons and as a unique picture of Prussian Germany: Jons's parents, brothers, and sisters; the people of the village and the local teacher, minister, and nobleman; Jons's teachers and friends in Königsberg and his comrades in the war; and finally the girl he loves, but who loses her life a few days before his return from the war. The book contains a deep philosophy as well as an exciting story; it presents unexcelled material for the understanding and solution of the German question. — *Felix M. Wassermann*. Southwestern University, Memphis.

✠ Johannes R. Becher. *Heimkehr. Neue Gedichte*. 166 pages. 4.50 mk.—*Ausgewählte Dichtung aus der Zeit der Verbannung*. 282 pages. 5.40 mk.—*Deutsches Bekenntnis. Sieben Reden*.

118 pages. 1.80 mk.—*Vom Willen zum Frieden. Zwei Reden*. 112 pages. 1.80 mk. Berlin. Aufbau. 1947.—These books by Germany's most prolific and at the same time most powerful poet have run into several editions totaling 120,000 copies. This seems to show how great the hunger for books is in the Germany of today, but it also testifies to the comforting qualities of Becher's verse and speeches.

Of the addresses one is especially moving and revealing. It is the speech made to the delegates at the first annual congress of the Kulturbund in May 1947. With fire and persuasive force Becher pleads for a determined peace effort in Germany and in the world. The collection of poems from the time of exile contains many of the most beautiful stanzas Becher has written in his long literary career, as *Tübingen*, *General Mola*, and others. *Heimkehr* is made up of poems written after the author's homecoming from exile. The opening verses sound the key-note of the whole volume:

Als ich Abschied nahm
Damals vor zwölf Jahren,
Klang mein Lied wie ein zersprungner Klang.
Als ich wiederkam,
Grau und leiderfahen,
Klang ein neues Lied mir, heimatbang:
Da ich von mir selber Abschied nahm
Und ich als ein andrer wiederkam.

It seems about time for a comprehensive study of Becher's work, which, in the opinion of this reviewer, mirrors a good deal of the history of German literature in our century.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York City.

✠ José Hernández. *Martín Fierro*. Carlos Alberto Leumann, ed. Buenos Aires. Estrada. 1945. 602 pages.—A painstaking edition of the famous *gaucho* poem. The editor has corrected several mistakes in existing editions on the basis of the manuscript of the second part of the poem, *La vuelta*; a copy of the first edition personally corrected by Hernández; internal evidence; and the poet's theories on *gaucho* style as presented in a letter to a friend and in his introduction to *La vuelta*. Leumann as-

serts that Hernández had "his own conceptions" of *gaucho* style and a legitimate right to his own system of metrification. This somewhat subjective attitude of the editor induces him to make many corrections in the First Part which may or may not be right. In general I think this edition is acceptable but by no means definitive.

But although the editor has improved the text, I cannot justify the 150 pages he uses in his Introduction to explain his emendations. He could have reduced all this elementary material to a couple of pages and added a dozen facsimiles of the manuscript of *La vuelta*. The reader would have understood what he meant, since a critical edition is addressed to the specialist rather than to the popular reader. And we take exception to the emendations based on psychological factors, e.g. when we are told that Hernández wrote *silvaba* instead of *silbaba* because the *v* sound gives the effect of whistling better than the *b*; when he claims that *hereje* has a different sound from *herege*, etc. And it seems unexplainable that Leumann, trying to explain minutiae like *oscurq* for *escuro*, should make gross mistakes in the same verse. He writes "Era un oscuro tapao," and to prove that Hernández wrote *escuro* he refers the reader to the facsimile where one reads: "Era un oscuro delgao." *Delgao* is of course the correct form for a lean horse.

The book is beautifully printed.—*Arturo Torres Rioseco*. University of California at Berkeley.

✧ Hugh MacDiarmid (Christopher Murray Grieve). *Speaking for Scotland. Selected Poems*. Baltimore. Contemporary Poetry. 1946. 77 pages. \$2.50.—*Books Abroad* has no space for the discussion of English poetry, but Hugh MacDiarmid's best verses are not English but Scotch and therefore fall in our territory. Mr. Grieve is a patriot as well as a poet, and the title *Speaking for Scotland* was carefully chosen. One of the most touching selections begins

Lour on my hert as winter lies
The state that Scotland's in the day.
Spring to the North has aye come slow
But noo dour winter's like to stay
For guid,
And no' for guid! . . .

Wider in scope are the outcry from the Spanish War period, *Fascists, You Have Killed My Comrades*, and the lovely and ghastly Scotch version of Rudolf Leonhardt's *The Dead Liebknecht*. But this contemporary Robert Burns sings most sweetly in another key. It is a rewarding experience to study the poet's special Glossary, his scholarly little manual of Scotch pronunciation, if necessary to glance at his list of literal English readings, and then surrender to the magic of *Jeanne MacQueen, Mary Lay in Jizzen, The Love-Sick Lass*, and the unearthly beauty of *Wheesh, Wheesh*. This poet is a gift of the gods.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Salvatore Quasimodo. *Giorno dopo giorno*. Milano. Mondadori. 1947. 64 pages. 200 l.—Salvatore Quasimodo, born in Sicily at the beginning of this century, is far less well known abroad than Saba, Ungaretti, and Montale, the recognized trinity of Italian contemporary poetry. His early collections were re-edited in *Poesie* of 1938, a document of poetic growth, critical awareness, and human maturity. His poetry showed further progress in *Ed è subito sera* of 1942, a progress partly due to the widening and deepening of his literary culture, which expressed itself in a series of wonderful translations from classical authors, interpreted both from the viewpoint of the modern conception of poetry and *sub specie aeternitatis*. This work culminated in the perfect renderings of *Lirici greci* in 1944. Once rated as the most typical and extreme representative of *poesia ermetica*, Quasimodo has steadfastly progressed toward clearer statement, a more lucid style, a chaster feeling. This was especially evident in *Con il piede straniero sopra il cuore*, a slim *plaque* published in 1946, of which this book is merely a revised and enriched edition. The man has been purified and the poet has renewed himself

through the trials of war, invasion, and defeat. Almost all these poems evoke, with classical restraint but with moving sincerity, the tragedy of destruction, hatred, and bloodshed. The poet declares that it is impossible to sing "with the stranger's foot on our heart," and yet he sings. He sings "day by day," not the tragic pageant of history, but the chronicle of life under the pressure of world-shattering events. And while he sings, it seems to us that we see new flowers growing on the soil of an Italy eternally ancient and eternally young.—*Renato Poggioli*. Harvard University.

✱ António Horta Osório. *Psychologie de l'art*. Lisbonne. Alfa. 1946. xxxcii + 576 pages.—Much intelligence and labor have been bestowed on this formidable compilation on the theory of art throughout the ages. It is written in French and has an introduction by the celebrated President of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences, Dr. Julio Dantas. Among the most interesting sections of the book are the long discussion of realism and idealism (rendered more difficult, as the author says, by the many different meanings given to the same words), and the criticism of Taine. But there is probably a limit to the reader's appreciation of mathematical formulas in art criticism. To explain the art of Velázquez, for instance, as "le sentiment X sous ses formes I et II (a^1 , a^2 , b^1 , b^2)"

will leave many a reader cold and bewildered. One fastens eagerly on references to individual artists and masterpieces emerging like little green islands from the sea of theory, and a good index would therefore seem indispensable, but index there is none. One may admire the scientific apparatus of this book without being always greatly impressed by its psychology. There seems to be something amiss when all the Spanish painters, El Greco, Velázquez, Ribera, Zurbarán, Murillo, and Goya, are dismissed as wholly or for the most part unoriginal. Concerning El Greco the most definite statement is that he was insane: "Il paraît certain qu'il a été à moitié fou." One begins to suspect that the independent Spanish artists did not fit comfortably into a mathematical formula. At this stage of art criticism, such a suggestion cannot be thrown out irresponsibly, as it might have been fifty years ago; but there is no attempt to substantiate it, there is no shadow of proof of its truth to be found in these pages or anywhere else. One is driven to the conclusion that it was made intrinsically, from an inspection of El Greco's art; yet no such insinuation is forthcoming for the equally striking art of the Cubists or Surrealists. The 200 illustrations are so small and weak as to be negligible. Pictures of Tintoretto, Giorgione, and Michael Angelo are reduced to a mere blur.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

The Libreria Commissionaria Sansoni, Viale Mazzini 46, Florence, Italy, export representative for the Italian book publishers, issues a bi-monthly bibliographical publication called *Books from Italy*, which they will send on request. Their Number 8, now before us, lists more than 600 titles.

Mundo Literario is a well written and well printed new weekly magazine of literature, science, and art, edited by Jaime Cortesão Casimiro and Luis de Sousa Rebelo from 48-B, Avenida da

Republica, Lisboa N. Its masthead carries in large type the assurance: "Este número foi visado pela comissão de censura."

"In England Coleridge refused to translate *Faust* into English. 'Der Faust dünkte ihm zu unsittlich und heidnisch, seine Sprache zu vulgär und blasphemisch zu sein, ja er fasste den Plan, einen Antifaust zu schreiben.'"—Fritz Strich, *Goethe und die Weltliteratur*, quoted by John G. Frank, *Pushkin and Goethe*, *Slavonic and East European Review*.

Books in French

(For other Books in French, see "Head-Liners")

✱ Jean Ably. *Interprète volant*. Paris and Grenoble. Arthaud. 1946. 223 pages + 16 plates. 144 fr.—The lively and very readable war diary of a young Frenchman. He joined General Patch's 7th Army as interpreter for the 72nd American Liaison Squadron near Grenoble on September 9, 1944, and for nine months accompanied it across the Rhine and through southwest Germany. He had once lived in San Francisco and got on famously with his American companions, of whom he gives a very attractive picture—their heartiness, good humor, good food, and informality. His job was to go ahead by jeep or by plane and find quarters for the staff. His accounts, with humor and without bitterness, of the rich Germans whose houses or castles he commandeered, show that he had tact, good sense, and an interest in good books. There are several photographs of his companions and of ruined German bridges and towns.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✱ Emmanuel Berl. *Prise de sang*. Paris. Laffont. 1946. 156 pages. 80 fr.—The author's rambling egotistical observations touch, but not deeply, a variety of topics: anti-Semitism, Belgian neutrality, foreign criticism of French policy, France's loss of confidence in herself, Bergson, pacifism. Much of his little book is devoted to explaining and justifying his own approval of "Munich" in 1938. In this connection he identifies himself with France which "since 1870, and probably since 1815, has not ceased to be the most pacific nation in the world." Priding himself on his knowledge of history, he draws many analogies. These are sometimes clever, sometimes farfetched.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✱ André Billy. *Les beaux jours de Barbizon*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 227 pages

+ 13 plates. 300 fr.—Life at Barbizon, home of the author and for more than a century the idyllic retreat of painters and writers, was usually delightful (although there were rumors of murders, a suicide or two and some unhappiness). There were good companionship, wine and singing in the twilight after dinner at the little inn, picnics in the moonlight, evenings spent washing paint brushes, smoking, chatting, playing the piano. This is a reminiscent, slippers-and-pipe-by-the-fireside sort of book; the first part offers chatty details of nineteenth century painters who loved to paint the Fontainebleau forest, principally Millet and Corot, and the lesser lights—Lantara, Decamp, T. Rousseau, Douhin, Diaz. The contemporary second part includes comments about Lauth, Dorgelès, t'Serstevens, Rouveyre, Daniderff, and the excitement caused by Trotsky's rumored visit there. The account is brought down through the last war, during which Barbizon had some Resistance activity and some collaboration.—*B. G. D.*

✱ Francisque Bornet. *Je reviens de Russie*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 247 pages. 135 fr.—This is not the usual description of a "trip to Russia." M. Bornet, French-born, lived and worked in Russia from 1909 till 1946. The years 1941–45 were spent in a prison-camp. He therefore knew Russia before the Revolution, went through all the five-year plans, and ended by agreeing completely with the circus clown who in 1940 entered the ring in some Russian town, bowed deeply to the first few rows and said: "How do you do, comrades?"—then to those farther back, with "Good day, citizens!"—finally to those in the gallery, with "Hello, proletarians! I see you're still just where you always were!" The fate of the clown is not recorded, but M. Bornet feels definitely that in Russia the

galleries are even farther away from the scene of activity than they were before the Revolution.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✱ Pierre Bost. *Un an dans un tiroir*. Paris. Gallimard. 7th ed., 1945. 116 pages.—This *tiroir* is the low, narrow bunk which the author was assigned during his captivity in East Prussia, from June 1940 to June 1941. The title describes accurately what physical life was like, but the *tiroir* could not restrict intellectual life so fully. The manuscript of the book had to be submitted to German censorship, and therefore Pierre Bost's present *témoignage* does not give the full picture of a French prisoner's mind; it reveals enough, however, for the reader to understand what kind of hell, in Rousset's words, *l'univers concentrationnaire* was. This little book is a collection of pungent moral reflections on war and peace, victory and defeat, patriotism and pacifism, hunger, ugliness of body and soul, in the pessimistic manner of La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère. Bost emphasizes man's selfishness and vanity, and it is hard to believe that this is the same author that wrote *Monsieur Ladmiral va bientôt mourir. Les jours de notre mort*, to quote Rousset again, were certainly not conducive to kindhearted humor.—*François Denoeu*. Dartmouth College.

✱ Lucien Carron. *Fantassins sur l'Aisne*. 1943. 269 pages. 120 fr.—*Nuits sans aube*. 1946. 304 pages. 145 fr. Paris and Grenoble. Arthaud.—The reality of war does not lie in large-scale invasions, troop movements, or shipments of supplies, but rather in the desperate, stunned panic of refugees, in the cold and fatigue a soldier suffers, his horror when his comrade's brains are blown out, his unbelievable bravery, his frequent kindly feeling toward an individual enemy coupled with his blind rage at the enemy en masse. Myriads of details and a multitude of emotions are found in these two accounts of the French advance posts' desperate efforts

in Lorraine and their eventual capture, not surrender.

It seems that writing is an occupational disease of war and every soldier kept a journal, but these two are above average. The second bogs down on a dead level occasionally in the welter of detail but through it is the feeling of living on the edge of time. The first, and better one, is the elaboration of a factual report of the conduct of a company in the 44th Infantry Division, an entire division cited for bravery. In both books M. Carron modestly throws the spotlight on his men and keeps himself in the background. The accounts close with an expression of ardent devotion to France and a fervent affirmation of faith in her rebirth, her people, and her future.—*B. G. D.*

✱ Lucien Descaves. *Deux amis. J.-K. Huysmans et l'Abbé Mugnier*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 166 pages. 80 fr.—Lucien Descaves is well into his late eighties, but he writes as keenly and charmingly as ever. He was younger than Huysmans or Mugnier, but he was a lifelong intimate of both, and this book is the fruit of memories and letters upon which no one but the author of *Sous-offs* and *La colonne* could have drawn. Treating as it does of the friendship between the neurotic Huysmans and his marvelously sane and tolerant *directeur de conscience*, the book is another document on Huysmans' conversion. This was an achievement which would scarcely have been possible for any fisher of men less adroit than the resourceful Abbé Mugnier. Poor Huysmans died in the odor of sanctity; just what this meant for either Huysmans or the world of sinners is a subject for debate. Jules Sageret, in his *Grands Convertis*, is ironical; and even Ernest Seillière concludes his kindly Life of Huysmans with the declaration "Mais qu'il soit désirable que la chrétienté se compose de beaucoup de chrétiens de ce type, c'est ce que je concéderais avec peine. . . ." In any case, Huysmans' conversion is a marvelous evidence of the skill and patience of Mother Church.

The Protestants have a great deal to learn from her.—*H. K. L.*

✱ *Silence, on vole!* Groupe de Chasse II/2 "Berry." Grenoble and Paris. Arthaud. 1946. 162 pages + 14 plates. 220 fr.—This book was written by a French Spitfire Group attached to the R.A.F. during the period 1944–45 up to and including V. E. Day. Frenchmen are somehow born air pilots, as is proved by the many citations received by this group. On the other hand, the frequency with which a certain sweet-voiced WAAF found it necessary to warn these pilots to "shut up" indicates that they were better at flying and fighting than at keeping their mouths closed. Hence the title.

The book is amusing and is illustrated with clever cartoons and some fair photographs. The most extraordinary statement in the whole ingenuous volume is made by the compiler, Commandant J. Accart. On his return from a scouting mission during which he has been caught in a pea-soup fog, he is told that the war is over. "... il se sentit désespérément triste et seul. . . . Son rôle était fini. . . . Il eut mieux valu disparaître tout à l'heure . . . dans le combat avec le nuage. . . ." The primary stimulants of man are still food, sex, and—adventure. We are apt to forget the latter when we glibly discuss eternal peace.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✱ Myriam Harry. *Mon amie Lucie Delarue-Mardrus*. Paris. Ariane. 1946. 211 pages + 18 plates. 150 fr.—The most strikingly "Parisian" of writers have been foreigners or globetrotters. Lucie Delarue-Mardrus was the daughter of a Parisian mother, but she opened her eyes on this world in her beloved Normandy, spent years in the Orient, and fairly oozed regionalism and exotism. Myriam Perrault-Harry was born in Jerusalem, and her most important writing has to do with the Near East. Yet this tribute to the author of *Amanit* by the author of *La conquête de Jérusalem* is from beginning to end Gallic

touch-and-go, Gallic sensitiveness, flavored with Gallic salt. Poor charming, generous Lucie Delarue had all the gifts except the gift of stability; but this record of her volatile life as her friend saw it does not judge. It reflects her, lovingly and faithfully—not hagiography, *bon Dieu!* there was nothing sanctimonious about either of these talented ladies—but an honest, valuable, very human and touching document.—*R. T. H.*

✱ Marcel Le Goff. *Anatole France à la Béchellerie. Propos et souvenirs*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 373 pages. 300 fr.—"Lentement, mais toujours, l'humanité réalise les rêves des sages." With this quotation from the master, M. Le Goff closes the *Avant-propos* of his revised edition. The reader may find that in this volume as elsewhere, France is rarely so optimistic. And then a rapid comparison of the two texts—the first published in 1924—makes one wonder why M. Le Goff was blind to prophetic profundity in certain important matters. In the first edition an insignificant paragraph follows the words: "Et on parla de la paix." In the second we find a long development stressing the necessity of supporting the democratic republic in Germany: only thus could a revival of pan-Germanism and hence another war be avoided. These remarks, says the chronicler, shocked the listeners. Failure to record them in 1924 does not make for confidence in his perspicacity. Students would welcome throughout the revision some typographical indication of additions. The book is entertaining from start to finish. The soul of the master had as many adventures in the realm of sociology and politics as among literary masterpieces: hence variations and even contradictions abound. "Rien n'est plus pesant, plus lamentable qu'un esprit sans variété, sans changement, lié par un attachement définitif aux mêmes formules," France declares. Throughout the volume he professes hatred for the folly of war and the desire for a negotiated peace. When reminded of certain speeches and articles in another tone he

replied: "Oui, j'ai parlé et écrit comme ma concierge. J'en ai honte. Il le fallait." Admirers of the master may well hope that this republication indicates a revival of general interest in an unsurpassed lord of language.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

✱ Igor Markevitch. *Made in Italy*.

Paris. Julliard. 1947. 216 pages. 150 fr.—A delightful account, written in French, of the people of Italy during the past half dozen years. The thing "Made in Italy" was the author himself, a dispossessed Ukrainian landowner who came to Italy in 1940 as musical conductor, composer, and writer, after having been in England where he broadcast for the B.B.C. He lived mainly at the little village of Corbignano near Florence but traveled about on his bicycle and knew people like Berenson and Croce. He writes with humor and insight of the qualities of the Italian people, often comparing them with the French and the English. He despises the Fascists but loves the common people, especially the peasantry. Besides his keen appreciation of the psychology and social life of the people, he has interesting accounts of the bad agricultural system and the efforts to improve it, of the liberation and Resistance for which he wrote clandestine newspaper articles, and of the leftist tendencies with which he sympathized. His sincerity, detachment, sense of humor, and love for the Italian peasant make a very attractive picture.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✱ Jean Mauriange and Marcel Payenne. *Enfin la France*. Grenoble and Paris. Arthaud. 1946. 263 pages. 130 fr.—This volume is especially interesting because it is not at all literary. It is the simple, unaffected recital of the manner in which two French soldiers made their escape (separately) from German prisons. The difficulties, the hardships, the dangers, the doubt and despair when they were captured and had to start all over again, the ecstasy they felt when at

last, almost unbelieving, they saw their homeland again, all this is made more poignant, more telling, because it is told in such humble, undramatic words, because there is no attempt at heroics or histrionics.—*Jeanne d'Ucel*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✱ Giovanni Miegge. *L'Église sous le joug fasciste*. Genève. Labor et Fides. 1946. 114 pages. 4.25 Sw. fr.—Editor of the magazine *Protestantesimo* and author of a remarkable book on Luther, Miegge wrote this book for the collection *La Chrétienté au creuset de l'épreuve*, which includes similar volumes by Pastor Niemöller, Dr. W. A. Wisser't Hooft, Karl Barth, and other outstanding figures of European Protestantism.

Completely a-Christian, Fascism nevertheless sought and found in the Rome of the Popes an influential ally. Nation was synonymous with Fascism and Catholicism, and to be a good citizen meant to be Fascist and Catholic. After a general outline of the religious situation and a critical analysis of the law on religious minorities and its application, this book tells the tragic history of the partisan war in the Waldensian valleys of Piedmont—of how the opposition to Fascism, already begun by small groups long before Mussolini's fall, became the common struggle of the great majority of Italian Protestants.—*Albert Roland*. Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

✱ Régine Pernoud. *Lumière du Moyen-Age*. Paris. Grasset. 1946. 266 pages. 120 fr.—A series of popular essays on life during the Middle Ages. It tells about how people lived, worked, ate, dressed, studied, worshipped, fought, and employed their leisure hours. The author has a nostalgic feeling for medieval times. She believes that the historians have overemphasized the naïveté, crudity, injustice, cruelty, and unsanitary living of the period. She is sure that democracy had already made advances by that time, that the common people were treated well, that men were happier, cleaner, and gayer than is commonly supposed.

The book gives a vivid picture of the Middle Ages. There are excellent chapters on social organization, the feudal system, rural and city life, international relations, the Church, schools, literature, the arts, sciences, daily life, the medieval mentality. Especially good are the sections on art. Some experts will disagree with details, but the ordinary reader will find many things to interest him. He will get a fresh view of the time and will realize that men of that era were more like himself than he may have imagined.—*Willis H. Bowen*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Jacques de Plunkett. *Fantômes et souvenirs de la Porte-Saint-Martin*. Paris. Ariane. 1946. 399 pages + 22 plates. 230 fr.—The original theater at the Porte St. Martin, built in two months at the order of Marie Antoinette (1781), lasted 90 years as opera house, vaudeville, and regular theater and has been supplanted by other buildings but is still very much alive today. M. de Plunkett traces the history of this famous house chiefly through anecdotes, sometimes amusing, sometimes tragic, of the actors, and especially the actresses, who graced its boards. Among the most noteworthy were Mlle Mars, favorite of Napoleon; Debureau, the witty clown; Frédéric Lemaître, greatest of comedians; and others down to the Coquelin brothers in our own day.

M. de Plunkett records in somewhat wordy and colloquial fashion the theatrical battles of the past, especially the duels in the 19th century between the classicists fortified in the Maison de Molière and the romanticists staged at the Porte St. Martin. It was not till after World War I that contemporary experimentalists, H.-J. Lenormand for one, were produced at the Comédie; the Porte St. Martin has been much more hospitable to the young. It was there that *Cyrano*, *Chantecler*, and *L'Aiglon* were first produced early in this century; it was there that the defeat of the Germans in World War II was celebrated, under great difficulties, by *Vic-*

toire de Paris in November 1944.

All through the 160 years recorded here, the many directors and their groups have kept this popular theater in close touch with its times: revolutions, empires, republics, succeed each other; but art, in France at least, lives on and prospers.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✱ Henriette Psichari. *Renan et la Guerre de 70*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 267 pages. 210 fr.—The author has made excellent use of unpublished letters and other material to illuminate a trying period in her grandfather's life. Before the Franco-Prussian War he had a natural admiration for German Old and New Testament scholars. During the war he wanted to continue his former close relations with them in matters of scholarship. This led some critics to charge him with lack of patriotism. The Goncourt brothers later published dinner conversations which were interpreted as showing a lack of proper patriotism on Renan's part. His granddaughter effectively defends him against these unjust charges. She also gives a delightful account of his aristocratic ideas, his friendship with D. F. Strauss, Mommsen, and Prince Napoleon; his work in protecting the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale during the siege; and his letters to Princess Victoria who, he hoped, might intervene with Bismarck to secure more lenient terms for France. A charmingly written volume, as valuable and interesting for students of history as for admirers of Renan.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✱ Paul Valéry. *Souvenirs poétiques*. Paris. Le Prat. 1947. 62 pages.—*Paul Valéry vivant*. Marseille. Cahiers du Sud. 1946. 384 pages.—Léon-Paul Fargue. *Rue de Villejust*. Paris. Hautmont. 1946. 62 pages.—André Gide. *Paul Valéry*. Paris. Domat. 1947. 96 pages.—Of these four books the first, by Valéry himself, is a late version of a lecture. When he first gave it, twenty years ago, it was more anecdotic, telling more of others; gradually it became a para-

graph of an autobiography of which we possess grand fragments in some of Valéry's other publications. The literature on Valéry by now forms a little library in itself. The second of the four books, a most valuable contribution to his portrait, derives in part from the poet's family. It contains illuminating illustrations, significant texts by the poet himself, such as the letters to Coste, and many recollections by writers as different as T. S. Eliot and the physicist Louis de Broglie. One of these, the poet Léon-Paul Fargue, since deceased, tells of Valéry and of a few people into whose milieu he had entered as a young man. André Gide's book assembles what he had published on his lifelong friend and includes some of their correspondence.—*Herbert Steiner*. Pennsylvania State College.

✧ Général Vlassov. *J'ai choisi la potence*. Paris. Univers. 1947. 255 pages. If this book is authentic (and it has the feel of authenticity, although it requires some credulity to accept the story of its origin) it is as important as it is exciting. The French publisher declares that a Russian visited him and confided to him that he had been an associate of General Vlassov, the renegade Russian soldier who commanded the so-called "Army of Russian Liberation," made up of Russian prisoners in Germany who preferred service with Germany to the not overly agreeable life of the German internment camps. The anonymous Russian left with the publisher a sort of diary of conversations with Vlassov during the eventful period between September 1942 and September 1943. Characters in the crazy drama which is outlined are Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, Himmler, Keitel, von Ribbentrop, Darré, Pétain, Laval, Doriot, the Cossack Hetman Krasnov, the Roumanian minister Michael Antonescu, and various other notables with whom Vlassov consulted personally during the period of the German fiasco in Russia. What does it all amount to in the end? Recrimination, shifty intrigue, madness,

futility. One edifying note: It appears that several of these Russians, even the so-called "traitors," loved their country sincerely and ardently.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Jean-Pierre Després. *Le mouvement ouvrier canadien*. Montréal. Fides. 1947. 205 pages. \$1.50.—An introduction to the Canadian labor movement as reflected in the aims and activities of the Congrès des Métiers et du Travail, the Congrès Canadien du Travail, and the Confédération des Travailleurs Catholiques du Canada.

The first of these, according to the author, is too dependent on the American Federation of Labor and is merely a defensive rather than an aggressive organization for the amelioration of the workers' lot. The Congrès Canadien du Travail is socialistic in its tendencies and the most aggressive of the three. It favors the socialization of banking and finance and is thus committed to political action. It is the only Canadian labor group affiliated with an international labor organization. The C. T. C. C. takes as its point of departure the social and economic doctrines of the Catholic Church as set forth in the Encyclical of Leo XIII entitled *Rerum Novarum* and the encyclicals of later Popes. It is nationalistic in scope, autonomous in action, and offers a concrete plan of action. It is opposed to strong centralization and favors the federal-regional balance.

Though written by a Catholic professor in a Catholic university, the book is objective in treatment.—*Wilfred Laurier Morin*. Cornell University Library.

✧ Seraphin Marion and Watson Kirkconnell. *The Quebec Tradition. Tradition du Québec*. Montréal. Lumen. 1946. 245 pages. \$1.50.—This little book, in French and English, attempts to explain to English-speaking readers the cultural traditions of the French-Canadians. By means of excerpts from the writings of French-Canadian historians, poets, clergymen, publicists, physicians, lawyers, and others, the authors have tried to make clear the importance of

the French language and culture, the industrial achievements of French Canadians, and the Catholic faith, in the development of this ethnic group. That two great peoples live together in the same country and are not aware of each other's great cultural traditions in this day of rapid transit and abundant information is incredible but true. *The Quebec Tradition* is a contribution toward the lessening of this mutual ignorance.

As to the technical make-up of the book, it is unfortunate that definite information has not been given regarding the sources of the excerpts. Some of the translations, particularly of the poetry, have lost something of their original message. But on the whole the editors have been successful in presenting the French-Canadian cultural background. We need more books of this type.—*Wilfred Laurier Morin*. Cornell University Library.

✧ B. Mirkine-Guetzévitch, ed. *Les doctrines politiques modernes*. New York. Brentano. 1947. 322 pages. \$2.50.—The dozen essays in this volume grew out of lectures before the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes in New York. This, and the fact that they all approach from various points of view different aspects of the Rights of Man and political liberty, give the volume a certain unity. After introductory chapters on geography and politics by J. Gottmann and on primitive societies by Claude Lévi-Strauss, there follow theoretical studies on natural law and international law by Alfredo Mendizabel, mythology and positivism by Alfred Stern, and the right of insurrection by Louis Marlio. The best chapters are those which analyze the views of defenders or opponents of democratic political liberty: Mirabeau by René de Messières, Rivarol by Alphonse Roche, Immanuel Kant by P. Schrecker, De Bonald by Alexandre Koyré, and Charles Maurras by Auguste Viatte. National Socialism by Ernest Hamburger has little that is new. The Editor closes with a brief but effective

survey of the republican tradition which lay at the heart of the French Resistance movement during the war. The causes and evils of Hitlerism are given much attention throughout the volume, but similar references to political conditions in the Soviet Union are conspicuous by their absence.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ Jean de la Roche and Jean Gottmann. *La fédération française*. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1945. 642 pages.—In June 1940, with metropolitan France prostrate, most of the colonial administrators of *la France d'Outre-Mer* promptly declared their allegiance to the servile Vichy régime. Only a few independent-spirited ones in French Equatorial Africa, the Cameroun mandate, and the Pacific islands chose to follow De Gaulle and the voice of *France Libre* in London. Félix Eboué, the Negro governor of Chad Territory, later appointed Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa, was an outstanding example of such colonial loyalty to Free France. By early 1944 all of overseas France except French Indo-China had been liberated, and leaders were planning for the future at conferences in Algiers, Brazzaville, and Dakar.

What territories are included in *la France d'Outre-Mer*? What geographic diversities do they present? What are their political and economic relations to each other and to the mother country? What social progress has been made in the colonial areas under French tutelage? What administrative reforms have been instituted within the new French Union, and what further reforms are imperative? Does the future of *la France d'Outre-Mer* lie in the direction of complete independence for each of the major ethnographic groups, or in a voluntary federation of all French peoples with equal social, political, and economic rights? These are some of the questions analyzed by the authors of *La fédération française*. The collaboration of a colonial administrator with long experience in French Equatorial Africa

and a geographer with first-hand knowledge of many of the regions discussed is a happy one for the handling of such a complex subject. The book is well illustrated with pictures and maps.—*Ralph E. Olson*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Jean-Paul Sartre. *Réflexions sur la question juive*. Paris. Morigien. 1946. 198 pages. 150 fr.—Like many other prophets of discouragement, the man Jean-Paul Sartre is a vigorous personality whose charity is not always completely divorced from hope and faith. His reflections on the Jewish problem, written in 1944 but published only rather recently, will be profitable reading for all Frenchmen and non-Frenchmen whose minds are not completely closed, not so much because Sartre has found a solution for the distressing problem (although he does propose on his last page a French-wide, then a world-wide *ligue contre l'anti-sémitisme*, the thought of which rouses him to a degree of enthusiasm), as because of the earnestness with which he applies his talent for cogent reasoning and his gift for telling phrase to the task of awakening the well-intentioned average Frenchman to a realization of his cruel unwillingness to face this question fairly and realistically. It may not be entirely true that "c'est l'antisémitisme qui crée le Juif," but it is certainly true in Paris, France and Paris, Illinois, that the thinking of the man in the street on the Jewish dilemma is not thinking at all but an allergy.

This is a good book.—*H. K. L.*

✧ Lionel Boisseau. *Lourdes nous parle*. Montréal. Lumen. 1947. 196 pages. \$1.10.—The literature on the visions of the 14-year-old peasant girl Bernadette which made of Lourdes the best known center of divine healing in the world is a mountain of pros and cons—although so many skeptics and hard-headed materialists have admitted their inability to explain the healings by the workings of the so-called laws of nature that the pros seem to have it. The Abbé Boisseau has no new evidence to adduce and no

original ideas on the matter; but his intense piety, with his skill at telling an edifying story and at arranging a readable and impressive little volume deserve a special word of approbation.—*H. K. L.*

✧ Joë Bousquet. *L'oeuvre de la nuit*.

Paris. Montbrun. 1946. 39 pages. 250 & 375 fr.—This is a very profitable little book. But it would be impossible to review it. Although its author is concerned with the search for truth, he is forced in the end to fall back on intuition. "La vérité," says Joë Bousquet, "ne se laisse pas saisir, mais se saisit de nous et, de ses révélations, nous inspire et nous grise." An excited man is likely to deliver his message incoherently, but in default of clarity his very enthusiasm may be wholesome and contagious. Bousquet is more prophet than teacher, but there is assurance and uplift in his cryptic preachments. "... il n'y a pas d'inexistence . . . l'inexistence est l'envers et le grain de ce qui existe. Aristote n'entendait pas autre chose quand il dictait que la nature a horreur du vide." "Croistu que les rayons du jour t'auraient ouvert les mains, si tu n'étais pas l'oeuvre de la nuit?" "Rien n'est pensé ni conçu sans l'assistance d'une foi." "La certitude que tout ce qui me fait ce que je suis est le fait du monde, non le mien. Il n'est rien qui ne me dise: *Repose-toi sur nous du soin d'exister*. Il faut connaître ce bonheur. Connaître, c'est se mettre en mesure de donner." "Réduire à rien ce qui sépare l'homme en société de l'homme seul avec lui-même. Que penser ce soit parler bas et parler penser tout haut."

Happy the simple souls who find complete protection in an unshakable Bible and their own candid hearts! The tormented intellectual may have to go a long way to reach the goal. But even the intellectuals are privileged to see God.—*R. T. H.*

✧ André Billy. *Max Jacob*. Paris. Seghers. 1946. 211 pages.—A rather comprehensive study and anthology presenting Max Jacob, spiritual kinsman of

Guillaume Apollinaire. It contains an introduction by a personal friend of Jacob's, the critic André Billy, pictures of Jacob, facsimiles of poems, a group of letters from Jacob to Apollinaire, and a selection of Jacob's published and unpublished poems and *poèmes en prose*. In Billy's report there are also pertinent and illuminating remarks about Jacob's conversion to Catholicism (contemporary to that of Claudel and Cocteau) and about his death in the concentration camp of Drancy. Pieced together, the ensemble of Jacob's intellectual and artistic output is less convincing than occasionally encountering him in an anthology of modern French poetry. In such a compilation the substance of his imagination becomes thin, and it is easy to see that Apollinaire was more original and convincing, that Picasso is more vivid, ingenious and creative, and that, say, Michaux is imaginatively richer. This does not mean that we can eliminate Max Jacob from the picture. He is more than a poet: his life and person belong to modern French poetry. This very informative work is Volume 3 in the series of *Poètes d'aujourd'hui* published by the periodical *Poésie* 45. The other volumes are concerned with Eluard, Aragon, Cocteau, Michaux, and Lautréamont.—*Frederick Lehner*. West Virginia State College.

✱ Albert Chabanon. *La poétique de Péguy*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 261 pages. 250 fr.—Charles Péguy was a reformer. He has even been called a Don Quixote. Albert Chabanon objects to the implications of the comparison and qualifies him, more justly, as a *croisé contre le monde moderne*. Péguy's poetry was as honest and earnest as his prose. It has awkward features, which have irritated some critics and have militated against its popularity, but it is rather generally agreed by now that Péguy was a real poet and a great poet. Chabanon found him revolutionary and studied his technique meticulously and exhaustively. He saw significance in the direction of Péguy's literary itinerary:

prose > free verse > regular and complicated forms, even the sonnet. Péguy himself argued for that sequence, but insisted that all the genres demand the same sincerity. His exclamation: "Oh! la probité de la prose. . . ." is worth pondering. Poets, also, must be leaders of thought and guides to conduct. All good literature is a part of life.

Both Péguy and his young analyst proved their sincerity by dying for their convictions. Péguy was killed in World War One, Chabanon was shot by the Gestapo in July 1944 for his activity in the Resistance.—*R. T. H.*

✱ Gustave Charlier. *Passages*. Bruxelles. Renaissance du Livre. 1947. 182 pages.—By minute examination of old files of newspapers and little-read documents, M. Charlier is able to correct sundry details of literary history and to throw light on some points of the evolution of ideas. His title refers to the visits of certain distinguished foreigners to Brussels. The first essay deals with the encyclopedist, F.-V. Toussaint, whose *Moeurs* (1748) was the first treatise on lay morality to be published in France. There is good reason to suppose that he had a hand in *La balance chinoise*, dealing with the education of children. In it is an eloquent plea for the nursing of infants by their mothers, already touched upon in *Moeurs*, a reform championed by Rousseau and for which he often receives full credit. Again a note on the Prussian character has a certain piquancy: "Les enfants . . . ont une éducation de Cannibales; et je ne serais pas étonné qu'ils dévorassent un jour leurs voisins." *Les Musset et la Belgique*, in two sections, offers biographical details, hitherto missing, concerning Clélie Darret, who was born in Liège and who was Alfred's first sweetheart. The second part shows how a visit of the poet's father to Brussels (1826) gave him an insight into social and political conditions in Belgium rare among foreigners of his time. A study of *Les débuts de Juliette Drouet* leads to the conclusion that "Victor Hugo n'a perpétré aucun

crime contre l'art dramatique le jour où il a galamment aidé la belle Juliette à descendre du chariot de Thespis." Echoes in *Villette* of Charlotte Brontë's sojourn in Brussels (1842-1844) are traced thanks to contemporary newspapers. *Autour d'un grand exil*, again a diptych, offers a vivid portrait of a young Belgian poet, Franz Stevens, who greeted Hugo on his arrival in Brussels and remained his loyal friend; and would identify the recipient of a letter first published in 1930 as Vincent (Victor) Joly, editor of the review *Sancho*, rather than Van Hasselt as the first editor believed. Cordial relations between master and disciple had ended when the latter accepted a decoration from Napoleon III. Especially interesting for its psychological acumen is the final study, *Baudelaire et l'opinion belge de son temps*. The abuse heaped on his hosts by the eccentric poet met only a soft answer in the great majority of the Belgian press; usually attenuating circumstances were sought. Such acerbities as were published came largely from Paris correspondents. Baudelaire's abusive comments are largely a mere echo of rancors aroused a generation before when pirated editions of French works often appeared in Belgium. Throughout the volume lightly carried erudition, perspicacity, and humor make for pleasure in reading these chips from a Brussels workshop.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

✱ Jacques Duchesne-Guillemin. *Etude de "Charmes" de Paul Valéry*. Bruxelles. L'Ecran du Monde. 1947. 179 pages. 200 Bel. fr.—This study of twenty-one poems belonging to Valéry's mature period combines in a rare way scholarship and usefulness. The specialist in French poetry will be as pleased as the teacher called upon to explain Valéry's hermetic poetic creation; for Professor Duchesne-Guillemin goes back to the texts and tries to interpret Valéry's thoughts and techniques through the poet's own statements. The author examines whether there is a constant re-

lation between form and subject matter, and he concludes that the structure, although closely related to the content, does not as much prevail over the thought as Valéry sometimes implied. A few short chapters are dedicated to the plastic beauty, the dramatic dynamism, and the metaphors of the poems. A first appendix proves that *Charmes* was not composed as an organic whole, since Valéry himself changed the order of the pieces several times, even once choosing the alphabetical order. The second appendix offers short interpretations of the poems with their sometimes most illuminating variants.

The presentation of the book is perfect. L'Ecran du Monde is giving us proof of Belgium's high bibliophilistic standards.—*B. Renée Lang*. Wells College.

✱ Jean Fougère. *Thomas Mann, ou La séduction de la mort*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 171 pages. 99 fr.—If a novelist undertakes to write an essay on one of his colleagues, it will, naturally, reflect his own subjective views, and his object will appear modeled by his individual chisel.

The morbid element in Thomas Mann's work has, it is true, been emphasized before, but it is probable that no critic had previously attempted to interpret seduction by death as the essence and the dominant idea of his principal writings—at least of those which are here considered: *Die Buddenbrooks*, *Der Tod in Venedig*, *Der Zauberberg*, the Joseph series, and *Lotte in Weimar*. Wagner, Schopenhauer, and—in a sense—Goethe serve, as it were, as vehicles of the development of Mann's "study of decadence." But this development takes a conciliatory turn. Tonio, Hanno, Aschenbach, Hans Castorp, Joseph, and Goethe demonstrate how death uses its art of seduction only to carry man beyond himself, and it is the miracle of art that through it comes the funereal temptation as well as the resurrection to light and joy. Since French criticism of Thomas Mann's work has hitherto been restricted to short appreciations, often of

just one novel, Fougère's essay will probably meet a wide response.—*Max Lederer*. Library of Congress.

✎ Jean Pommier. *Dans les chemins de Baudelaire*. Paris. Corti. 1945. 384 pages.—To appreciate the solid but somewhat dull scholarship displayed in this collection of articles already published in various reviews, one must be deeply interested in the complicated mechanism of Baudelaire's mind and have an extremely thorough knowledge of all his writings.

In the section entitled *Juvenilia* we find a few new details pertaining to the poet's youth in boarding schools. The discussion of Mouquet's studies of the first poems which Baudelaire is supposed to have written but to have allowed other poets to publish under their names still leaves us in the dark as to the paternity of these pieces. M. Pommier's theory about Mme J. G. F. loses all interest after the one advanced in 1944 by François Porché in his exquisite *Baudelaire, Histoire d'une âme*. Most of the remainder of the book is devoted to Baudelaire's literary affinities and antipathies, as well as to his plagiarisms. It brings out sharply the arbitrary character of the rapprochements uncovered by prejudiced scholars who claim to have found evidences of plagiarism, even when the analogies between the texts they have compared are so distant as to appear purely imaginary. The chapters on the influence of Diderot's *Salons* on those written by Baudelaire is of little value. The chapter on Flaubert's relationship with the poet is excellent, well documented, attractively written, and filled with pregnant remarks.

For readers who have only a superficial knowledge of Baudelaire, this book would not be easy reading.—*André Bourgeois*. The Rice Institute.

✎ Jean-Paul Sartre. *Situations I*. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 335 pages.—Sartre, like Gide in his *Prétextes*, is collecting into volumes his articles of literary criticism. But there is a marked difference

between *Prétextes* and *Situations*. In the former a well known writer examined the works of his contemporaries, whereas *Situations* brings together writings which antedate the real Sartre as he is known today. Several of these articles date from 1938 and 1939, but they are all the more interesting for revealing the inner debates by which Sartre arrived at his present position.

Even when he is not speaking of the philosophers, like Husserl, Bataille, or Brice Parain, but of writers like Dos Passos, Faulkner, Jules Renard, or Mauriac, he is constantly preoccupied with the same theme—with the problem of man's liberty. Most characteristic of his judgments, perhaps, is his evaluation of Mauriac, whom he reproaches with being neither an artist nor a novelist, since his personages have an "essence," a character given them at the beginning of the story, instead of *becoming* through the impact of life upon them.

So it turned out that in measuring himself with his predecessors Sartre merely confirmed his initial convictions. He found arguments in support of his philosophical theses, at the same time that he convinced himself that he was destined to give his age its great novel by projecting his personages on *les chemins de la liberté*.—*Charles Eubé*. Paris.

✎ Marcel Arland. *Il faut de tout pour faire un monde*. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 312 pages. 185 fr.—As the author states, this volume is not a casual collection of short stories. It is a *montage* into which each story fits smoothly and accurately to form a composite picture of French village and country life. It is not a happy picture. The characters are little people, their problems mundane, their infrequent humor salty, their philosophy down-to-earth. They are people such as one may find scattered throughout rural France and along the byways of all countries. Their stories are touched with poverty and despair; they are guilty of greed and selfishness, but they are capable of loyalty, affection, courage, and they know both stoicism and resigna-

tion. Such are the qualities which create the essential unity of these tales. They are saved from morbidity by the author's honesty and sincerity, his genuine human understanding. Some of the stories are mere sketches, but they lose nothing thereby, for the overall atmosphere is impressionistic rather than graphic. It is a book of truth and understanding, by an author who writes with power and conviction.—*Elliott Dow Healy*. University of Texas.

✂ Marcel Aymé. *Le chemin des écoliers*. Paris. Gallimard. 1946. 254 pages. 95 fr.—In contrast to the heroic tales of French Resistance, this story of two bourgeois families in Paris under the German occupation shows how the abnormal political situation furthered blind selfishness, personal vindictiveness, greed, and depravity among the young and morally weak in France. It is a dense tale of bitter introspection in which Aymé's renowned humor only emphasizes the evil in human nature. But underneath all this there is yearning tenderness, solidarity, and equity which alleviate the gloom of the picture.—*B. Renée Lang*. Wells College.

✂ Robert Beineix. *La mission de Ronald Hopkins*. Paris. Lacoste. 1947. 249 pages. 130 fr.—This story of love and adventure in postwar Germany was written while France was still occupied, and was dedicated to Franklin Roosevelt. Robert Beineix imparts his impassioned message through his American hero Ronald Hopkins, who, after heroic service during the war, continues as a journalist the good fight for democratic principles and international understanding. The problem of Germany is dramatically dealt with through Hopkins' tragic love affair with a German girl, who does not survive her denazification. Lisbeth symbolizes the helpless confusion of German feelings after the war. Through her and the several excellently drawn minor characters, Beineix analyzes the German soul in defeat, and although he predicts duplicity and sabo-

tage, his trust in humanity leads him to overall optimism. Carried away by his enthusiasm over events to come, he inserts a Utopian chapter on the army of the United Nations. There is some pretty vapid sentimentalizing about a Germany of Rhine maidens, lieder, and walking parties, but on the whole it is pleasant to hear the author present his views on the bright possible world as he courageously imagined it in 1943. His sentiments, however, are more praiseworthy than his novel. Digressions and melodramatic effects mar the plot; the characters are wooden and their conversation highly improbable.—*L. LeSage*. University of Oregon.

✂ Pierre Bost. *Monsieur Ladmiral va bientôt mourir*. Paris. Gallimard. 1945. 158 pages. 65 fr.—Monsieur Ladmiral was a successful, academic portrait painter in Paris. He is now retired, at 76, and lives a widower's life in a comfortable country house near Paris. He still paints, but his week-days are chiefly occupied with the happy thought that his children will visit him the following Sunday. His solicitous but dull son Gonzague, with his bourgeois wife and prankish children, never fails to come every week. His daughter, the unconventional, charming Irène, comes infrequently and late, and departs as hastily as she came. But Irène certainly is the *vieux père's* darling rather than the considerate son who won't fail to turn up the following Sunday.

A delightful *nouvelle*, in the *dimanche à la campagne* tradition, tender and yet humorous, realistic and yet bathed in subtle poetry. In the delineation of Gonzague and his wife, it is also a satire of bourgeois conventionalism and dullness. This charming vignette is a welcome relief from the *littérature noire* of present-day France.—*François Denoeu*. Dartmouth College.

✂ Emmanuel Bove. *Le piège*. Paris. Trémois. 1945. 191 pages. 75 fr.—Emmanuel Bove has created this novel around the actual character of Joseph

Bridet, a young journalist shot by the Germans in 1941 while trying to escape from Vichy, France via Paris to London. This novel based on the last few weeks of his life doesn't quite come off. In fact, Bove doesn't really begin to write well until the last chapter. Moreover, the quick succession of Bridet's arrest and release, arrest and release, comprising the last fifty pages, which should of course heighten the drama, serves only to make it more melodramatic and unreal. Bridet, who in his flatness is the roundest character in the novel, never actually comes to life. Neither does his wife Yolande, who seems alternately to be a brainless nitwit and an understanding saint; nor do the rest of the dramatis personae. Altogether, the newspaper accounts of Bridet's adventure would certainly have been more readable than what Bove has placed before us here.—*Elizabeth Oakes*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✂ Constant Burniaux. *Jeunesse! (Les temps inquiets II)*. Bruxelles. Renaissance du Livre. 1945. 185 pages. 40 Bel. fr.—This *roman-fleuve* is an attempt to portray "cette grande âme, instable et douloureuse, qui est l'âme de notre époque." Jean Chenevière is himself a writer, because Burniaux feels that "la sensibilité d'une génération ne pouvait mieux s'incarner que dans un artiste humain." The first volume, *Clémence*, brought the hero to the eve of the War; *Jeunesse* takes him through the war years to his return to Brussels in 1918, but, as the author remarks, "Cette guerre n'est ici qu'un cadre dans lequel Jean vit, avec la plupart des hommes de son temps, sa jeunesse."

Unfortunately the characters in *Jeunesse* are devoid of life and reality. It is difficult for the reader to believe that even a young poet could have gone through four years of war in the trance-like state that is suggested in these highly romantic pages. Jean is somewhat reminiscent of the autobiographical heroes of Flaubert's youthful writings, before Flaubert learned the difficult lessons of the novelist's art. A young man's day-

dreams of the women who have played fleeting rôles in his real or imaginary experience scarcely constitute a novel, or even a substantial fragment of a *roman-fleuve*.—*Carlos Lynes, Jr.* University of Pennsylvania.

✂ Jean Cassou. *Les enfants sans âge*.

Paris. Sagittaire. 1946. 241 pages. 150 fr.—A collection of sketches and short stories which show peculiar skill in the genre. A few bold and sure strokes suffice to set a character before our eyes and evoke an ugly factory in Lorraine where pathetic children work fourteen hours a day, the shops of the Palais Royal, Venice, the Holy Spain of yesterday. There is charming sentimentality and nostalgia in some of the reminiscences of the author's childhood and the confessions of hopeless loves and unrealized ambitions. But the charm is violently dispelled as the tales slip imperceptibly into nightmares of horror and madness, family servants buried alive with the dead master, a skeleton eloping with the doctor's wife, an asylum of lepers breaking loose and descending on a town. Even in the stories not so openly and preposterously grotesque, incongruity is the basic device by which Cassou creates an atmosphere of hallucination and morbidity, qualities which remind one of certain aspects of surrealism and the writings of Franz Kafka.—*L. Le-Sage*. University of Oregon.

✂ Gilbert Cesbron. *On croit rêver*.

Paris. Laffont. 1946. 301 pages. 140 fr.—The story of a valet who set forth to conquer the world in order to win the hand of his employer's daughter. He begins his remarkable career by uncovering a ring of dope smugglers and rises rapidly to become king of the French press and radio. Bixio's preposterous and exciting adventures are, however, no end in themselves, but a vehicle for bitter satire of pre-war France. Society as here depicted has been corrupted in taste and sense of values by pernicious importations from America. French readers will recognize behind thin disguises per-

sonalities and slogans of the thirties, and they may wonder (as the title suggests) how such stupidity and futility was possible. But American readers not yet rendered insensitive to foreign denunciations of the so-called American civilization may wonder if there is not some justice in them.—*L. LeSage*. University of Oregon.

✱ Gilbert Cesbron. *La tradition Fontquernie*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 284 pages. 180 fr.—This is Gilbert Cesbron's richest and most personal book. His *Les innocents de Paris* recalled a minor, very Gallic *Innocent Voyage*. *On croit rêver* drew on his experiences with Agence Havas for a bitter-sweet satire on international journalism. *La tradition Fontquernie* concerns a family of provincial nobility. The horsey count reads *L'Action française*, expects a Royalist restoration, understands animals and peasants, but not his wife Cathérine, subtle, music-loving, *fine*. The two eldest sons, Hubert and Gérard, have inherited the heavy necks, the strong bodies, the love of horses that make them, in the Count's eyes, "really Fontquernie." Antoine, the youngest, adores his mother and music, is the intellectual who does not exemplify the family's traditions. And understandably so, since it is revealed that he is the son of a gifted and eccentric neighbor. Antoine dies in the campaign of 1940, overwhelmed by his unwitting discovery that he is not really Fontquernie. Gilbert Cesbron has written a sensitive and moving defense of the traditions of that France he knows so well, the France of provincial nobility. His novel bears comparison with Jean Orieux's *Fontagre*, which won the 1946 Prix de Roman of the Academy. It will have little appeal for an "existentialist" or avant-garde public; it is too nostalgic, too anachronistic, too consciously "well-written." It has been awarded the Prix des Lecteurs, sponsored by *La Gazette des Lettres*.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✱ Emile Condroyer. *Malgorn le ba-leinier*. Paris. Nouvelle France. 1946. 275 pages. 120 fr.—Advertised hope-

fully as *un Moby Dick français*, this novel has neither the depth nor the beauty of Melville's masterpiece. It is none the less an entertaining tale of the sea.

The story begins in 1840 or thereabouts on a tiny backward island off the coast of Brittany. Seized by a wanderlust which the kindly priest convinces him is somehow hereditary, Malgorn is encouraged by the retired sailor who keeps the lighthouse to leave the island. Conveniently, the hero finds money and a map indicating the location of buried treasure. Now he is ready for his great adventure.

He goes first to Nantes, where he meets almost immediately a former sweetheart, Caroline, who has been exiled from the island for immorality. Thanks to Caroline, he signs up on a whaler—the only type of vessel likely to take him to the scene of his treasure. The remaining 122 pages describe the whaling expedition. Malgorn gets the feel of the sea and of his lieutenant's throat. (The latter is crazed by an infatuation for Caroline.) Then come reconciliation and the first encounter with a whale. So completely is Malgorn won over by this exciting life that he burns his map. The call of the sea is stronger than that of wealth. Perhaps his *Moby Dick*—and the author's—will come later.—*Mercer Cook*. Howard University.

✱ Pierre Daninos. *Le Roi-Sommeil*. Paris. Juillard. 1946. 197 pp. 120 fr.—The loyal subject of *Le Roi-Sommeil* is a notary's clerk who vaguely resembles Duhamel's Salavin. From his dreary existence the little man escapes into dreams of power and violence; in his dreams he becomes a Victorian sahib, a Dostoevskian murderer, a tyrant over schoolboys, factories, an atom-ridden world. The author's pungent wit attacks clichés and outworn concepts. His callow humor, exuberant but somewhat adolescent, and his underlying anxiety stand in the way of true satire in the grand manner.—*Marianne Bonwit*. University of California.

✧ Luc Estang. *Temps d'amour*. Paris. Laffont. 11th ed., 1947. 259 pages. 180 fr.—Luc Estang, important poet and critic, turns out to be an important novelist also. *Temps d'amour* is absorbingly interesting, it is a valuable psychological document, and it is carefully and expertly written. The author himself dubs it old-fashioned, apparently because its characters are not irresponsible animals, like the brain-children of so many contemporaries, but scrupulous men and women who are tempted but face their problems bravely and without forgetting others; men and women who, though they do not succeed in solving all their problems, never discard their scruples. There is a triangle—two men and a woman. The woman seems eventually to extricate herself and the others, although we never learn exactly how. Evidently the old laws of justice, kindness, and even of religion are operative here. But the strongest feature of the story is the grueling self-searching of the narrator (one of the men), who spends the rest of his life cross-examining himself. "Prométhée de soi-même vautour."—H. K. L.

✧ L. Gabriel-Robinet. *Bras de Fer*. Avignon. Edouard Aubanel. 1945. 397 pages. 198 fr.—This picturesque evocation of the religious wars in France raises the question once again of just what is the line of demarcation between history and fiction. The author calls his story of the life of François de la Noue, military and political leader of the Huguenots after the death of Condé and Coligny, a novel. "L'histoire," the Goncourts write in their *Journal*, "est un roman qui a été; le roman est de l'histoire qui aurait pu être." What then is a historical novel? Whatever the answer, certainly no period of French history lends itself more easily to fictional reportage than the intrigues of Catherine de Medici, the Guises, and the Huguenots. The author needed only to introduce a few auxiliary minor characters as webbing and to stick to history in order to have a narrative surpassing that

of most *romans noirs*!

"Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose" will probably summarize neatly the reflections of many readers of this book. The current interweaving of religious issues in internal politics abetted by external pressures and counterpressures suggests more than one parallel between English and Spanish interference, by partisan invitation, in French internal affairs of the 16th century.—Boyd G. Carter. University of Nebraska.

✧ René Guillot. *La grande Renaude*.

Paris and Grenoble. Arthaud. 1946. 193 pages. 100 fr.—René Guillot's works fall into two groups—those of African locale and those in which he depicts the province La Saintonge. The rich and sensuous resources of Guillot's vocabulary are here lavished on provincial scenes in which he paints autumn in the country, with its grape harvest and other rural activities, and winter when the mud and rain force people indoors. Threading through purple descriptive passages, the narrative tells the story of a Saintongeais family whose lives are closely bound to the land. The matriarchal Renaude symbolizes in her harsh and imperious nature the soil which has nourished her. Her taciturn household, absorbed in its perpetual routine of farm activity, is sufficient unto itself and resentful of all new-comers. The drama of this closed society opens with the pathetic struggle of her Parisian daughter-in-law against the mute hostility which surrounds her. But the plot is lost in the scenery of the novel, and the characters emerge only as shadowy forms, scarcely visible against the rich background. As a regionalist painter and a powerful creator of atmosphere, Guillot exhibits in this novel the talents to which his numerous literary prizes attest. Yet his superficial and sketchy characterizations seem an unfortunate sacrifice to "fine writing."—L. LeSage. University of Oregon.

✧ Jean Isère. *Les pèlerins de l'ombre*. I. *Racines*. Paris. Vautrain. 1946. 301 pages.—This novel analyzes the

emotions and reactions of a French war prisoner in Germany. Scores of books of this type have appeared during and since the war, but this one happens to be an unusually gripping story, which crystallizes a feeling of suspension in the lives of a pair of suddenly separated lovers.

The first part of the book is written from the point of view of the prisoner, Pierre Ferry, the second from that of his fiancée, Michèle. The second part is the more engrossing. Outwardly serene and well adjusted, Michèle feels that life has been postponed for her till her lover returns. During his absence she replaces a man teacher in a boys' lycée in Lyons. Her students, colleagues, and supervisors all react to her presence among them in characteristic Gallic fashion. The atmosphere of the school is authentic and should be very interesting to American readers. Some of them may feel that the book overemphasizes the physical aspects of its young people's relationships. But the story is well planned, carefully written, and should reach a wide and thoughtful public.—*Pierre Courtines*. Queens College, Flushing, New York.

✧ *Italie magique. Contes surréels modernes*. Gianfranco Contini, ed. Hélène Breuleux, tr. Paris. Portes de France. 1946. 346 pages. 180 fr.—Gianfranco Contini here presents some samples of fantastic short fiction by the Florentine *enfant terrible* Aldo Palazzeschi, to whom, one scarcely sees why, more than a third of the volume is allotted; Antonio Baldini, more critic than storyteller, but holding his own here with a fairly impressive scrap of mystification unaccountably labeled Gold Star; Nicola Lisi, whose *The Leg from Namur* is the most absorbing and the most depressing item in the volume; Cesare Zavattini, whose *At the Doctor's* is a tiny masterpiece of pathos and irony and whose *A Ball at A . . .* takes the blue ribbon for "kick"; Enrico Morivich, Fiume city official, whose *Ghosts on the Clothes Line* is deliciously idiotic and perhaps one of the profoundest things here; the famous

Alberto Moravia, represented by a heavyish satire called *The Crocodile*; the suave and skilful Tommaso Landolfi, who has done a brilliant job of eerie evocation in his *The Werewolf's Story*; and the well-known humorist Massimo Bontempelli, whose gripping *Nyctæ* would have been perfect if the author had taken the trouble to add some tiny suspicion of clue at the end. A mystery story, even the most elusive of them, even a *conte surréel*, should have—never a solution, of course—but a sort of delicate hint at a solution, which sets the reader to meditating when the author has finished. A desideratum which these Italian artists have for the most part ignored. Most of them only bewilder.—*R. T. H.*

✧ Arthur Omre. *Kristinus Bergman*. Paris. Nouvelle Edition. 1946. 360 pages.—A thin-spun psychological story of a man who was deprived of a normal and happy childhood and who has rebelled against the restrictions of society. Compelled to leave Norway, he chooses Canada for a career of large-scale bank robbery. He returns to his home country after fifteen years, but with no intention of changing his way of life. The novel is so crowded with characters that it is sometimes confusing; but the ending is promising, and you put the book away with the conviction that a new and better life is in store for Kristinus Bergman.

The treatment of the theme is frequently superior to the theme itself. The story deals with large issues, and it teaches us more about the conflicts of a man at odds with society than many other books with more pretensions to psychological profundity. This is one of that excellent category of books which although basically national are international in scope. It is not particularly well translated, and footnotes here and there explaining Norwegian terminology would have been helpful.—*Mary Rose Meirowitz*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✧ Roger Peyrefitte. *Mademoiselle de Murville*. Paris. Vigneau. 1947. 272 pages. 135 fr.—Roger Peyrefitte caused

quite a stir just after the Liberation with his Théophraste-Renaudot-winning novel, *Les amitiés particulières*, dealing with life in a provincial Catholic *collège* for boys. This smoothly written performance encouraged a certain public (in spite of its homosexual theme) to believe that the traditional French novel of psychological analysis was not completely dead. It gave them an illusory hope that the field was not completely dominated by existentialist essays disguised as fiction (the school of Sartre), surrealist visions (Julien Gracq), scatological catalogs, and the *roman-reportage*. This second effort of Peyrefitte's is less reassuring. Mlle Béatrix de Murville lives in her isolated château, venerating a hair from the beard of Henri IV, reading minor seventeenth century memoirs, musing on the vanished glories of the past. Her remote, anachronistic existence is shattered by the arrival of her brother, Armel. He is deep in an unsavory affair with an individual named M. de Joyeuse, doubly hated by Béatrix since he has not only "corrupted" her brother but has also encouraged him in an unworthy modernism. Joyeuse arranges that Claude, the handsome nephew of one of the servants, be invited to live at the château with them. Contrary to all plans, Mlle de Murville falls in love with Claude. Armel is killed in a hunting accident, Béatrix sends Claude away, but names this boy *sorti de rien* as the heir to Murville. Over the whole production hangs a mist of thin-blooded, perverted, dying-aristocrat sensuality which the civilized writing and literary finesse of Peyrefitte cannot wholly redeem.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✱ Georges Pillement. *Anthologie du théâtre français contemporain. II. Théâtre du Boulevard*. Paris. Béliet. 1946. 484 pages + 8 plates. 450 fr.—Probably the excuse for M. Pillement's anthologies is the paper shortage and the fact that most modern plays are out of print or issued in very small editions. Under other conditions little reason could be found for publishing *Morceaux choisis*

from plays, for one or two or even three scenes from a comedy, no matter how amusing in themselves, give a very incomplete, sometimes a very wrong idea of the play as a whole and of its author's talent.

The scenes in this large volume are taken from a variety of texts and are intended to show the changes in the theatrical styles of popular stage successes and in audience tastes, from *Le marchand d'estampes* by Porto-Riche (1917) to *Frénésie* by Peyret-Chappuis (1938). To some extent the editor's aim is realized, for his selections indicate, though by no means prove, that the old type of boulevard farce is giving way to a somewhat more serious, more psychologically acute and less hackneyed kind of characterization and plot. There is in most of the post-1918 French drama, even in the boulevard theaters, more use of the social background, of the class struggle and of Freud's study of motivation, than there was before 1914. Edouard Bourdet, represented here by a scene from one of his best satires, *Vient de paraître* (1927) is a good example of the changes M. Pillement wishes to point out; so are Marcel Pagnol, a bit of whose famous *Topaze* (1928) is given here, and Jean-Jacques Bernard in his charming *Nationale 6*.

It is fair to add that M. Pillement's historical and critical preface and his notes are excellent, concise, pointed, well documented, and interesting, with a bibliography for each author included. On the whole the book offers a useful introduction to some phases of the contemporary French drama.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✱ O. Vandekerhove. *Les sorcières du Paradis*. Paris. Self. 1946. 222 pages. 145 fr.—Nowhere in the world are the regionalists more successful in creating an authentic local atmosphere than in Belgium. This ghastly story of three *faiseuses d'anges* (abortionists) in a village of southern Belgium has merit as a document on a cowardly industry which deserves unmasking. It is neither las-

civious nor clumsily didactic. It has a melodramatic plot which is skilfully handled. Although the ugly theme is present on every page, the story as a whole is not repulsive and is constantly interesting. Such books must be written, and this one is written well.—H. K. L.

✠ Vassili Yan. *Gengis-Khan*. Boris Metzel, tr. Paris. Pavois. 1946. 422 pages. 240 fr.—Vassili Yan spent more than twenty years, pack on back, wandering over Russia and Central Asia gathering material and acquiring psychological understanding of the people. The result was a complex chronicle of Gengis Khan's brutal conquest of the Khorezmin Empire, then of the Russians (a harder task), until the first Mongol Empire stretched from the Yellow Sea to the Dnieper. The reader breathes the atmosphere of the Middle Ages in the scenes of brutal warfare, abuse of prisoners (there are modern parallels), oppression of the peasants, and in its lighter aspects, such as trading by caravan and harem intrigues. Especially well done is the weaving together of a multiplicity of war stories, love stories, and individual lives, into a work which won the Stalin prize. Most of the many characters have personality and life. The dervish Hadji Rahim moves through the book and he, more even than Gengis Khan, preserves its unity. The best pages relate the last days of the cat-eyed, red-bearded Tiger and his almost pathetic futile search for escape from death to which he had to bow, like the frailest of men.—B. G. D.

✠ René Chantal. *Pastels et sanguines*. Houston, Tex. Bayou. 1947. 52 pages.—I would have entitled this attractive poetical pamphlet *Confessions d'amours*. We have here the candid unfolding of loves, none of which is devoid of emotion and dignity. The chance acquaintances of travel and army life become nostalgic when the liner sails or the warrior is ordered to some new assignment far away; they win our sympathy. The reader is more deeply moved when the

beloved girl is killed in an air bombardment, or when the old maid *Trop maigre, grande et plate, mais jolie, bonne et douce*, finally lives, *sortie de sa coquille*. The girls that the poet loved are mostly proud, athletic girls who realize, as every reader will, that the *fouilleur d'âmes* who admires them is no cynical Don Juan, but a staunch friend. The girl who becomes the wife is the one who did not answer "maybe," but *Toute tienne et je t'aime*. She comes from *l'aride Texas*, and he will take her to *la douce France*, to his native Anjou where the folks will like her because she loves him so.

Sincerity is the keynote of these love poems by René Chantal, the pen-name of André Bourgeois, professor at the Rice Institute. The poems are in free verse, very musical, sometimes philosophical and reminiscent of Lamartine's *Le lac*:

L'absence d'un seul être me dépeuple la ville,
or Hugo's *Tristesse d'Olympio*:

Le retour avec toi aux places que nous
aimâmes. . . .

There are a few misprints and some jerks in the rhythm due to mute *e's* sometimes counted as one syllable and sometimes not, but all in all this *plaque* does great honor to the author and to the inspiring and poetical Bayou of Houston, Texas, which sponsored its publication.—François Denoeu. Dartmouth College.

✠ Charles Baussan. *Vieilles églises de campagne*. Paris. Plon. 1946. 204 pages + 39 plates.—A valuable book on those jewels of the French countryside, the village churches. Often totally unknown to outsiders, they are always interesting and sometimes extremely beautiful and picturesque, with distinct personalities that mirror their setting and their builders. The photographs are so admirable that one wishes there were a hundred instead of 39. The text is highly condensed; the matter is worthy of more space and a more pretentious edition.—Jeanne d'Ucel. Norman, Oklahoma.

✧ Germain Bazin. *L'époque Impressioniste*. Paris. Tisné (New York. Continental Book Center). 1947. 95 pages, large format. \$10.—The learned Conservator of Paintings at the Louvre has prepared a book for which many laymen will be grateful. His 54-page history of the Impressionist movement is quiet and factual, but it makes very pleasant and even stimulating reading. There are statistics, but there are also tears and smiles. The struggles, disappointments, and actual physical suffering of these eccentric but heroic fellows before they finally won a public and rose to fame and fortune are portrayed without theatricals but with discreet and genuine sympathy. The little history is not weighted with pedantic theorizing. M. Bazin does not attempt a watertight definition of Impressionism, which to be sure would be as hopeless a task as the defining of an odor of an emotion. In a classic Spanish poem, a poet who is asked by a beautiful woman to define poetry, replies gallantly, "It's you." He might have added ". . . and I." This beautiful book, with its history, biographies, and photographs of the chief Impressionist painters, with its 95 full-page reproductions of paintings, several of them in colors, arranged chronologically from Manet's *Ballet espagnol* in 1862 to Henri Rousseau's symbolic *Guerre* in 1894, is not a book *about* Impressionism, it *is* Impressionism. And Impressionism evidently is—or was—something honest, interesting, and important.—H. K. L.

✧ René Girard. *Les neuf symphonies de Beethoven*. Montréal. Fides. 1947. 175 pages. \$1.50.—A fine approach to Beethoven's immortal works, written in plain, simple language. It offers 190 examples from Beethoven's scores, written out by hand. It is not a "concert guide" which forces on the listener the ideas of the author and prescribes what he must feel when listening, but a successful attempt to explain the musical structure of the nine symphonies and thus lead the hearer to a more satisfying appreciation

of great music.—Robert Laessig. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✧ Maurice Allaire. *Le Mexique, pays de contrastes*. Montréal. Lumen. 1947. 199 pages + 12 plates. \$1.50.—Much has been said about the growing religious and political *entente* between Mexico and French Canada, both interested in fighting the Anglo-Saxon "threat" to their cultures. This book reflects the current interest in Mexico among French Canadians. The origin of this book shows that the *entente* has a commercial aspect: the author made this trip to Mexico as secretary of a delegation of the Société des Industriels de Québec. The book first appeared as articles in *l'Action Catholique* of Montréal. It is interesting and free from gross errors, although this reader becomes impatient with the Indianism of some Mexican Catholics who, while exalting a religion imported from Spain, attempt to prove that the Mexican Guadalupe has nothing to do with the Spanish word Guadalupe. The pure-white San Martín declared publicly that he was an Indian, but that was a long time ago.—Ronald Hilton. Stanford University.

✧ Louis Bourgoïn. *Histoire des sciences et de leurs applications*. Montréal. L'Arbre. 1945. 327 pages.—These 24 chapters presumably are material presented in radio lectures over Station CBF, Montreal, in 1943–44. The subjects range from measurement of time, distance, and volume to the early history of the steam engine and electricity. The lion's share of the book is devoted to the history of chemistry, and here we feel that M. Bourgoïn has broadcast considerable misinformation.

He does, early in his book, make one reference to the work of Marcellin Berthelot, and then proceeds to forget all about Berthelot's teachings and to fall back completely on the mid-nineteenth century work of the Franco-German physician Ferdinand Hoefer. Hoefer, and after him Bourgoïn, lays stress on the work of an omniscient Arab, Djabir ibn Hay(y)an, usually referred to as

Geber, as epitomizing for us all the science of the Arab alchemists. The Latin of this work, *Gebri Arabis Chimia, sive Traditio Summae Perfectionis et Investigatio Magisterii*, has for fifty years been generally agreed to have been a fake. The title appears to be a pot-pourri of various titles of Latin works published between 1350 and the middle of the 17th century by various alchemists under Geber's name. Geber lived in the eighth century and actually published some works which are characterized (in their translation by Berthelot) by an exalted mystic-religious tone that has nothing in common with the dreary dryness of the works later ascribed to him.

I have not the space to comment on numerous other inaccuracies. It appears, for instance, that M. Bourgoin has been somewhat uncritical in his choice of alchemists for special attention. There is, for example, the case of Basile Valentin, supposed to have been a Benedictine monk in Erfurt in the fifteenth century. With the exception of F. M. Jaeger, *Elementen en Atomen Eens en Thans* (The Hague, 1918), no sources refer to him except as one of the legendary alchemists whose names were for centuries often used to adorn books they did not write. M. Bourgoin lifts him out of a well-deserved obscurity (even the register of the monastery in Erfurt where he is supposed to have lived does not mention his name) with the eulogy: "... nous considérons Basile Valentin comme un très habile expérimentateur et un précurseur..." Proceeding in this manner we might prove Benjamin Franklin a genius by ascribing the Smyth report on the atomic bomb to him.

This book is smoothly written and convincing in style—which makes the many errors even more regrettable. The lack of bibliography and the complete absence of specific references are disturbing.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✻ Elian-J. Finbert. *La vie du chameau. Le vaisseau du désert*. New ed., 1947. 254 pages + 16 plates. 200 fr.—*La bre-*

bis ou la vie pastorale. 285 pages + 16 plates. 1947. 200 fr. Paris. Albin-Michel. —Among the best works of the industrious polygraph Finbert are his animal books. General editor of a series which he calls *Scènes de la vie des bêtes*, he includes in the series the two publications of his own listed above, and his forthcoming *Vie de la gazelle*. The camel book, which first appeared ten years ago, was largely the fruit of his experience as a sergeant in the British Army during World War One, in the course of which he was assigned to the Imperial Camel Transport Corps. It is a hymn of praise to the animal which the author ranks nearest to man in intelligence and character. The book has charm and is crammed with valuable information. It could have been just as charming and even more valuable, perhaps, if it had been more carefully organized.

M. Finbert is an authority on sheep culture largely by virtue of a course which he followed in the school for sheep-raisers conducted in Roquefort in the winter of 1940, seated on the benches with sturdy young Aveyron peasants who were fitting themselves for a life work as serious and important as law or theology. Bulkier and a little solidier than the other volume, *La brebis* is not guiltless of padding. M. Finbert's history, his descriptions, his conclusions, are all weakened by prolix moralizing. He is like the Saint of Assisi in his love for our humbler brethren, but he is less like him in his choice of language to express that love.—*R. T. H.*

We learn from Karl O. Paetel's *Deutsche Gegenwart*, New York City, that a special edition of Ernst Jünger's Brazilian diary *Atlantische Fahrt* has been printed in England for distribution to German war prisoners; that his novel *Auf den Marmorklippen* has been translated into English by J. Hood and published by Lehmann in London; and that his new book *Sprache und Körperbau* has been published by Schifferli in Zürich.

Books in Spanish

(For other Books in Spanish, see "Head-Liners")

✠ Rosa Arciniega. *Dos rebeldes españoles en el Perú*. Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1946. 436 pages. \$10 m-n. —Never before has so much attention been bestowed on the Spanish conquest and administration of South America, and many crumbs may still be gathered under Señor Madariaga's table. One notices that in the bibliography appended to this volume only two names, those of Sir Clements Markham and Robert Southey, are not Spanish. The book contains two separate studies and in both parts the story is lucidly and vividly told. Very dramatic is the life story of Gonzalo, one of the three brothers of the conqueror of Peru and one of the 170 Spanish soldiers who pressed forward to the conquest of that country in 1532. This brilliant and impetuous younger brother (with something of the character of Don John of Austria) returned from his victorious expedition to Quito to find that the great Pizarro had been assassinated, and when in 1542 Núñez Vela arrived with imperial Ordenanzas suppressing the almost feudal system of Encomiendas, he raised the standard of revolt. In 1544 he made his triumphal entry into Lima and for some months he was virtually King of Peru, only to fall a victim to the skilful negotiations of the imperial envoy, the priest La Gasca, and end his life on the scaffold when still under forty. He was an attractive figure, governed the country well and showed none of the megalomania inherent in the character of the Basque Lope de Aguirre, the subject of the second half of the volume, who styled himself the Prince of Liberty and the Wrath of God. Lope de Aguirre wrote a letter to King Philip II in which he coolly remarked that if not very many kings went to Hell that was because there were not very many. He stabbed his daughter to death before succumbing to his own fate

after his followers had deserted him. Nearly three centuries were to elapse before further serious rebellion occurred in the Spanish possessions.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✠ María Teresa León. *El gran amor de Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1945. 271 pages. \$8 m-n. —Many readers may not care to have every rift of an author's life loaded with his biographer's hypotheses; they may prefer to have all the known facts set before them and to do their own imagining. But in this book all the available information has been used with care and skill, and the reduction of Bécquer's life to a romance will doubtless attract a crowd of readers to the work of one of the most genuinely inspired poets of modern Spain, who died at the early age of thirty-four and left only a small volume of poetry which was destined to have a permanent influence on the subsequent development of Spanish verse. In the form of a novel the atmosphere of Bécquer's life is well brought out; the early years at Seville and Madrid and then, as in the case of a later Andalusian poet, Antonio Machado, the violent change to the sterner fascination of the country around Soria. There are two excellent photographs of the noble monastery of Nuestra Señora de Veruela under the snows of Mount Moncayo. (The matter of the book is romanticized but the illustrations are mostly photographs.) The last eighty pages are devoted to an edition of Bécquer's poetry, and it is a pleasure to be able to reread these haunting, pliant, mostly unrhymed "Rimas" in print so excellent.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✠ *México prehistórico. Culturas, deidades, monumentos*. Prologue by Alfonso Caso. Jorge A. Vivo, ed. Méxi-

co. Hurtado. 1946. 911 pages + 94 plates. \$50 m-n.—An accurate, well developed, and interesting history and portrayal of pre-Cortesian Mexico. It was probably intended more for the layman than for the scholar, for it is almost completely lacking in footnotes and there is no bibliography. But the authority of its contributors is indisputable. Among them are Comas Camps, Kirchhoff, Jiménez Moreno, Noguera, Matthew W. Stirling, Toscano, Vaillant, Gamio. The book is generously illustrated, with plates, charts, diagrams, and maps. The print is large; the few typographical errors are corrected in a careful list of errata. The 104 articles by 38 contributors have been carefully indexed. We are informed that an English translation of the important work is in preparation.—*Hensley C. Woodbridge*. University of Illinois.

✠ Teodoro Olarte. *Alfonso de Castro (1495-1558)*. San José, Costa Rica. Ujueta. 1946. xiv+288 pages.—The Franciscan friar Alfonso de Castro wrote extensively in defense of the Catholic position against the ideas of the Lutheran reformers. Dr. Olarte's study of the man and his writings has convinced him that Castro held views many of which are accepted at the present time.

Castro's three principal works were: *Against All Heresy*; *Concerning the Just Punishment of Heretics*; and *Concerning the Power of Penal Law*. His biographer discusses under three headings the ideas and principles which he set forth. Part One deals with the origin and legitimacy of civil power, its limits, its relations with natural and divine law, the state, the family, property rights, the ethical basis for obedience to constitutional authority. Part Two studies the right of punishment and penal law and examines Castro's ideas as to crime, penalties and their purpose, types of penalty, and their limitations. Part Three discusses Church and state, the international Christian community, and the problem of war and the enforcement of justice. The appendix discusses the vari-

ous editions of Castro's works, the extensive footnotes reproduce a large part of Castro's writing in the Latin original, and there is a brief bibliography.

According to the author, the purpose of his book is to call attention to the fundamental discretion and wisdom of Spanish jurists and philosophers of the sixteenth century.—*Roscoe R. Hill*. Washington, D. C.

✠ José Otero Espasandín. *La civilización mesopotámica*. Buenos Aires. Atlántida. 1945. 273 pages + 26 plates. \$2.50 m-n.—This attractive little volume treats the civilization of Mesopotamia from the earliest Sumerian culture to the end of the Persian Empire. It gathers into its scope the literature, art, and legal history of the various peoples who created in this fertile valley a variety of fascinating contributions to the advance of mankind. The author quotes the latest authorities, although without specific references, as so often in Spanish and Latin-American books. Many curious facts are assembled: the dimensions of the Tower of Babel, names of rulers and gods, and geographical details are only a few. Archaeological remains are briefly discussed: this aspect of the book is enhanced by eleven line drawings, twenty-six plates, and four maps, all reasonably well reproduced. It is a worthy addition to a collection which contains at least ninety-two items in the fields of literature, science, and history.—*L. R. Lind*. University of Kansas.

✠ Rafael Sánchez-Guerra. *Mis prisiones*. Prologue by M. Maura. Buenos Aires. Claridad. 1946. 237 pages. \$5 m-n.—This book by a Catholic author throws light on the prison régime and the administration of justice in Spain. Much of the book has historic importance because it tells of matters unknown to everyone but the writer, such as the visit and the declaration which General Franco made to him in 1935, the confession of a prisoner condemned to death, Sánchez Guerra's recollections of

the president of the first Parliament of the Republic.

The foreword is by the head of the Conservative Republican Party. Both Sánchez Guerra's father and the father of the author of the foreword were leaders of the Conservative Party and leaders of the government under the monarchy.—*Rubén Landa*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Daniel Valcárcel. *La Rebelión de Túpac Amaru*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 206 pages.—Daniel Valcárcel is a distinguished Peruvian archeologist and historian, and it is hard to question the careful scholarship revealed in this study of the famous revolt of the Peruvian *cacique* Túpac Amaru which broke out in Cuzco in 1781. Unfortunately, like the late Julio Tello and other scholarly Indianists, Valcárcel starts with an a priori idea that everything Spanish was base and cruel, while the Indians still possessed much of the natural goodness of man. All the scholarly apparatus does not rectify this original *parti pris*, which is in the best tradition of the Black Legend. There is a very strong case to be made against the Spanish Empire, but Valcárcel overstates it. In the present, he seems to aim primarily at the destruction of all relics of the Spanish régime. In the past, he is concerned above all with native revolts against the colonial authorities, from the sixteenth century down to modern times. Valcárcel is preparing a magnum opus on these revolts, which he surrounds with an aura of romantic heroism. Despite these reservations, *La Rebelión de Túpac Amaru* is an important addition to Peruvian historiography.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Arturo Capdevila. *El César contra el hombre*. Rosario. Rosario. 1947. 191 pages. \$5 m-n.—In the Latin languages the word "versatile" is used for the most part in a derogatory sense; yet it is probably among the Latins that men of solid accomplishment in several lines are most

strikingly frequent. Arturo Capdevila, lawyer, philosopher, sociologist, economist, historian, poet, educator, is one of these men. Of his varied talents, those of the economist and those of the poet might seem farthest apart. But this ardent plea for the Single Tax unites them in one volume. As lawyer and historian, Señor Capdevila has studied the history of Rome. As economist and as lover of mankind, he has become a convinced and unquestioning disciple of Henry George, "aquel verdadero Enviado de Dios!" His new book is a somewhat involved recapitulation of the history of Rome, an instructive example of the evils of the unearned increment, followed by an orthodox restatement of the Georgian theses. There is not much here that is new to the social scientist, and the scientific mind may not be profoundly impressed by the canonization of the earnest San Francisco printer—Saint George returned to earth to fight the dragon of unearned and predatory wealth—or by the comparison of George's writings with that agricultural idyll, the *Georgics* of the Roman poet Virgil. But the book is a worthy reminder of a great and good man's crusade against greed and injustice.—*R. T. H.*

✧ *Genio de América. El pensamiento del Libertador*. Bogotá. Suramérica. 1944. 103 pages.—The first volume in a Colombian series published under the title *Colección Navegante*. Some five books have appeared in this series, which seems to be divided about equally between Colombian works and foreign books in translation. The paper is poor and the printing undistinguished, but this small book is useful to any student who wishes to have a convenient edition of four of Bolívar's main works: *El manifiesto de Cartagena*, *La carta de Jamaica*, *El discurso de Angostura*, and *the Mensaje sobre la Constitución de Bolivia*.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Vicente Magdaleno. *Perspectivas del Nuevo Mundo*. México. Inter-Continental. 1946. 200 pages. \$4.50 m-n.—In

contrast to Spengler's *Decline of the West*, this book is inspired by a young and glowing optimism. It proclaims that the turmoil of the present day is only the travail which in the end is bound to bring forth a better mankind. The individuals of the future—and the author strongly emphasizes his belief in individualism—will combine the various voices of the human orchestra in perfect harmony. They will bridge the gaps between the reactionary and the impatient radical, between the individual and the group, between city and country, etc. America has already successfully blended the offspring of various nationalities into one nation and one culture. The author considers Walt Whitman and Rubén Darío as prophets and forerunners of this American culture.

The book is powerfully written and holds the reader under its spell even when he cannot agree with the author. It has merit and promises well for the next work of this writer who has a message and presents it well.—*H. C. Ladewig*. Alderson-Broadbent College, Philippi, West Virginia.

✧ Ismael Rodríguez-Bou. *Problemas de educación en Puerto Rico*. Río Piedras. Universidad de Puerto Rico. 1947. 287 pages.—Thanks to Yankee imperialism, Puerto Rican public education has probably made greater advances than may be found in any Latin American country north of the equator; and thanks to a scholarly but aggressive program by Puerto Rican educators, it is likely to go even further. There are tremendous obstacles, both technical and financial, which must be overcome before Puerto Rican education approaches standards maintained in even our more retarded Southern states. However, the way will be much easier as the result of the present study as well as numerous others, both printed and processed, which have been made by Dr. Rodríguez-Bou and his university colleagues.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✧ Sylvio Zavala. *La filosofía política en la conquista de América*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 165 pages.—Many 18th and 19th century authors, Professor Zavala tells us, believed that the conquest of Hispanic America was a purely mercenary enterprise lacking any ideological foundation and consequently with no bearing on the history of ideas. Professor Zavala proves that the Conquest not only was directed by a coherent social philosophy, but brought about an important contribution to European political thought by furnishing the test ground for hypotheses concerning the treatment and government of conquered nations. Three main philosophies fought for predominance in the determination of the policies to be observed by Spain in her relation with the New World: the Medieval doctrine of the relation of Christians with infidels; the classical doctrine of the natural right of civilized men against barbarians; and the doctrine of the civilizing mission of Christianity, which finally imposed itself over its rivals and inspired the political philosophy of the Conquest. A clear, concise exposition of the alternatives of this controversy constitutes the gist of this stimulating essay.—*Manuel Olguín*. University of California at Los Angeles.

✧ Lidia Besouchet and Newton Freitas. *Literatura del Brasil*. Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1946. 145 pages. \$3 m-n.—This little volume is intended as an introduction to Brazilian literature for Spanish-Americans who are slowly becoming aware of the existence of Brazil and Brazilian culture. The two authors collaborated on the introduction. Lidia Besouchet wrote the studies on the older writers: Tomás Antônio Gonzaga, Gonçalves Dias, Aluizio de Azevedo, Machado de Assis, and Raul Pompéia. Newton Freitas has contributed essays on five more modern authors: Mário de Andrade, Manoel Bandeira, José Lins do Rego, Graciliano Ramos, and Lúcio Cardoso. This selection seems rather arbitrary, as some very important writers,

such as Taunay and Euclides da Cunha, are mentioned only in the preface. On the whole, the judgments are sound: it is good to see the falsity of José de Alencar's Indianism denounced. It is not certain that the book achieves its aim: these essays can scarcely be appreciated by one not familiar with Brazilian literature.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✱ Joaquín Casaldauero. *Sentido y forma de "Los trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda."* Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1947. 289 pages. \$6 m-n.—Señor Casaldauero follows up his study of the Exemplary Novels with this delightfully printed study of *Persiles*. As we understand it, part of the technique of Baroque is to conceal a very ordinary meaning under high-flown terms, and we cannot completely absolve Señor Casaldauero of this tendency, although we must admit that he has the Baroque capacity to concentrate. But, the reader may well ask, what is all this about Baroque? What has Baroque to do with literature? And even if we describe a whole period of literature as Baroque, how can this affect the subtle simplicities of Cervantes and St. John of the Cross? "The regular clergy," states Señor Casaldauero, "lived in the first Baroque period (Santa Teresa, San Juan, Fray Luis de León) and the secular clergy lives one of the great moments of its history in the full tide of Baroque; but the characteristic of Catholic Baroque at its height (Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Góngora) and in its last period (Quevedo, Gracián, Calderón) is the spiritualization of civil life, whose religious accent will soon change to a philosophical accent in preparation for the Rococo." It is a passage which shows Señor Casaldauero's ingenuity, but it also shows the danger of attempting to contain living souls in a logical theory; those nine gleaming fishes by no means fit into the net. Señor Casaldauero has set his Baroque snare with skill and gives us many a neat comparison between Renaissance and Baroque. The seventeenth century, he says, became increasingly mechanical, but we should have liked

to have him explain the contradiction in the fact that only two years before the publication of *Persiles*, Cervantes produced in the second part of *Don Quixote* a work as perfectly natural and untrammelled as the best products of the Spanish genius.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Miguel Romera-Navarro. *Estudio del autógrafo de "El Héroe" Gracián*. Madrid. Aguirre. 1946. 232 pages, large format.—The learned and tireless University of Pennsylvania Hispanist Romera-Navarro has long been interested in the great seventeenth century moralist and stylist Baltasar Gracián. He has edited the *Criticón*, and he is more appreciative of Gracián's careful thinking and extremely careful writing, and less critical of his preciousness, than some other students of his work. This examination of Gracián's early analysis of the ideal Christian leader is a marvel of patience and thoroughness. Romera-Navarro finds faults in his author's style, but he sees a steady stylistic improvement in his successive publications culminating in the brilliant and masterfully executed *Criticón* which ended the meticulous Jesuit's career. The striking feature of Professor Romera-Navarro's procedure is his study of the handwritten text and his careful recording of the thousand or two corrections, in an effort to determine the motivation of each change. Professor Romera-Navarro is a pioneer in the linking of graphology to literary criticism. He is studying other classical Spanish writers in the same manner, and it is entirely possible that scrutiny of such tiny details may lead to discoveries which are not tiny.—*H. K. L.*

✱ C. Blanco Soler. *El hijo de Don Juan*. Madrid. Aguilar. 1946. 352 pages + 8 plates. 20 ptas.—A scholarly novel is so rare nowadays that this life story of the son of the celebrated Don Juan (the Don Juan of Zorrilla rather than the Don Juan of Tirso de Molina) should be welcome in its carefully wrought prose. The opening scene is

not very auspicious; the idea of all the husbands of Don Juan's victims following behind his coffin has its grotesque side. The remainder of the book is concerned with the relations of the second Don Juan with his mother and with Inés, Ana, and other well-known figures of the Don Juan legend, and with his own frustrated essays in love, and it ends with the death of the moonstruck youth who felt himself rather part of a myth than a real being in the world of men. The author writes from a full library, but the chief influences behind his book would seem to have been Valera's *Las ilusiones del Doctor Faustino* and the first part of Goethe's *Faust*. The result is not life but something more than the shadow of a dream, and it has the definite charm of the eight "precious" but attractive illustrations by "Serny."—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Alejandro Casona. *Nuestra Natacha*.

William H. Shoemaker, ed. New York. Appleton-Century. 1947. xxxv + 178 pages. \$1.50.—The Poveda (Madrid) edition of *Nuestra Natacha* was reviewed by Edith Fishtine in *Books Abroad*, Vol. 11 (1937) at page 185. Since then the dramatist has gone into exile and located in the Argentine, where he continues as active and as deservedly popular as he had been in Spain. Several of his plays have been performed hundreds of times, and several of them have been translated into Portuguese, Italian, French, and Czech, but Casona remains unknown to English audiences and English readers. The appearance of his most popular play in a North American school edition is an event worth noting, particularly since the editor's introduction is a most thorough and painstaking work and furnishes much information about the playwright's life, bibliography, the nature of his writing, and his personality. This "social protest" play, with its portrayal of a devoted woman educator and her effort to secure kinder and wiser treatment of juvenile delinquents in Spain, certainly deserves

an English version. Rich as it is in specifically Spanish color, it was written by a born playwright who is also a keen observer, a poet, a humorist, a thinker, an educator, and an ardent lover of mankind.—*H. K. L.*

✧ Alfredo Cortes Rito. *Donají*. México.

Indoamérica. 1944. 208 pages.—The novel is prefaced by a short but informative essay by José Bonecchi on the Oaxacan regional novel, which he finds conspicuous chiefly by its rarity. Bonecchi believes *Donají* and *Ytándehui* of Martínez Gracia and Mariano López Ruiz to be the only legitimate examples. The title of the novel consciously suggests the legendary daughter of the Zapotec king Cosíojeza. It is the story of the love of the *tehuana* Donají for José Luis, and the end of an idyll with his imprisonment and her rape and murder by the *ingeniero* Velázquez. A volume could be written on the stock figure of the city *ingeniero*, who in the provinces is transformed invariably into the blackest villain. How much basis for this myth exists, how much of it is provincial suspicion of the city slicker, how much Indian suspicion of white? The characters are oversimplified for anything but a movie script. It is strange that some Mexican director has not used it. It fails utterly as a regional novel. Local color is thrust in as Stevenson said morality was thrust into English fiction, "like a carpet thrown over a railing." A regional novel must be long and slow to present its background in digested form. This one can be read without pain only by someone who is in the first fine rapture about all things pertaining to Tehuantepec.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Vassili Grossman. *El pueblo es inmortal*. Buenos Aires. Lautaro. 1945.

226 pages. \$2 m-n.—A well made version of a powerful Russian original. Vassili Grossman's prose epic of the Russian resistance to the Nazis in the terrible and glorious year 1941 has been translated into most of the major lan-

guages, and it deserves its popularity. Written with a stark simplicity which is the highest art, it holds the reader almost breathless and leaves him profoundly impressed. Americans who are inclined to depreciate the Russians need to read a book like this occasionally to remind them of what Russia has done and suffered.

But why must all Russia's best writers be muzzled? Why must her talented novelists be allowed to write nothing but additional chapters in the *Gesta Dei per Russos*? When the wise and noble hero of this epic, the Commissary Bogarev, remarks (rather spitefully) of fascism: "This repugnant ideology is completely lacking in the creative element," how can even the most docile reader fail to recall that the same thing has in the long run proved true of all types of totalitarian tyranny?—*H. K. L.*

✧ Mariano Latorre. *Zurzulita*. Rosario.

Rosario. 1947. 321 pages. \$6.50 m-n.—A new edition of a novel published twenty-seven years ago, eight years after the appearance of the author's first book. It is one of several novels in which Don Mariano Latorre penetrates to the very heart of the Chilean countryside. It describes the struggle of an enlightened settler in the valley of Purapel when confronted by the malicious prejudices and ignorant cunning of the *mestizos* and *huasos*. In the passage of a single year the character, habits, and language of the peasantry in seedtime and harvest, in their festivals and in the life of everyday, are revealed perhaps for the first time in Chilean literature. The chapter devoted to the vintage well exemplifies the author's customary combination of a very present sense of the beauty and variety of nature and careful observation nailed down by realistic detail. In his descriptions he introduces more color than is usual in the austere writers of Chile; the scenes are vivid and, since few readers can have any personal acquaintance with this primitive region, have the freshness of novelty. The subject of the book is not unlike that of

Blasco Ibáñez' *La Barraca*; the style and treatment are very different but the two novels have in common the close identification of the author with the region which he so skilfully describes.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Carlos Salazar Herrera. *Cuentos de angustias y paisajes*. San José de Costa Rica. Cuervo. 1947. 127 pages.—In spite of their shopworn title, these *cuentos* are notable for their beauty, their emotion, and their truth. In these pages the life of a certain section of America is caught and reflected by an authentic artist. In their rude American frankness, their rustic simplicity, their social consciousness, they belong with the best work of the great contemporary Latin American novelists. They are sketches rather than completed stories. But their compactness, their freedom from digressions and from extensive, minute, and tedious descriptions, are rather merits than defects. We believe that this Costa Rican could write a novel equal or superior to these *cuentos*. A striking trait of his style is his employment of rapid, lapidary phrases. He has illustrated his own book with 24 magnificent linoleums.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Antonio Sánchez Barbudo. *Sueños de grandeza*. Buenos Aires. Nova. 1946. 284 pages. \$6 m-n.—This excellent novel is worth reading more than once. In spite of the subject and the author's evident personal part in it, it is conspicuous for balance and moderation. Like his protagonist, this writer has a way of withdrawing from the multitude, not to escape the realities of life, but to penetrate them. Many modern Spanish novels take the landscape as their principal theme. Not this one, although we find in it rapid, accurate, and very beautiful evocations of the countryside in Castile or Andalusia. Nor is it a *novela de costumbres*, although it has delightful passages like those which deal with the cafés of Madrid.

The book deals with the recent Span-

ish war, and it does not dwell on the *grandeza* of the struggle, although it recognizes heroic souls and celebrates instances of Spanish courage. Nor does it dwell mainly on the ugliness of war, though there is much in it that is somber, especially from the moral angle. There is only a touch of the Neo-Romantic sentimentality which is frequent among present-day Spanish writers. It does not purport to be a documentary novel, but it impresses a reader who knows the facts as being historically accurate. It is true that the Spaniards of the period, like the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, were conscious that they were fighting not only for Spain but for humanity. It is not a novel of propaganda, of ephemeral interest; it is a delicate, penetrating analysis of souls, of a society, of all its social classes, a study which is very Spanish, very human, even universal.—*Rubén Landa*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Alba Sandoiz. "*Taetzani*." México.

Ideas. 1946. 198 pages.—[This book was reviewed very coolly in our Winter 1948 number. Admirers of the story have asked that the case be reopened. One of them, an old contributor of ours, sends us the following review.—Editors]

The author of this book is one of the most intriguing personalities in contemporary Mexican literature. This is her second novel (the first was reviewed in *B. A.*, Volume 20, at page 423). She adamantly refuses to lift the veil of her incognito. The present reviewer, who has corresponded with her, knows something of her personality, but not her real name; even her personal correspondence comes and goes under the pen name.

The theme of the book is as follows: A Nayar Indian, during the time of the first Spanish settlers, is torn to pieces by three opposing forces: God, the Devil, and the Flesh. The first is represented by the white invaders and by the intolerant dogmatism of *El Cura Grande*, who attempts to convert Taetzani and send

him to the Seminary. The second, by a line of savage ancestors and religious leaders, specifically by the aged High Priest of the Nayar, who is training Taetzani to become his successor. The third is within the hero himself: his youth, his strong, supple body have kindled a mad infatuation in the veins of a beautiful Condesa. The dénouement strikes like lightning. The Cura flogs Taetzani mercilessly for succumbing to the Condesa's charms. The woman kills herself, Cleopatra-like, by allowing a scorpion to sting her bosom. Taetzani escapes to the jungle, but his people behead him for apostasy. The gory details are not emphasized. The author is interested mainly in the desperate three-way struggle which goes on in the hero's soul.

A classicist will delight in the opening lines:

Dime de la historia de nuestro pueblo rudo, último en ser sometido al español barbado, ¡oh, gran Padre de los Vivientes, Tayaoppa, tú que fuiste revelado a los tuyos por el indio Ica sobre la gran piedra planca en Toacamota. . . .'

which are pleasantly reminiscent of Homer and Virgil. The book has been called an *Azquelidad* (*Azquel* is the name given to the Nayar high priests). The folklore and history of which the book is redolent are delightful. Historians tell us that El Gran Nayar remained unconquered till 1722.—*Camil Van Hulse*. Tucson, Arizona.

✱ Fernando Santiván. *El bosque emprende su marcha*. Santiago. Zig-Zag. 1946. 247 pages.—Fernando Santibáñez Puga, novelist, biographer, and journalist, has received, and merited, a number of prizes for his fiction. He is like Maupassant in his subtle simplicity; his themes and treatment are genteelly naturalistic. He writes of simple people, and like the larger fraction of Latin American novelists he is often moved to indignation and sarcasm by man's inhumanity to man. His types are skilfully presented; some of them are comical, some are passionate, tragic, grotesque. Notable characters in this group of short stories are poor Mongólica, killed by

gangrene caused by her stubbornness in wearing shoes that are too small for her; the brave soldier Montés, who stops a band of robbers single-handed; mamá Dolores, dying lonely and unloved; señorita Lina, outcast because of her social beliefs. The stories sometimes suffer from the author's carelessness in the matter of plot and organization; but they are sympathetic presentations of humble Chileans who live and breathe.—*Ann H. Reed*. Reed College.

✧ José María Souvirón. *La luz no está lejos*. Santiago. Zig-Zag. 1945. 303 p. \$35 m-n.—A Spaniard of Malaga now resident in Chile gives us the story of Daniel, an effeminate musical misfit who is persuaded to try Paris after failing to get along in Chile. Here among many writers and artists he meets Aliette, a sculptress, and the unhappy Marta, who offers Daniel the use of her money. He marries the latter after several musical successes, but he cannot conform to custom and she leaves him for another man. On his way to cut her throat, he stops at a church, where he sees the error of his ways. Henceforth he devotes his musical ability to religion.

There is too much discussion of life and literature and too little action in this novel with its prelude, four parts, and interludes, but it does give a vivid picture of the world between 1923 and 1944 and is written with poetic skill.—*Willis Knapp Jones*. Miami University.

✧ Xavier Villaurrutia. *El pobre barba azul*. México. Sociedad General de Autores de México. 1947. 80 pages. \$1 m-n.—Number 4 of the series *Teatro Mexicano Contemporáneo* is devoted to the most recent play of the dramatist, actor, and director Villaurrutia, who produced it in the Palacio de Bellas Artes in May 1947.

It is an ironic comedy with the theme: Those who have, get. Petty Samuel, who has been unable to hold the affection of his wife, becomes so desirable when he is caught kissing Carmen, the heroine,

that all the attractive girls make a play for him and he decides he will have to become a Bluebeard in order to make them all happy. But he does not count on the opposition of his divorced wife and of Alonso, who loves Carmen; and eventually all the ladies leave him to attend the wedding of Carmen and Alonso.

This amusing play was well received at its première. A sketch of the author serves as frontispiece.—*W. K. J.*

✧ Horacio J. Becco and Osvaldo Savanascini. *Poetas libres de la España Peregrina en América*. Buenos Aires. Ollantay. 1947. 224 pages.—The authors of this excellent anthology are two young Argentine poets. Their work is well constructed, well documented, and carries a prologue signed by Rafael Alberti. The authors are arranged alphabetically. There are 27 of them, and on the list are José Carner, Enrique Díez-Canedo, Juan José Domenchina, León Felipe, Giner de los Ríos, Jorge Guillén, Juan Ramón Jiménez, José Moreno Villa, Concha Méndez, Pedro Salinas, A. Serrano Plaja, and Lorenzo Varela. Horacio J. Becco introduces the collection with a thoughtful essay. There are several useful indexes. The book is carefully printed, and illustrated with an attractive drawing by Mane Bernardo.—*Gastón Figueroa*. Montevideo.

✧ Dudley Fitts, ed. *An Anthology of Contemporary Latin American Poetry: Antología de la poesía americana contemporánea*. New York. New Directions. 2nd ed., 1947. xxi+677 pages. \$2.50.—The revolt against the decorative verse of Rubén Darío has produced in the thirty years since his death a vast corpus of poetry that is stripped and hard, clear and more intellectualized, and which takes as its symbol the "sage owl" as opposed to the graceful but vague and somewhat decadent swan so beloved by Rubén. From the different tendencies and movements of this post-Modernism school the editor has chosen 300 pages of poetry by 95 authors, plac-

ing beside each original poem a translation into English which is literal rather than recreative and emphasizes meaning more than music. The result is an anthology intended primarily for the North American reader who has acquired some mastery over the language of the author and seeks an introductory survey of present-day poetry of Latin America; this will stimulate some to move into a fuller study of individual poets briefly presented here. Most assuredly that is to be desired, since this collection proves that poetry, as the predominant factor in the life of the Latin American intellectual, catches and will reveal his viewpoint towards life in its many facets and the world in all its phases.—*Gaston Litton*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ F. Lazo Martí. *Poesías*. Caracas. Ministerio de Educación Nacional. 1946. 270 pages.—What Rómulo Gallegos did for the plains country in the prose classic *Doña Barbara*, Lazo Martí had done years before in poetry. Many of his works were out of print, scattered, and unobtainable. Under the sponsorship of the Ministry of Education, Edoardo Crema has collected Lazo Martí's poetry, annotated and prefaced it with a penetrating analysis of the poet's personality and his work.—*Lowell Dunham*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Arturo Torres Riosco. *Elegías*. México. Imprenta Barrié (University of California. The Author). 1947. 31 pages.—T. S. Eliot. *Miércoles de Ceniza*. México. Espiga. 1946. 37 pages.—Carlos Arturo Caparroso, ed. *Antología lírica. 100 poemas colombianos*. Bogotá. Horizonte. 3rd ed., 1945. 301 pages.—Manuel Moreno Jimeno. *La noche ciega*. Lima. Con el Autor. 1947. 59 pages + 5 plates, 4to.—Angel Muñoz Igartúa. *Versos de ayer y de hoy*. Manatí, P. R. Imprenta Rosado. 1946. 199 pages.—Alfonso González Carbó. *Sonetos de mi reino interior*. México. Clásica. 1946. 110 pages.—Vicenta Echeverría del Prado. *Tallos de abismo*.

1946. 59 pages. *Perfiles inviolados*. 1947. 78 pages. México. Imprenta Lira.—Raúl Leiva. *El deseo*. México. Letras de México. 1947. 117 pages.—Very few of our readers have shown any great degree of interest in our reports on books of poetry, so we have felt constrained to give them less and less space, which is a pity. This little library of Spanish poetry is fragrant and warm with emotion. Torres Riosco's *Elegías* are exquisite love-lyrics, sometimes light and whimsical, sometimes drowned in ecstasy:

Yo ya no tengo
labios, ojos, deseos;
no necesito hablarte,
sólo aspiro a que seas.
Con dejarte querer
pagas con creces
esto tan grande que yo siento.

Ortiz de Montellano's pleasant translation of T. S. Eliot's *Ash Wednesday* was facilitated, according to the translator, by the circumstance that Eliot thinks and feels like a Latin. "Es, de los poetas modernos inglesas, el que está más cerca de lo entrañable nuestro. . . ." Carlos Arturo Caparroso's *Antología* brings together a hundred choice and characteristic Colombian poems, from an ode by the sixteenth century Gongorist Hernando Domínguez Camargo to the *Soneto insistente* of Eduardo Carranza, born in 1913. Some sixty poets are represented, nearly all of them from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. There is a useful bio-bibliographical supplement. The Limeño Manuel Moreno Jimeno publishes elegantly, with weird drawings by Judith Westfalen and much handsome white paper, taciturn and ghastly vaticinations like

El mundo
los ojos triturados
No sabes cuando este cadalso
hundirá
Y la locura ardiendo
contra el vientre

The gentle sentimental verses of Angel Muñoz Igartúa belong, in form and manner, almost completely to *ayer*, or even to *anteayer*. But they are musical and agreeable. Alfonso González Carbó's *Sonetos de mi reino interior* open

with a laudatory foreword by that optimistic versifier Pedro Juan Labarthe and include, very properly, a sonnet to Sr. Labarthe. The carefully chiseled and quaintly logical sonnets of Vicente Echeverría del Prado are worthy of the handsome little volumes in which Miguel N. Lira, himself a poet as well as a scholar and a printer, has enshrined them. The pious author dedicates one volume to his young son, with the prayer: "Quiero acorazarte de Dios contra el mal, y de Belleza contra los hombres," and the injunction: "Apasíonate. La pasión es el genio. El discernimiento frío es la torpeza, es el comercio, es la técnica." Not quite fair, but touching. The poems that make up Raúl Leiva's *El deseo* are heavy with earnest symbolism and seem to be arranged in a sort of progression from the group *En el pecado* through *Exaltaciones*, *Angel y deseo*, and *Norah, o el Angel*:

El Angel de la Muerte
te dió este rostro, pétreo, coronado
de morena virtud, de limpia vida
que late y desemboca
más allá del Olvido:
en el reino quemante de mi Sueño!

More satisfying than the poems in irregular stanzas are the two graceful and thoughtful sonnets, *Amo el amor* and *Amor y mar*. The book is beautifully designed and tantalizingly illustrated by E. F. Granell.—*H. K. L.*

✧ José Clemente Orozco. *Catálogo de la Exposición Nacional Retrospectiva*. México. Secretaría de Educación Pública. 1947. 234 pages.—Catalogue of the last of a remarkable series of national expositions, which began many months ago with that of José María Velasco. It opens with a nondescript preface by Carlos Pellicer. The more distinguished observations made by Antonio Castro Leal at the inauguration of the exhibit are for some reason not reproduced. (They have since been printed as a supplement to *Tiras de Colores*.) Then follows an essay by Orozco himself, outlining the sources of his techniques and the possibilities of different mural methods. There are over a hundred excellent

reproductions of pictures, the majority of which have not been exhibited nor reproduced before, Orozco's early easel painting, countless sketches preliminary to major works, and some recent easel paintings indicating new directions.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Cipriano S. Vitureira. *Sentido humanista de la pintura brasileña contemporánea*. Montevideo. A.U.P.I.P. 1947. 48 pages.—This soberly executed volume reproduces the interesting lecture read by the Uruguayan poet and essayist Cipriano Santiago Vitureira in the Ateneo of Montevideo in 1946. It is a solid study which successfully realizes the purpose announced in its title. It demonstrates the large humanity and the social temper of the best contemporary Brazilian painting, even of the work whose surrealist character might have carried it down the slope of dehumanization. The lecture establishes the author's wide acquaintance with the plastic arts and especially his gift of esthetic interpretation. The excellent illustrations are skilfully reproduced.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Ermilio Abreu Gómez. *Quetzalcoatl*. México. Porrúa. 1947. 180 pages.—There is nothing extraordinary, for Latin America, in the fact that the municipal archivist of Mexico City is also a publicist, a playwright, a novelist, a professional artist, a philologist, a critic of contemporary literature, and a poet. It can be said to the credit of our southern neighbors that the really excellent work which Ermilio Abreu Gómez has done in several lines can be paralleled by the achievements of many other Latin Americans. Our North American super-specialists, who with all their merits are sometimes inclined to narrowness and smugness, need to be reminded that it is possible to know a good deal about a good many things.

Abreu Gómez is a fine nature. He has a heart as well as a head. His studies of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz are informed with spiritual sympathy; and his long

prose poems on the old Mexican mythology (*Canek*, 1940; *Héroes Mayas*, 1942) throb with real emotion. From the chaotic and contradictory mass of Quetzalcoatl legend, this pious son of the Mayas has chosen and arranged a continuous narrative, of which he says in his dedication: "He querido hacer . . . un libro bello, aprovechando la belleza que guarda el mito de Quetzalcoatl." Not scholarship, although Abreu Gómez is a scholar. Not didacticism, although the *belleza* which has penetrated his soul is often spiritual grandeur. There is rhetoric and cloudy ratiocination here and there in his book. But there is much beauty in it, and much wise interpretation of the Mexican soul.—H. K. L.

✧ Ramón Carlos Góez. *Geografía de Colombia*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 219 pages + 23 plates.—An informative and readable work that is both more and less than a geography—less in the sense that there are relatively few scientific technicalities, and more in the sense that racial and economic considerations are included. It would not be far wrong to say that there is also a trace of poetry in the discussion of the climate of the Cauca and Magdalena Valleys, in the description of waterfalls, in the restrained denunciation of the economic domination of the U. S., and in the author's sympathetic interest in even the most backward population groups. Thirty pages are devoted to cities and towns. The material is organized into the political, physical, human, and economic aspects. Colombia emerges as a mountainous country of sharply separated sections, with regions of heavy rainfall, with a racially mixed population, whose economy has depended largely on gold and coffee, to which might be added bananas, rice, sugar, cocoa, and minerals. Owing to the non-navigability of her rivers, she was one of the first countries to organize commercial aviation. The scientist may find the book lacking in technical treatment, but for those who want to know Colombia as a living

whole, the author informally presents his native land with a touch of pride in her riches and possibilities, and with concern for her future.—B. G. D.

✧ Emilio Romero. *Geografía del Pacífico sudamericano*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 194 pages + 23 plates.—The Fondo de Cultura Económica of Mexico City proposes to include in its collection *Tierra Firme* a series of books giving an account of the geography of the whole of Latin America. Some of these books will deal with a single country. Others, such as this one, will be of a regional character. The Peruvian geographer and professor at the University of San Marcos, Emilio Romero, writes interestingly of the Pacific region. He interprets geography in its widest sense, to include everything from sports to political constitutions. The Peruvian viewpoint of the author is seen occasionally, as when he criticizes Ecuador for aligning itself with the Caribbean union of Colombia and Venezuela, rather than joining a Pacific bloc. While Lima is a beautiful city of enlightened people, it may be that the author exaggerates when he says that the people of the countries he is studying are the most cultured in the world. There are occasional slips, as when the author suggests that the Incas chased the *vicuña* on horse-back. There is an abundance of photographs, taken chiefly from John L. Rich, *The Face of South America*.—Ronald Hilton. Stanford University.

✧ Morris Goldberg. *English-Spanish Chemical and Medical Dictionary*. New York and London. McGraw-Hill. 1947. x+692 2-col. pages. \$10.—Morris Goldberg, Chief Technical Translator of the Translation and Research Bureau, New York City, has compiled an English-Spanish scientific dictionary which will be enormously useful. Its approximately 40,000 terms cover the field rather thoroughly for medicine, surgery, pharmacy, chemistry, dentistry, veterinary, biochemistry, bacteriology. It does

not limit itself to supplying the Spanish equivalent of the English word, but adds a Spanish definition of the term, thus: "*holologue*, *holólogo*, *m.*, remedio radical capaz de expeler una substancia patológica."

When we remember that such technical vocabularies are not so definitely established in Spanish as in English and that the term "Spanish" covers not one language only but a score of related idioms, we realize that the preparation of this dictionary must have been a herculean task. A hint of the difficulties and also of the compiler's resourcefulness is given by his note of thanks to Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge, the eminent New York surgeon, for permitting him to comb the Spanish translation of Dr. Bainbridge's book *The Cancer Problem* for the technical terms chosen by the astute translator. And another evidence of his thoroughness is his study of the varying accentuations of words ending in *-scopia* and *-plastia*, on which problem his preface furnishes data that may be of use to linguists as well as scientists.

This is in no sense a general dictionary. If you want to know the Spanish word for "cup," look elsewhere. You will not find *taza* or *jícara*, but only *ventosa*. If you look for "small," you will find it only in the phrase *intestino delgado*. Mr. Goldberg sets out to do a specific task and does it without frills or extras.—H. K. L.

✧ *Anuario bibliográfico venezolano.*

Caracas. Biblioteca Nacional. 1942, 1943, 1944. 227, 291, 253 pages.—One after another the Latin American countries are organizing national bibliographical annuals. The *Venezolano* has by now issued three numbers, which appear with something of a lag. The number covering the year 1942 is dated 1944; that for 1943 bears the date 1945; and the number for 1944 did not appear till 1947. In view of the fact that all Venezuelan book and periodical publications are supposed to be deposited with the National Library, it would seem that the listing of the native publications would

be a simple matter. But the officials of the Biblioteca Nacional complain that many publications are never deposited, so that the librarians are under the necessity of doubling as detectives to locate many books which ought to come to them automatically, and in spite of all they can do there are still many omissions. But even with its gaps, the bibliography is invaluable.

Its organization has been carefully thought out and there is little to criticize. There is a section for Venezuelan books and other separate publications, one for Venezuelan periodicals, and one for foreign publications relative to Venezuela and Venezuelans. There are good indexes: one of publishers, one of authors, subjects, and titles, and one of abbreviations. The 1942 volume listed 1,298 publications, that for 1943 noted 1,778 and that for 1944 covered 1,446. It is a big job, and there are still obstacles to be overcome—but *fit faber fabricando*.—H. K. L.

✧ Arturo Capdevila. *Adolescencia y voluntad*. Buenos Aires. Hachette. 1947. 226 pages.—The author declares that this book is dedicated to "the acutest problem of our development; to the adolescent and the necessary strengthening of his will." Instead of aiding the adolescent, society poisons him with music like the Argentine tango. He needs "the vigorous lyre, not the effeminate flute." The author recalls Plato and calls for melodies "which reproduce the firm tones of a man of resolution, or those calmly noble works in which reason holds the upper hand." He reminds us also that Martí called music "that guarantee of the eternal." He disapproves of novels which are over-sad. He finds a difference between what is sad and what is tragic: "The tragic is strong even when covered with wounds, and refuses to yield to fate." Wherever the Argentine youth turns, "he is tempted with poisons: gambling, the lottery, pornography." Keyserling, in his *Meditaciones suramericanas*, "insists on the predominant influence of the animal traits on

our organisms and on the tendency of the sensual to outweigh the spiritual." But he finds notable examples of another trend, as in the case of Severo Vaccaro, who began life as a newsboy but who was always "the very mirror of probity." Capdevila speaks with approval of President J. J. Arévalo of Guatemala and his book *La adolescencia como evasión y retorno*. He says of himself: "I think it was Emerson who gave me the moral impulse which I needed."—*Rubén Landa*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Alfonso Reyes. *A lápiz*. México.

Stylo. 1947. 220 pages.—This volume is made up of short notes nearly all of which were written for magazines and papers between 1923 and 1946. They are dated from Paris, Madrid, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, and Mexico, and deal with a variety of subjects: General Foch, Pascal, William James, Lenin, Renan, Unamuno, Bergson, James Joyce, Isaacs, Hobbes, Paul Mo-

rand, medieval cathedrals, modern architecture, Saint-Simon in America, the painter Rousseau *Le Douanier*. It is a delightful book, perhaps literally written *a lápiz*; it at least gives the impression of having been composed with great facility, though with an extraordinary instinct for the essential. Completely unostentatious, it evidences the enormous, penetrating culture of this cosmopolitan spirit, universal in its curiosity, yet never superficial. The style is very careful but shows no trace of affectation. For all the differences between the classic and the romantic procedure, we are struck by several points of similarity between Reyes and the Spaniard Larra (Figaro). Both testify that writing for periodicals can be as fine an art as any other sort of writing. Reyes produces prose which is perfect in form, yet fluid, as did Larra—as did Cervantes. It is with complete justice that Alfonso Reyes is ranked as one of the great artists now writing in Spanish.—*Rubén Landa*. University of Oklahoma.

The popular Roumanian novelist Michael Sadoveano has been elected President of the Roumanian Parliament.

Horizon, London, for September 1947 has a very stimulating article by Lionel Trilling on *Freud and Literature*.

Carl H. Milam, Secretary of the American Library Association, has been appointed Director of Libraries for the United Nations.

The Maximilian-Gesellschaft, German equivalent of the Grolier Club, was re-organized in Hamburg in the summer of 1946. Plans have been made to publish a periodical to be entitled *Theuerdank* and to do other publishing.

The distinguished cultural review *Portucale* is no more, but two of its original founders have launched a new magazine of similar character, which they call *Prometeu*. Its director is Amo-

rim de Carvalho, Avenida do Brasil 835, Porto, Portugal.

In Maurice Gauchez's review *La Renaissance d'Occident*, 36, rue de l'Amazone, Brussels, there is a very interesting article by A. Gonda on a little-known subject, *Le wallon langage populaire littéraire*.

Mrs. F. A. Stewart of Mt. Vernon, Illinois, daughter of the late widely known Hispanist John Driscoll Fitzgerald, has given the Library of Congress her father's large collection of South American books.

"Pencho Slaveikov . . . the greatest Bulgarian poet, the only stable bridge that links that country with the rest of Europe on the highest level of literature, philosophy, and general culture."—Albert M. Ivanoff, in *Slavonic and East European Review*.

Books in German

(For other Books in German, see "Head-Liners")

✕ Heinz Flügel. *Geschichte und Geschichte*. München. Kösel. 1947. 219 pages. 5.50 mk.—It is clear that not all the German youth who survived Hitler are nihilistic. This book, just arrived from Germany, proves it.

Heinz Flügel is a comparatively young man, and before Hitler he was unknown. During the war and in the first few months thereafter he wrote these twelve essays, whose intellectual and literary level is very high. Their author digs into the sordid remnants of the three German *Reiche* (Bismarck, Weimar, Hitler) all of which collapsed because of faulty inner construction. He searches in their ruins for the traditions of *Treu und Glauben* and for the elements of Christian ethics in an interdenominational sense—values which were deliberately neglected, if not eliminated, in the three *Reiche*. Flügel's subjects purport to be literary and philosophical; but they soon grow into the region of ethics. He does not stop with works of German literature which are ordinarily looked on as sacrosanct, like the *Nibelungen*. He distrusts the German historians since the Bismarck era for their adoration of brutal power; he confronts them squarely with the greatest historian who has written in the German language, the Swiss Jacob Burckhardt.

The book is not easy to read. It is written with typically German care and thoroughness which contrast agreeably with the superficial and unreliable books published during the Hitler era. Its wide perspective and its solid standards of valuation prove that the spiritual damage in Germany is not entirely incurable.—*Werner Richter*. New York City.

✕ Ulrich von Hassell. *Vom andern Deutschland. Aus den nachgelassenen Tagebüchern 1938-44*. Zürich.

Atlantis. 3d ed., 1947. \$3.80 u.s.—The diplomat Von Hassell, a noble personality as well as a nobleman, a representative of Germany's Christian and humanistic tradition in a world of moral and political decay, became one of the leaders of the conservative anti-Hitler underground and was executed after the abortive attempt of July 1944. His tragic diary traces Germany's way to the abyss week by week, sometimes day by day. The author was in contact with most of the political and military leaders and for a long time even with some of the heads of the Nazi hierarchy. Characters and events are observed and analyzed by a mind trained by long experience with many persons and countries. It shows us the German character at its best and its worst. It records the tragedy of a few outstanding Germans who try in vain to save the moral as well as the political existence of their country and the European community, in a hopeless fight not only against an apparently unconquerable government, but against the indifference of the people and the indecision of the only holders of power not entirely nazified, the army generals.—*F. M. Wassermann*. Southwestern University, Memphis.

✕ J. Huizinga. *Im Bann der Geschichte: Betrachtungen und Gestaltungen*. Basel. Pantheon. 1943. xi+376 pages. 19 Sw. fr.—The mature wisdom and practical common sense in this volume is typical of the author who died in 1945. It is mainly a series of essays on the methods, meaning, and aims of historical writing since the eighteenth century and of the development of nationalism, especially in the Low Countries. The author is chiefly interested in the development of historical writing since the eighteenth century when his-

tory again began to win back the ground which under the influence of Descartes had been temporarily lost to the natural sciences. He sounds a timely warning against the modern tendency to make history the slave of propaganda, whether of Marxian materialism, nationalism, or other ideologies more concerned with preconceived ideas than with objective truth. He thinks, probably rightly, that young students pay too much attention to recent diplomatic history when they might get as good or better training from a study of the Middle Ages or the early modern period.

The whole volume illustrates the author's deep love of his native land and its historic past. It is a pity no index is provided.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✎ Werner Milch. *Bettina und Marianne*. Zürich. Artemis. 1947. 84 pages. 3.60 Sw. fr.—This second number of the Artemis Goethe-Schriften offers a well considered new interpretation of the personalities of Bettina and Marianne. Professor Milch corrects traditional views and presents his interpretation in a most pleasing style. His chapter on Bettina reads like an exciting story, though every statement is weighed judiciously on the scale of a scholarly mind.

Goethe's attitude toward Bettina and Marianne, Professor Milch demonstrates, was a tragedy of misunderstanding. It was self-defense against Beethoven's *daimon* that he turned against the former, who pleaded passionately for Beethoven. This was the real reason for Goethe's break with Bettina. Marianne, we learn, was vouchsafed a privilege never granted to Bettina—to kindle Goethe's renewed creative impulse. But Hatem soon reverted to his own ego, or better to a sublimated Goethe, thus giving a symbolic significance to the words:

Denn die Liebe ist das Leben
Und des Lebens Leben Geist.

There is no path from Bettina to Marianne. They remain antithetical. But they are the only *productive* spirits

among Goethe's feminine admirers, while Friederika, Lotte, Lili and Ulrike remain silhouettes—creatively mute. These two were "Leben für Goethe . . . mehr als ein Erlebnis, Grundton des ganzen Daseins."—*A. Closs*. University of Bristol.

✎ Hans Pfeffermann. *Die Zusammenarbeit der Renaissancepäpste mit den Türken*. Winterthur. Mondial. 1946. xi + 256 pages. 15.40 Sw. fr.—This monograph develops some hitherto little-known facts on the political relations between the Vatican and the Sultans of Turkey in the Middle Ages. The bibliography is ample and impressive, and the book has every appearance of accuracy and honesty. It quotes freely from Church documents and shows no animus against the Papacy or any tendency to be other than objective in its picture of the great Ottoman Empire, which appears as a well-organized and socially superior Asiatic power facing a disunited and jealous Occident. The book is capably put together and brilliantly readable. It might perhaps have carried more authority if it had shown evidence of having consulted the Turkish sources as freely as the Western ones.—*Robert Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✎ J. Huizinga. *Homo ludens. Versuch einer Bestimmung des Spielelements der Kultur*. Basel. Pantheon. 1944. xvii + 344 pages. 19 Sw. fr.—The late Dutch historian did not want to be misunderstood: the problem is the play element of culture, not *in* culture, that is, not what part play carries among cultural phenomena but in how far culture itself has the character of play. It cannot be negated like other abstracts, as beauty or truth, spirit or god. Of special interest is the application of the theory to poetry: *Poiesis*, too, is a function of play. It goes on in a spiritual or mental playground—*Spielraum*—(here the German language lends itself to the author's theory), in a world of its own where things look different from everyday life. The further analysis of play

according to its essence and meaning shows that it actually "plays" its part in all activities of human mind and life. Its meaning is determined in the languages, its function is to create culture, but culture as play, not culture through play. Other connections are revealed between play and law, war, science. Philosophy and art develop their play-forms, cultural periods of the past and our own culture appear in a new light *sub specie ludi*.—Max Lederer. Library of Congress.

✱ W. Bulst. *Ueber die Mittlere Latinität des Abendlandes*. Heidelberg. Schneider. 1946. 22 pages.—This beautifully written and printed pamphlet discusses briefly such problems in the study of medieval Latin literature as the relationship of "Middle Latin" to Middle High German or Middle English as a language, and the relationship of medieval Latin literature to classical Latin literature and to the literatures which the Vulgar tongues of the Middle Ages were destined to produce. The author thus stresses the importance of medieval Latin literature in any study of the development of the cultures and literatures which are now the subject-matter of Modern Language studies.—Edouard Roditi. OMGUS Liaison and Protocol, Germany.

✱ Otto Oberholzer. *Richard Beer-Hofmann. Werk und Weltbild des Dichters*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 272 pages. 18 Sw. fr.—After brief chapters outlining the Vienna *Dekadenz* and explaining Hofmann's relations to it, Oberholzer analyzes his works, classifying them within and without the *Dekadenz*. The method is largely psycho-analytic, with emphasis on Beer-Hofmann's use of symbolism. The androgynous character of much of the imagery is shown. The David cycle, though uncompleted, proves Beer-Hofmann to have been one of the most significant authors of the early twentieth century; the novels are rated as of minor importance, and the *Graf von Charolais* is classed rather with

closet dramas. This reviewer saw the play more than a generation ago, in the Neues Theater in Berlin, and he recalls its powerful effect on a weeping and spellbound audience. This power the reviewer has never been able to rediscover in reading the play, and he agrees with Oberholzer's strictures on it. Biographical data are reduced to a minimum; Beer-Hofmann, born in Vienna in 1866, came to the United States in 1938 and died in New York City in 1945. Ample quotation from his letters gives insight into the workings of his mind. There is a useful bibliography.—G. H. Danton. College of Mines, El Paso, Texas.

✱ *Phyllobolia für Peter Von Der Mühl zum 60. Geburtstag am 1. August 1945*. Basel. Schwabe (New York. Phiebig). 1946. 288 pages. \$6.—This *Festschrift* for one of Switzerland's outstanding Hellenists contains contributions by five Swiss scholars. Fritz Wehrli presents a study of the "elevated style" in Greek prose and poetry from the fifth century B.C. Willy Theiler takes a passage from Tacitus (*Annales* 6.22) as preface to a discussion of late classical views of predestination and free will. Olof Gigon, in a study of Plato's *Protagoras*, discusses the relationship of the Socratic dialogue form to earlier works of the Eleatic school; he analyzes the dramatic and poetic nature of the *Protagoras* and cautions especially against the literal interpretation of the characters of Protagoras and Socrates in this work—much of the characterization in the dialogue is *dichterisch* rather than *historisch*. Bernhard Wyss offers three short notes on Gregory Nazianzenus, in the last of which he discusses Gregory's brief mention of the sect of Hypsistarioi and the intermediate sources through which this information passed to Goethe (see Goethe's letter of March 22, 1831, to Sulpiz Boisserée). Karl Meuli presents, as the last contribution, a lengthy account of Greek sacrificial ritual; his study is concerned with the sacrificial banquets for the dead, chthonic rituals in which the object of

sacrifice was totally destroyed (as by fire), and those sacrifices to the Olympian deities in which only the useless parts of the animal were devoted to the gods. Meulı interprets these sacrificial practices not merely as an archaeologist, but also as a social anthropologist.—*Henry S. Robinson*. University of Oklahoma.

✂ Wilhelm Zentner. *Gastfreundliches München*. München. Desch. 1947. 263 pages.—One of the more active of the post-war German publishers in the American Zone is Kurt Desch, who is issuing from Munich a literary review, *Prisma*, as well as a list of novels and belletristic texts. Desch is apparently making an effort to do what he can to reintegrate Germany into the framework of Occidental humanism, an effort opposed by forces both without and within. This little anthology looks back on the 20th century capital of Nazism as "eine der Hauptstädte des Geistes" in the 18th and 19th centuries, a center where artists and intellectuals of all nations were welcome to live and work.

The editor has collected to illustrate his views a series of texts ranging from letters by the young Mozart through a couple of pages from Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River*. Other passages extolling Munich as a "cultural capital" are signed by Jean Giraudoux, Rilke, Isadora Duncan, Hans Christian Andersen, Gottfried Keller, et al. The little book is pleasantly illustrated by a series of early 19th century prints.—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✂ Walter Bauer. *Die grossere Welt*. München. Desch. 1946. 236 pages + 10 plates.—It would be difficult to characterize these narrative-sketches—they are hardly stories—in a few words. Great names figure in them: Giorgione, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Pestalozzi, Goethe, Hölderlin, Goya, C. D. Friedrich, Hebbel; and in most cases a great moment or episode in the life of each, perhaps connected with some creative achievement, forms the climax and the

starting-point of the sketch. At his best, Bauer produces that half-breathless lifting of the soul which accompanies the apprehension of the sublime, in art as in life; I felt it particularly in the portraits of Giorgione, Rembrandt, Pestalozzi, Goethe, Goya, and an obscure 17th century pastor, but nowhere is it entirely lacking. The subtle implication of *europäisch* is thereby made inescapable, and the author's obvious purpose, that of encouraging his readers to lift their eyes, not to the hills of the earth's torn crust, but to the serene summits of human experience, is fully and beautifully realized.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✂ Werner Bergengruen. *Der Grosse Tyrann und das Gericht*. München. Alber. 1947. 192 pages.—The exquisite if somewhat over-deliberate style of this novel, which is considered in Germany one of Bergengruen's best, arouses admiration; but its ideas are disquieting. A Renaissance tyrant kills a servant whom he suspects and orders his chief of police to find the murderer. The innocent are incriminated, passions run wild, finally a saintly dyer assumes the guilt and thus brings about the tyrant's confession. This action is supposed to prove that perfection does not exist on this earth. "Vielleicht, dass an seine Stelle ein Glaube an des Menschen Unvollkommenheit tritt; denn in nichts anderem kann ja unsere Vollkommenheit bestehen als in eben diesem Glaube." Bergengruen tells an excellent story to demonstrate the obvious truth that even tyrants are human.—*Marianne Bonwit*. University of California.

✂ Werner Bergengruen. *Sternenstand*. 1947. 162 pages.—*Der spanische Rosenstock*. 1946. 63 pages. Zürich. Arche.—Ten *Novellen*, or long anecdotes, all laid in the Italian Renaissance and told in a slightly archaic, highly labored though simple prose which sounds like translation from Boccaccio or like Paul Ernst's adaptations of early Italian stories. The plots, too, are varia-

tions on Boccaccian themes. This is escape from the present rather than interpretation of it. One wonders whether Bergengruen, who in 1945 rose to sudden notoriety as a German resistance writer as a result of his cycle of poems *Dies Irae*, has ransacked his old files to gather some printable copy.—The *Rosenstock* tale is longer than the others, belongs to no particular period or country, and introduces the poet and his love into the *Rahmenerzählung*.—Harry Bergholz. Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.

✠ Franz Theodor Csokor. *Der verlorene Sohn*. Wien. Ullstein. 1947. 93 pages.—This is the first drama by Csokor to reach us since the war. It is concerned with the life of a family during times of duress, resistance, and chaos, mental and physical. Csokor goes on from where he stopped in 1938, continuing his own tradition and the Austrian tradition of Schönherr. The plot (the *frères ennemis* of civil war) is bigger than any particular time or place. It concerns three brothers, one of whom fights with the underground while the two others collaborate with the occupying power. Driven by inexorable fate, these three men attack and destroy each other. The locale is the Dalmatian island on which Csokor himself took refuge during the last war. It might just as easily have been Czechoslovakia or rural France. The setting is picturesque, but what counts is the constantly recurring problem.—Frederick Lehner. West Virginia State College.

✠ Horst Lange. *Das Lied des Pirols*. München. Desch. 1946. 123 pages.—Horst Lange, whose *Schwarze Weide* was reviewed in *Books Abroad* Vol. 14, p. 73 (Winter 1940), says in his *Nachbemerkung* that this fragment, written about a year after the completion of that novel, represents about one-fourth of a novel which would have inquired into the possibility of human happiness. It is in keeping with this plan that the present story stresses the mental and emo-

tional aspects of a railway journey during World War I, involving a sergeant and two young brothers entrusted to his care. The song of the oriole is not only symbolical of what is somehow good in life, in spite of the horrors of war; along with the sergeant's flute, which plays a considerable rôle in the action, it suggests the harmony of music as an important contribution to orderliness in a chaotic world. Lange writes well and is particularly careful about his motivations and his psychology generally. The illustrations are by Alfred Lichter.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✠ Ilse Langner. *Klytaemnestra*. 96 pages.—*Rodica*. 186 pages. Hamburg. Moelich. 1947.—Ilse Langner and many others stayed on in Germany during the Hitler period and wrote "for the drawer." Now they are publishing what they wrote in those dark years. Although they were opposed to Nazism and hated the doctrine of barbarism, their works bear an indirect imprint of the Third Reich. An indirect imprint: They turned away from the horrible reality around them and plunged into the distant world of dream, mythology, romance, fairy tale.

Thus Ilse Langner wrote a Clytemnestra tragedy in verse strangely similar to products of the French reworkers of antique themes; and *Rodica*, set in the Paris of the international exhibition on the eve of World War II, is another lyrical drama though couched in prose. Both books show an undeniable gift of expression albeit the metaphors are sometimes out of balance and the style is diffuse. This author will be worth watching.—F. C. Weiskopf. New York City.

✠ *Liebesnovellen der italienischen Renaissance*. Hanns Floerke, ed. München. Desch. (1946) 415 pages + 12 plates.—Two stories each by Boccaccio, Giovanni Fiorentino, Bandello, Grazzini, Sebastiano Erizzo; one each by Masuccio of Salerno, Luigi da Porto, Straparola, Luigi Alamanni. Some translations by the editor, the others revised

by him. The notes are meager, and one misses both a general introduction setting forth (a) the main characteristics of the genre, and (b) the basis of selection, and a prefatory note of critical or appreciative character for each story or author. Judging by a sampling of the Boccaccio story, the translation is accurate and stylistically sound. The illustrations by Charles Eisen are charming.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✱ Anna Seghers. *Das siebte Kreuz*. Amsterdam. Querido. New ed., 1946. 416 pages.—“Georg wartete. Die Strasse vor dem Tor stieg etwas an. Hier gab es noch keinen Nebel, ein Sommer-tag schien zu Ende zu gehen, so weich war das Licht auf dem Pflaster. Gegenüber war eine Spezereihandlung, nebenan eine Wäscherei, danach ein Metzger. Die Ladentüren bimmelten. Zwei Frauen mit Paketen, ein Junge, der in ein Würstchen beisst. . . .”

A novelist who could write like this was sure of a hearing. But when the scholarly Mainz Jewess who had earned a Heidelberg Ph.D. with a thesis on *Jews and Judaism in the Work of Rembrandt* applied her talent for evocation, movement, color, emotion, gripping simplicity, to the furtherance of freedom and brotherhood, she proved herself a great writer and not simply an interesting one. *Das siebte Kreuz*, printed first in Holland in 1942, was an international event. It stands easily first among all the Underground novels. It was a best seller in this and other countries, and its author did as much to overthrow Hitler as any general in the Allied armies. It has been reviewed a hundred times, and we have nothing to add here except to congratulate Anna Seghers (who is Frau Netty Radvanyi) and her publishers on this 1946 German edition which proves that people are not forgetting her. We can't afford to forget her. We must continue reading such books if our civilization is not to tumble in ruins.—*H. K. L.*

✱ J. F. Vuilleumier. *Die vom Berg*. Zürich. Gildenbibliothek Schweizer

Autoren. 1947. 296 pages.—One of the versatile Dr. Vuilleumier's critics has specifically denied him the title of *Heimadichter*; yet this novel of his own mountain folk would seem to be authentic *Heimatkunst*. This tempestuous peasant novel has no definite plot, but is rather an interweaving of plots and pictures. The story is in harmony with the author's description of the milieu: “Herb war dieser Land, ohne die geringste weiche Lieblichkeit anderer Schweizer Gegenden. Hart war sein Boden, steinig überall und trotzig karg. Herb waren auch die meisten seiner Bewohner. . . . Kein Wunder, dass auch mehr Teufel als gute Geister in dieser Gegend ihr Unwesen trieben.” An interesting detail of the novel is the account of the Jubilee of the “Fanfare,” the annual local music festival. The book was awarded the 1946 prize of the Büchergilde.—*Guy R. Vowles*. Davidson College.

✱ Albrecht Haushofer. *Moabiter Sonnette*. Berlin. Blanvalet. 1946. 89 pages.—These 79 sonnets are a masterpiece of contemporary German poetry and a monument to one of the most tragic victims of the belated revolt of the upper-class Germans against the Nazis. Albrecht Haushofer, son of the famous Geopolitiker and well known himself as scholar, teacher, and poet, wrote them in the Moabit jail while waiting for his execution. Two of the best are dedicated to Sir Thomas More and to Boethius, and one may consider the entire collection a kind of *consolatio philosophiae*. They reflect the poet's life and philosophy; they tell of home and parents, of love and friendship, of great art and music, of foreign places seen in world-wide travel: the Pyramids, Miyajima, the Mississippi. They deal with Germany's past and her great men, with contemporaries like Schweitzer and Nansen, with the patriots who together with the author tried to rid the country of the Nazi plague. Haushofer feels his own guilt in having foreseen and warned, but not acted in time. He sees the present shame and impending

catastrophe too late for help or even hope. In many regards these poems are the modern counterpart of Wilhelm von Humboldt's philosophic sonnets.—*F. M. Wassermann*. Southwestern University, Memphis.

✱ Horst Lommer. *Das tausendjährige Reich*. Berlin. Aufbau. 1946. 94 pages.—This little collection of verses, some in light vein, others understandably bitter, brings renewed proof of the survival of a sense of humor among the Germans. Mostly, the fun-poking is of the *Galgenhumor* variety, with the mood of political satire well sustained, covering the early Hitler phase (1934) down to the débâcle (1945). Drawings (by Erwin Kutz) add point to some poems.—*Herman Salinger*. Grinnell College.

✱ Nikolaus Zrinyi. *Der Fall von Sziget*. Budapest. Officina. 1944. 255 pages.—The epic poet Zrinyi, sometimes called the Hungarian Tasso, is primarily known for his long epic poem *Szigeti Veszedelem*, which is here translated into German by Árpád Guilleaume. The informative preface to the translation was written by the historian Árpád Markó. Zrinyi was also a statesman, warrior, scholar, military and political essayist, one of the outstanding Hungarians of the 17th century. The hero of his poem is the great-grandfather of the poet, a defender of Christianity against the Turks. The problems that faced the translator were obviously serious, and it is fair to say that, considering linguistic, metrical, and psychological difficulties, the German translation reads well.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✱ Ludwig Curtius. *Interpretationen von sechs griechischen Bildwerken*. Ernesto Grasse and Wilhelm Szilasi, eds. Bern. Francke. 1947. 121 pages + 10 plates. 8.80 Sw. fr.—An archaeologist noted for his contributions in several fields of classical art here studies six widely differing works of Greek sculpture. Expressly foregoing stylistic anal-

ysis and comparative examination, Curtius considers each piece in its general relation to the culture of its period. A sixth-century male figure is discussed in connection with the hero-cult and the Greek ideal of perfection. An early fifth-century gravestone calls forth an essay on the close relationships between sculptural and poetical expression. The so-called "Orpheus Relief" is considered as a Roman copy of a choregic monument, perhaps of that set up in 416 B.C. in honor of the victory of the tragedian Agathon over Sophocles. Other works treated are: the Atlas metope from Olympia; the bronze from Artemisium (identified as Poseidon); and the "Maiden of Anzio."—*Henry S. Robinson*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Hans Holbein. *Die Bilder zum Gebetbuch. Hortulus Animae*. Hans Koegler, ed. Basel. Schwabe (New York. Phiebig). 1943. 268+115 pages. \$3.75.—To commemorate the 400th anniversary of Holbein's death this interesting volume was published. It is an analysis of the illustrations which the artist made between 1521 and 1524 for a prayer book published at Lyons in 1546. Representing various saints and also scenes from the life of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, the illustrations of these *Gebetbücher* were uniform in size and thus differ from the irregular format of those of the French *livres d'heures*.

Holbein's *Hortulus Animae*, two editions of which were published in 1546, is extremely rare. In bringing it again to the public the editors decided against a facsimile edition because certain of the illustrations in the Lyons work are not by Holbein. Instead, a series of detailed essays on the *Gebetbuch* of Basel and Strassburg and Holbein's in particular, composed by Herr Koegler, an authority on the subject, are offered with reproductions of 73 illustrations by Holbein. One facsimile page of the engraving representing St. Sebastian with its accompanying prayer is included.

Hans Reinhard thinks these illustrations "comparable to Dürer's finest

work." Certainly the impression gained of them from this volume is unfortunate. The lines seem uncertain and are uneven in intensity. There is frequently a blurred effect. They have little of the incisive quality, the brilliant contrasts of dark and light in Holbein's other graphic work. Much of this impression is caused by the indifferent printing of the anniversary edition. It is doubtful, however, whether either the French engraver or the Lyons printer has done justice to the great master's drawing.—*Robert C. Smith*. University of Pennsylvania.

✂ Heinrich Wölfflin. *Kleine Schriften (1886-1933)*. Joseph Gantner, ed. Basel. Schwabe (New York. Phiebig). 1946. 272 pages + 35 plates. \$7.25.—Wölfflin had himself thought, late in life, of collecting his scattered lesser writings and addresses, and the present editor had laid before him in the autumn of 1944 a plan for such a volume which won his general approval. The principles established at that time are held here: all items are omitted "deren wesentlicher Inhalt in die Bücher oder in die *Gedanken zur Kunstgeschichte* übergegangen war." The rubrics employed, all sanctioned by Wölfflin, are: I. *Psychologische und formale Analyse der Architektur* (13-74); II. *Marées und Hildebrand* (75-108); III. *Ueber neuere Künstler* (109-152); IV. *Fragen der Kunsterziehung und Geschmacksbildung* (153-184); V. *Nachrufe* (185-204); VI. *Kunsthistorische Parerga* (205-244). In addition, there are 20 pages of notes by the editor and seven pages of a bibliography of Wölfflin's writings. For a student of art history the book is of the utmost value; for the student of Wölfflin, it is indispensable.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✂ Victor Klemperer. *LTI, Notizbuch eines Philologen*. Berlin. Aufbau. 1946. 300 pages.—*LTI* means *lingua ter-tii imperii*. That is what Professor Klemperer of the University of Dresden called the growing pile of notes he ac-

cumulated during the period of his "inner exile" in Nazi Germany. It is a fascinating and instructive book on the barbarization of the language of Goethe and Heine under Goebbels and Hitler. It is more than the notebook of a philologist. It is an illuminating study of how the Fascist cancer poisoned not only the language but the whole national character of a people which once stood in the forefront of European culture.

LTI should be read by politicians, sociologists, and historians as well as by students of German letters.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York City.

✂ *Morgenröte. Ein Lesebuch*. Introduction by Heinrich Mann. New York. Aurora. 1947. 351 pages. \$3.50.—This collection of thoughts in prose and poetry is not a mere anthology. Its declared purpose is to portray "man in a freer world striving for fraternity." The selections have been taken from the works not only of Germans, but of Austrians, Czechs, Swiss, and Hungarians who have written in the German language. It undertakes to show how through the centuries German-speaking poets have steadily opposed war and militarism. A glance at the bibliography would seem to indicate that the "freer world" which most of these poets are striving for is a world which trends toward communism. It is a well-chosen selection, and we might apply to this group of writers the phrase from Freiligrath: "The poet stands on a higher watchtower than the pinnacles of any party." The book is worth reading.—*Robert Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

Sinologica is a new quarterly review of Chinese culture and science, edited by Dr. Siao Yu of the Sorbonne, Dr. Tien-she Hu of the Geneva Bibliothèque Sino-Internationale, Dr. Alfred Gigon of the University of Basel, Dr. Eduard Fueter, and Dr. Alfred Steinmann of Zürich. Its American representative is Albert J. Phiebig, Suite 1209, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Books in Various Languages

(For other Books in Various Languages, see "Head-Liners")

✧ W. Simon. *A Beginner's Chinese-English Dictionary*. London. Lund Humphries. 1947. cxxxiv + 880 + 184 pages. 32/6.—This is the first Chinese dictionary which can be used by anyone who knows Chinese, and by any beginner no matter what his background. The older dictionaries took for granted some knowledge of the 214 radicals and demanded, in addition, the ability to count the strokes of the undefined part of the ideograph. This dictionary requires no such knowledge or ability. Anyone who speaks Chinese may look up a word in its alphabetical position according to the "official Chinese script" (*Guoyeu Romatzyh*), and he will find the appropriate ideograph if he wishes to write it. And anyone who can decipher the ideograph will find its pronunciation indicated. There are various tables which initiate the beginner into the necessary intricacies of a Chinese dictionary. It is a marvelously handy and useful volume.—*Robert Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✧ Mojmír Otruba. *Vesel-Messe*. Mladá Boleslav, Czechoslovakia. Severočeská odbočka Umělecké Besedy. 1948. 128 pages. 58 Kč.—The first book of a young student who graduated from school and then from a Nazi concentration camp. He is a member of a remarkable group of young people and old people who are united in a youthful spirit of love for literature and art. They run a magazine, a publishing house, a concert series, a lecture forum, and an art gallery in a small provincial town of central Bohemia. Otruba's literary debut brings to Czech letters a talented writer, a keenly observant satirist, a lover of musical rhythms. His little stories are sometimes overloaded with points, puns, wisecracks. He often jumps from irony to sentimentality. But he is

undoubtedly gifted. It will be worth while watching him as he continues to portray, in the postwar life of Czechoslovakia, features of the whole postwar world.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York City.

✧ Václav Rezáč. *Cerné Světlo*. Praha. Práce. 1947. 253 pages. 115 Kč.—Václav Rezáč's books are coming out in large editions and are reprinted again and again. *Cerné Světlo*, The Black Light, is skilfully written and filled with inner tension. An expert character portraitist, Rezáč is able in his first chapter to present a well-rounded picture of his hero Karel, a sort of human spider who catches other people in his web and poisons them with guile, ambition, hatred. The Black Light is conciser, more tightly knit than *Rozhraní*, The Dividing Line, which was reviewed in our Winter 1947 number. Especially well done are the passages describing the scene of Karel's childhood, one of the old Prague houses with a deep courtyard and many *pavlače*, long open balconies facing on the court.

The Dividing Line is to be published in this country under the title *A Mirror for Jindřich*. It is to be hoped that The Black Light will be made available to the American reader too.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York City.

✧ František Halas. *Ladění*. Praha. Borový. 1947. 136 pages. 40 Kč.—*Old Women*. Karel Offer, tr. London. Poetry. 1947. 34 pages. 2/6.—František Halas belongs to the remarkable phalanx of Czech poets who made their appearance immediately after the end of World War One and the birth of the Czechoslovak Republic—Nezval, Seifert, Holan, Závada, a group which compares very favorably with the best French, Russian, English, and German poets of our time.

Ladění is a collection of verses written between 1937 and 1941. They are characterized by rich poetic vocabulary, powerful imagination, sensitiveness, solidarity with the common man, tenderness, and strength. A critic once compared Halas' poetry with the fingers of a blind man, which perceive things that a seeing man does not notice.

Karel Offer, a young Czech writer who lived for several years in exile in London, has translated Halas' melancholy and beautiful collection *Old Women*. He has done his work well. In his translation much of the fragrance and tenderness of the original come to life:

You faces of old women
with curtains of the past hanging so heavily
just draw back the skin and there is death,
you faces of old women. . . .

—F. C. Weiskopf. New York City.

✱ Hans Brix. *Nis Petersen*. København. Gyldendal. 1947. 290 pages + 17 plates + 3 fac. 20 kr.—Nis Petersen (1897–1943) was a cousin of the dramatist Kaj Munk. 1889–1944). Though essentially a lyric poet, Petersen became also a novelist and a writer of short stories. Judging by the titles he consulted, one must admire the amount of research which went into his novel *The Street of the Sandalmakers* (tr. Macmillan 1933), which is set in the Rome of Marcus Aurelius. Professor Brix's work is a literary biography. It is far from easy reading, as the lacunae in Petersen's life call for reconstruction in a way more familiar in Ph.D. dissertations than in works meant for the public. That is mainly the fault of the subject, who for years touched the depths of society. Incidentally, though it is recorded that he liked Hamsun's *Vagabonds*, he does not seem to have spoken of that author's *Hunger*, a work he was in a position to judge. Perhaps there is not room in Denmark for both a popular biography and a scholarly appreciation of Petersen's works. The present compromise is not altogether successful, though it does not fail in scholarly appreciation.—Leslie F. Smith. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Simon van het Reve. *De Avonden*. Amsterdam. De Bezige Bij. 1947. 5.90 fl.—This is the first Dutch novel on the post-war generation and it is not a pretty book. The protagonist is a young white-collar worker who finds life boring and empty. He is completely self-centered and hates the older generation. The son of a desperately unhappy marriage, he loathes his vulgar parents but cannot leave them because he doesn't earn enough money and because he is fascinated by the spectacle of their unhappiness. The friends this young man has chosen are all more or less like himself. Their despair with life drives them to masochism and sadism, and one of the ugliest and most masterfully handled pages of the book recounts a visit to a Jewish friend, in which our "hero" inquires after his host's parents, who have been deported during the war, only because he knows the inquiry will give pain.—J. J. Strating. Amsterdam, Holland.

✱ P. J. Risseuw. *Landverhuizers*. I: *Vrijheid en brood*. II: *De huilende wildernis*. Baarn. Bosch & Keuning. 1947. 12.50 g.—A laudable but not altogether successful attempt to fictionalize the Dutch group emigration of a century ago, which resulted in the founding of Holland, Michigan; Pella, Iowa; and other towns. This episode of Dutch history has been largely neglected by native historians, with the one noble exception of J. van Hinte, whose *Nederlanders in Amerika* (1928) still remains the main source of information in this field.

The author has given a faithful picture of the background and motives of this organized trek in 1847 and the following years. He has given us an idea of the difficulties which the sturdy Hollanders had to face in the Michigan woods and on the Iowa prairies. In character delineation and literary style the book is mediocre. But it deals with a fascinating subject, and it will no doubt find many interested readers in both Holland and this country.—T. W. L. Scheltema. Library of Congress.

✎ Arthur van Schendel. *Het oude huis*. Amsterdam. Meulenhoff. 1946. 4.90 fl.—The last book by a well-known author whose best novel, *The Johanna Maria*, was published in America about twelve years ago and may still be remembered by some readers. The author takes as his subject not a person but a building, one of the beautiful old patrician houses along the canals of Amsterdam. In a highly polished, very personal, but simple style, he describes the lives of the successive generations who lived in it, as seen in the perspective of the ages. No literary novelty, but rich and rewarding reading matter, this book fully deserved the wide attention it received.—*J. J. Strating*. Amsterdam, Holland.

✎ *Kramers' Dutch Dictionary. English-Dutch, Dutch-English*. Prick Van Wely, ed. New York. Dover. 1946. iv+1236 2-col. pages. \$6.50.—“Een goed en betrouwbaar woordenboek voorkomt tijdverlies en ergernis.” *Kramers' Engels Woordenboek* reached a well deserved 17th edition in 1942, and this 17th edition, lithographed in the United States, is the first American edition. The book has been worked over so often that it is almost entirely free from typographical errors. Errors of judgment are another matter, but Dr. Prick Van Wely has handled a hundred delicate problems with extraordinary discretion. The approximately 50,000 entries in each language have been so well chosen that it will be hard to catch the compiler napping, in spite of the fact that an effort is made to include the more frequent proper names, the elementary terminology of the various arts and sciences, Colonial Dutch, Western Hemisphere English.

The prospective American purchaser must be warned of two slight handicaps. Produced in Holland, primarily for Dutch users, the book gives phonetic transcriptions of English but not of Dutch words. (Dutch transcriptions are, naturally, much less important since that language is much more regular in

pronunciation than English.) And produced within a few miles of England, the dictionary contains much more information about British than American usage. Its pronunciations are British, and it has more British than American idioms. But “buck” and “boost” and “swell” and “lousy” are here, quite as much, on the whole, as could reasonably be expected from one modest volume. A good buy.—*H. K. L.*

✎ A. Ramos Oliveira. *Politics, Economics and Men of Modern Spain*. London. Gollancz. 1946. 720 pages + map. \$4.—The author starts from the basic idea that “there is perhaps no nation in the world which has had less chance of deciding its own destiny” than Spain. Spanish history has more often than not been made by events and accidents in which the Spaniard has had no part. The writer finds his thesis exemplified again and again the course of Spain's history. He reminds us that contemporary Spanish history, particularly the Spanish Civil War, was decided more through the intervention of foreign powers than by the will of the Spaniards themselves. This war was only the last in a long series of internal struggles called by this historian “the general civil war, 1812–1945.” The book offers a rich accumulation of facts illuminated with fresh interpretations. Though not a professional historian, Ramos Oliveira handles his material with both accuracy and intelligence. His work is indispensable for anybody interested in clarification of the somber and tragic history of contemporary Spain.—*Pedro Salinas*. The Johns Hopkins University.

✎ Kahlil Gibran. *Secrets of the Heart*. Martin L. Wolf, ed. Anthony Riccallah Ferris, tr. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. xvi+339 pages. \$4.75.—Another of the Lebanese savant's strange, powerful books of “meditations.” They take all forms, but the most effective are parables—symbolic short stories peculiar to Middle-Eastern literature. The items in this collection are

some of Gibran's earliest writings—one of the free-verse pieces commemorates his 25th birthday—and are not as polished or as incisive as his later work; but occasionally a scorching metaphor will hit its mark with unbelievable accuracy. *John the Madman*, a strong piece of invective against an oppressive Church; *Iram, the City of Lofty Pillars*, a modern philosophy of life challenging a materialistic world; and *Between Night and Morn* and *My Countrymen*, damning exposés of man's corrupted nature, are some of the most effective selections. Always Gibran stands for human brotherhood, the dignity of human life, and the respectability of the poor. Especially in our present chaotic world are the meditations of such men a source of new hope.—*Elizabeth Oakes*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✕ John Somerville. *Soviet Philosophy. A Survey of Principles*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1946. 274 pages. \$3.75.—The author gives two stories in one: on the one hand, he teaches the Marxist conception of philosophy; on the other, he praises the change of Russian conditions from the Tsarist to the Soviet régime. His failure to distinguish between teaching and praising seems to be characteristic of Soviet "philosophy." This review limits itself to the Marxist "principles."

The first part gives the "basic perspectives" according to which the problem of human life is identified with the problem of "making a living." Making a living is conditioned by means of production, and "progress" is assumed to be identical with "more efficient utilization." Ethical evaluations, hence, are conditioned by machines and are the same as "social causes." History is nothing but the struggle of conditioned classes for control of the means of production, a causal process disguised in quasi-ethical evaluations. Democracy is nothing but the battlefield of the "bourgeois class," an "organization for the systematic use of *violence* (sic!) by one class against another, by one part of the

population against another." The communist society ends this sort of struggle and replaces it by "a freedom of movement within its order," which order is based on a "training that is based on one philosophy." "Bourgeois humanists," on the contrary, are "cultured profiteers who cold-bloodedly and ferociously slaughter the workers in the streets." So much for "ethics." As for "esthetics," "Art merely collects the moods of its class into special reservoirs called artistic productions." It also "reflects external reality."

Part II deals with the Marxist "world view": dialectical materialism. It identifies a given physical nature in movement with reality, excluding all ideal forms and all religious transcendence. The exclusion of forms leads to the repeal of logic, since "dialectical materialism" does not distinguish between that which is given, between the data and empirical statements and formal statements of principles. Philosophy, therefore, is never a pursuit of truth but always a causal product of economic-social processes, "not a dogma but a guide to action." Official congresses and political leaders, hence, decide what philosophical views are orthodox and "guides to action." Their range is indicated in the song (not a war song, the author remarks): "We will be everything, create everything, open up everything."

We conclude that such a "view of philosophy" does not deserve that title, but should be rightly called by the name applied by Marxists to all non-Marxism—an ideology.—*Gustav Mueller*. University of Oklahoma.

✕ Premchand. *Short Stories*. Gurdial Mallik, tr. Bombay. Nalanda. 1946. 166 pages. \$2.—Very few Indian authors, even of those who write in English, have attracted any attention in this country, and our ignorance of those who have written in any of the native languages is blacker than midnight. It is evident that the Benares novelist Shri Dhampatrai Srivastava, whose pen-name was Premchand, and whose dates were

1881 to 1936, was a story-teller of unusual merit, and his publishers inform us that his influence in the development of the short story, in both Hindi and Urdu, was of the first importance. These eleven little sketches of village life in North India, even in this rather painful translation, have a seductive flavor which lingers on the palate. They are strangely different from everything Western, although they are sometimes remotely suggestive of some of the quaintest rural tales of the Flemings. Premchand was realistic, not like a photographer, but like a keenly observant caricaturist. Such sketches as *The Village Well* have no plot at all, but a marvelous cleanness of outline. *The Shroud* manages to be at the same time cruel, touching, and hilariously funny. And all of them have a folkloristic flavor of which only the very simple and the very talented storytellers have the secret.

Some of our courageous "little" publishers ought to sponsor an Indian series.—H. K. L.

✱ Miguel Covarrubias. *Mexico South, The Isthmus of Tehuantepec*. New York. Knopf. 1946. 427 pages.—The reasons for the appearance of this book in the United States rather than in Mexico may have been financial ones, or perhaps Covarrubias preferred American readers, to whom Tehuantepec is exotic in a sense it could never be to a Mexican, for Covarrubias indeed exaggerates when he says a *tehuana* is as romantic a figure to an urban Mexican as a South Sea maiden is to an adolescent American. Much of the material in this book exists in scattered sources in Spanish, but there is unfortunately no comparable single volume. The book is popular without being false, covering adequately the history, geography, economy, and ethnology of the Isthmus. It disguises itself as a travel book by having a starting point, the city of Vera Cruz, from which it works its way across to the Pacific coast villages, exploring landscape, customs, people, all described without the cool curiosity so common in

professional folklorists. With books such as this one and Freyre's *Casa-Grande & Senzala*, Latin Americans bid fair to make popular sociology a genre to vie with popular biography. It is imperfectly edited, having occasional errors, such as the use of "ignore" in the Spanish sense of "to be ignorant of," a use too rare in English to be meaningful. Translation of folk poetry is difficult, but Langston Hughes' translations in this book are disastrous. "Ay mamá, por dios," becomes "Great God, little mama," and the richly connotative Llorona becomes Cry-Baby. The book is illustrated with seven color plates by Covarrubias, most of which appeared a few years ago in *Vogue*; a beautiful small map of the Isthmus; countless line drawings by Covarrubias, some beautiful, some humbly informative; about one hundred photographs, many remarkable, most of them taken by Rosa Covarrubias.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✱ Maurice Maeterlinck. *The Great Beyond. Essays*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. 226 pages. \$3.—Delightful tranquil reveries speaking "of God, of the universe, of the infinite, and of eternity, of naught and other worlds, of human destiny, of the unknowable, of life before birth and after death, of all the turmoil in us, above and beyond practical everyday consciousness, of joy and sorrow and of all that remains untold, of thoughts that seldom occur, of matters reaching depths that man does not like to explore, of all that cannot be found in the best-sellers of literary industry."

"I do, indeed, believe that the stupendous discoveries of the last fifty or seventy-five years did not add anything to what the humanist of the 16th century knew of the essential questions of human destiny. . . . I still trust the old weapons because there are no others. . . . Did all the recent discoveries raise the moral ceiling of man, that is, his character, his sentiments, his general ideas, his everyday thoughts, his spiritual hori-

zon? On the contrary . . . the more he knows of the abode of the stars, the deeper he sinks under the ground where prosper the moles."—G. M.

✧ Robert L. Owen. *Global Alphabet Guide Book*. Washington. World Language Foundation. 1947. 48 pages.—Using mainly some clever modifications of only three very simple shapes—the *u* shape, the *e* shape and the *angle* shape—Senator Owen has devised an alphabet of 37 letters that looks a little like Gregg shorthand and has some of its advantages: each letter begins and ends on the center of the writing space; it leaves the pen point at the end of a letter at the identical spot where the next letter of a syllable begins. This alphabet should be even speedier, in writing English, than the I.P.A. phonetic alphabet. It would be a tremendous improvement on present spelling if it were adopted for English.

Yet it is neither *global* nor *perfect*, as claimed.

It is not global because it is made strictly to write English. The similarities in the shapes of the characters correspond to similarities in English spelling, thus keeping in the system some of the very discrepancies that it wishes to eliminate. If the similarities in shape were based on physiological similarities, it could aim at being global.

It is not perfect because it is not quite phonetic: it lacks consistency in the manner of relating pairs of sounds; furthermore, it shows several non-phonetic features: it uses two symbols for a single consonant sound (*ng* in *sing*), and it writes two diphthongs with double symbols and two others with single symbols.

All this could easily be corrected while keeping the other qualities that it owes to a brilliant imagination and a deserving courage.—*Pierre Delattre*. University of Pennsylvania.

✧ Elemér Miklós. *Még egy csokrot*. Buenos Aires. Délamerikai Kiadás. 1947. 146 pages.—Some books, although they are essentially literary bric-a-brac, possess more merit than first impressions

indicate. Elemér Miklós, a Hungarian author in Buenos Aires, has written a book blending social, political, and literary reminiscences. On the surface the volume seems a bouquet of fading memories. But truly understood, these memories offer more than mere pleasantness. The writer's style is stimulating, his book is intelligent as well as tasteful. The book illustrates the inevitable need of a sensitive man far from his homeland and in his declining years to recapture the magic of the past. The poems in the volume seem less valid than the prose, but they too—while not revealing a craftsman of verse—suggest warmth, a spirit moved by memories, mostly of Rome, Florence, and Venice.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✧ Fenyő Miksa. *Az elsodort ország*. Budapest. Révai. 1946. 637 pages.

—In this journal the well known Hungarian writer and publicist, who was one of the hunted Jews, chronicles the agony of Budapest between the German occupation of March 1944 and the Russian siege ten months later. It becomes clear, as this Black Record of horror and national degradation unfolds itself, that under German tutelage the Hungarian Nazis outdid the *Herrenvolk* in persecution, thievery, and fratricide. With proofs in hand, Fenyő Miksa convicts a large fraction of Hungary's leaders and middle-class citizens of having played all too willingly their assigned rôle of co-builders of the "New Europe." Yet the author's deeply rooted humanism rejects the revival of Nazi methods—even of Vansittart methods—in dealing with the German problem or, for that matter, with any other problem.

The work acquires additional value from the author's praiseworthy ability to detach himself from the bloody maelstrom long enough to compose, with severe but fitting sarcasm, many character sketches of Hungarian political and cultural bigwigs, and to relieve the tension now and then with delightful memories and anecdotes of the pre-Hitler era in Hungary. *Az elsodort ország* is thus not

only an important Inside Hungary but also a moving record of the lost decades of that nation, whose yeoman service to Western European civilization has not been negligible.—*Laszlo Borbas*. University of Wyoming.

✠ Zsigmond Móricz. *Shakespeare*. Budapest. Fehér Holló Könyvkiadó. 1947. 75 pages.—This collection of essays by Hungary's greatest twentieth century realistic novelist is interesting as showing how a man alien to the English-speaking world was able to contact that world through Shakespeare. His essays lack the academic tone, but they are lively and refreshing and illustrate an exceptionally gifted writer's virtues and shortcomings as a literary critic. The author's *ars poetica* is very personal and very Hungarian. He likes the "overheated" temper of certain Shakespearean characters; and he writes either with uncritical enthusiasm or with resentments of questionable critical validity. The critic László Németh introduces the essays with a long and somewhat exaggerated eulogy of their author.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✠ József Révay and Béla Köhalmi. *Irodalmi Lexikon*. Budapest. Hungaria. 1947. 624 pages.—In passing judgment on this lexicon it must be remembered that it was published in a period of international vituperations and persecutions. It speaks for the cultural conscience and integrity of the two editors that despite terrible handicaps they were in the main able to realize their objective. It is a well organized book, and useful in spite of certain omissions. It is gratifying to learn that American writers and poets of the past, Emerson, Poe, Whitman, and of the present, E. E. Cummings, Allen Tate, and others, are included.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✠ Páll Eggert Olason, comp. *Handritasafn Landsbókasafns. I. Auka-bindi*. Reykjavík. Prentaði Félagsprentsmiðjunni H.F. 1947. 196 pages.—Few libraries and archives have been as me-

ticulous as the National Library of Iceland in acquiring and servicing manuscript materials from the jurisdictions in which they are located. While some of the greatest treasures of Icelandic literature are in Copenhagen, the collections of the Landsbókasafn are nevertheless most inviting to any scholar. The present supplementary catalog carries on the work initiated by Páll Eggert in 1918 when the *Skrá um handritasöfn Landsbókasafnsins* first appeared. This latest volume contains 961 new titles divided by size (*viz.*, folio, quarto, octavo) with a classified subject index and a name index.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✠ Antonietta Drago. *I furiosi amori dell' ottocento*. Milano. Longanesi. 1946. 332 pages. 300 l.—Perhaps because the daily struggle for bread and warmth and peace is so wearing in Italy, because confusion is still so general and recovery so far away, Italian writers seem inclined to seek themes in the past, to devote themselves to psychology, philosophy, social and political science in their general applications, rather than in their own situations at this moment. This author has escaped from the present sordidness into the famous love affairs of the past century. With indulgence and information, with perhaps a nostalgia for times which were not troubled by the atomic bomb, she revives the wooing and suffering of famous artists and great ladies, D'Annunzio and Duse, Toselli and Luisa of Tuscany, Carducci and Carolina De Cristofari Pira, and many others. The sprightly volume is a sound addition to literary biography.—*B. Renée Lang*. Wells College.

✠ Tommaso Leccisotti. *Montecassino*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 2nd ed., 1947. 226 pages + 19 plates. 250 l.—The destruction of the ancient monastery of Montecassino, north of Naples, in the course of the fighting in February 1944, was one of the most painful blows war has ever dealt to culture. This volume records the history of the monastery

through its more than 1,400 years—interrupted several times it is true, and for long periods, by earthquakes and the violence of man—lists its magnificent cultural treasures, recalls its influence, details the circumstances of its destruction, and appeals for aid toward its restoration. The monastery will rise on its hill again and will continue to leaven the world with its piety, its learning, and its artistry. But the old Montecassino can never be restored.

Produced under difficulties, the book is not as flawless a work of art as the subject deserved, but the illustrations are impressive and full of interest.—*H.K.L.*

✠ Giovanni Papini. *Lettere agli uomini del papa Celestino sesto*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 3d ed., 1947. 293 pages. 300 l.—The letters of this eloquent and imaginary Pope are addressed to all kinds and conditions of men: to “those who call themselves Christians,” to those without Christ, to the poor, to the rulers of nations, to women, to poets, and indeed, lest anyone be overlooked, “to all men.” But though the addresses differ, the message is essentially the same: an incitement to charity and sympathy for one another and to a solution of our earthly ills by ardent striving for the kingdom of God. One cannot question the good intentions of the author, and one may freely recognize that spiritual regeneration beginning with the individual is at least as likely to bring peace as any number of world constitutions. Unhappily, if intellectual persuasion is absent (as it is in the good Pope’s letters) it must be replaced by something more inspiring than raucous and repetitious rhetoric. It should be added that individual paragraphs here and there are convincing and moving; one could make a small anthology of truly lyric excerpts. But primarily what the book proves is that we have the same old Papini still; and perhaps, considering the vicissitudes of recent years, that is something to be thankful for after all.—*T. G. Bergin*. Cornell University.

✠ Marino Moretti. *I coniugi Allori*. Milano. Mondadori. 1946. 302 pages. 250 l.—To his long list of works Moretti adds a novel dealing with the thorny problem of old age. His protagonists are eighty-two and eighty years old respectively, healthy, witty, and still very fond of each other. They live happily, supported by their only son, a successful pathologist. The couple’s happiness is abruptly interrupted by their son’s decision that he must now think of the future of his own family. His parents will have to economize, move into a smaller apartment, tighten their belts. From now on the two use all their wits to avoid depriving themselves of the small comforts which make old age less unbearable.

The novel covers only two years of the Alloris’ life, during which Allori drives his wife out when he discovers that a half century earlier she was unfaithful to him. But the bond which unites them is so strong that Allori finally relents and the pair begins a new honeymoon, which ends only when the old man dies in his sleep. Mrs. Allori enters an old ladies’ home from which she is rescued when she wins (Hollywood, please notice!) a lottery prize which makes her a millionaire.

Moretti infuses this story with his usual charm, pathos, and delicate sense of humor, but the protagonists, though old, have such strong personalities that they run away from the author, leaving him and his thorny problem far behind.—*Michele Cantarella*. Smith College.

✠ Vasco Pratolini. *Cronache di poveri amanti*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1946. 557 pages. 600 l.—In Via del Corno, a short street in old Florence, men and women live lives of hardship and suffering. Thieves and small shopkeepers and day-laborers and underpaid clerks and prostitutes, these poor people whose home—and country—is Via del Corno, five yards wide and sixty yards long. It is hard, but people keep on living. “Poichè vivere è il nostro destino, fino al giorno di morire.” Life goes on, and

men and women find in their human solidarity—in the “cip-cip,” the meaningless word of the lovers between two kisses—the strength to keep on living. “In via del Corno, anche se a volte c’è buriana, ci vogliamo tutti bene.”

Born in Florence in 1913 of poor parents, Vasco Pratolini started working when he was nine and tried his hand at many jobs, living always, even since he has become a successful author, among these people he writes of. His story, in the vein of the regional peasant writings of Palazzeschi, Alvaro, Aniante, Linati, harks back to Verga, and in its absorption in everyday life finds a way out of the European waste land of disillusionment and despair.—*Albert Roland*. Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

✧ Serge Elisséeff and Edwin O. Reischauer. *Selected Japanese Texts, Literature and History. Vol. III*. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1947. vii + 302 pages. \$2.50.—This volume contains 19 texts of literary and historical interest in both the Kanji and the Kambun writing. A student who has had an elementary course in Japanese and has available a good dictionary and an introductory handbook to the history of Japanese literature will find it a not overly difficult and very pleasant task to work through this skilful selection of Japanese prose and poetry covering a period of over a thousand years.—*Robert Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✧ Harry Randall. *Rundt på jorden i åtti år*. Oslo. Dypwad. 1946. 208 pages.—The record of an unusually eventful life, spanning eighty years. From the time when as a small boy he participated in the first 17th of May children's parade in his native Christiana (now Oslo), through his crowded years in the United States and later back in Norway, the author brings to life for his reader his rich and many-sided career. Celebrities in the realm of music and other fields, on both sides of the Atlantic, walk through the pages of the

book. Especially noteworthy is the account of the author's experiences as impresario for Roald Amundsen, the great Norwegian explorer. The descriptions of life in the Norwegian capital during the author's early years have historical and cultural interest. Fluently told, the story is enlivened by numerous graphic episodes.—*Richard Beck*. University of North Dakota.

✧ Jadwiga Słomczyńska. *Maria Konopnicka: Życie i Twórczość*. Łódź. Wyd. “Poligrafika.” 1946. 287 pages.—Because a book about Marja Konopnicka is needed, libraries will have to buy this one, but the need for critical and biographical material on this pioneer woman writer of Poland is still far from satisfied by this new outline. For outline it is, and nothing more, beyond an obvious bid for the establishment of a cult of Konopnicka in Poland.

We are given a Konopnicka who was driven for most of her adult life by the starkest poverty. Yet she manages to go everywhere and meet everybody. How does she do it? She has a host of friends, literary men who valued her friendship highly. But we see only the surface of the friendships. In fact, no person comes off at all in this book; only a hard-pressed woman-with-pen, who at first was interested in man in the large, and who finally became intensely national. It is not fair to Konopnicka, who, we are certain, was much more than this. There is still need for a biography, in the American sense of the term, a study that will probe and reveal the true Konopnicka. The present book simply supplies part of the material for such a biography.—*Marion Moore Coleman*. New York City.

✧ Santana Rodrigues. *O Abade Faria*. Lisboa. Empresa Contemporânea de Edições. 1946. 187 pages.—A vindication of the cryptic Portuguese-Indian José Custodio de Faria (contemporary, disciple, and opponent of Mesmer) will be welcome. During his lifetime he was often derided as a charlatan, and after

his death he attained a further celebrity by becoming the original of Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo. To many he may be known from an anecdote in Chateaubriand, who relates that Faria attempted to mesmerize a canary but owing to the presence of Chateaubriand, a Christian, the bird remained immune. Fortunately for the canary this was some years after Chateaubriand had declared that no one believed in Christianity any more and his views had changed. But the author of this little book proves that Faria was a really scientific pioneer as regards the suggestive power of hypnotism, and his work entitled *La cause du sommeil lucide* (1819) may still be read with advantage.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Feliciano Ramos. *Trindade Coelho, homen de letras*. Coimbra. Atlântida. 1947. x+328 pages.—This study deals mainly with the *cuentista* but touches also on the judge and the educator. The chapter on the humanizing of animals in Trindade Coelho's *cuentos* is highly interesting. As a critic, he remained independent of literary schools. Although influenced by the positivism of Comte and by naturalism, his great idol was the romantic Camilo, and he wrote of Eugenio de Castro's poem *Constança*: "It is a miracle of art." As a judge, he served the cause of justice with generous devotion, even at the cost of personal sacrifice. He wrote a big book to clear an honest public official who had been maligned. He worked stubbornly till he succeeded in righting a judicial error and securing the release from prison of an honest and very high-minded man who refused to establish his innocence in order to protect another person. (He made this incident the subject of one of his stories.) He secured the passage of a law establishing the freedom of the press. When the dictator João Franco in 1907 ignored the constitution, the parliament, and the judiciary, Trindade Coelho protested and was deprived of his position and of the privileges due him because of his long service

in the magistracy: a retirement pension for himself and his widow if she survived him. This experience caused his death, since the neurasthenia from which he had suffered all his life grew worse and drove him to suicide. When he died, the *Imitation of Christ* was found at his side.—*Rubén Landa*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Samuel Putnam. *Adeus ao Brasil. Jornal de Bordo*. São Paulo. Departamento Estadual de Informações. 1947. 31 pages.—On October 15, 1946, the talented and amazingly energetic North American critic, journalist, and translator Samuel Putnam terminated a fruitful Brazilian visit of several months with a public address in São Paulo, on the cultural achievements, prospects, and problems of the two great republics, Brazil and his own. Mr. Putnam spoke with grace, humor, and serious sympathy of the faults and virtues of Cariocas and Ianques: "Amo meu país e nutro grande respeito por sua literatura—a mais importante, talvez, no mundo atual. Mas, como já disse, quem ama sua pátria pôde—e deve—criticá-la."—"Já falei do pessimismo como de um aspecto da inteligência brasileira que tenho observado durante minha visita ao Brasil. E que pessimismo, senhores! . . . Como resultado desse pessimismo—fato curioso—eu estava sempre defendendo o Brasil contra os brasileiros! . . ."

This handsomely printed booklet contains, besides the address, a portrait of Mr. Putnam and a neat little biography of him by Osmar Pimentel. It should promote cordial feeling between the two largest countries in this hemisphere.—*R. T. H.*

✧ *Humanitas*. Vol. I. Coimbra. 1947. 268 pages.—The first issue of an annual published by the Instituto de Estudos Classicos, founded by the eminent humanist Professor F. Rebello Gonçalves. Its objectives are set forth in two articles by its founder which appear in this issue. *Humanitas* is not an organ of pure learning but has educational and

social aims, since the founder and his associates are convinced of the molding force of classical studies in facing the complex problems of modern life, the development of the natural sciences, and of the techniques derived from them.

This issue offers a wide panorama of present-day classical learning. Costa Marques surveys the status of the humanities in Portugal; Victor Buescu examines the situation of classical studies in Roumania; and there are book reviews which cover the progress of such studies in France and England. There are studies of Church Latin, the morphology of the Latin genitive, the Latin epic after Virgil, a Portuguese adaptation of Horace, the Latin culture of Clément Marot. Portuguese University culture is deeply in debt to Professor Rebello Gonçalves for this enterprise. Incidentally, we recall that he was once a member of the young Faculty of Philosophy in São Paulo.—*Fidelino de Figueiredo*. Universidade de São Paulo.

✧ Monteiro Lobato. *Urupês, outros contos e coisas*. São Paulo. Companhia Editora Nacional. 1945. 663 pages.—The omnibus volume published in 1943 now goes into its second edition. Its preface is not the ceremonious eulogy so frequently found in commemorative editions but is an actual contribution of new and significant material. Alfredo Neves of the Companhia Editora, denying any literary prowess in himself, humbly presents a transcription of conversations between himself and Monteiro Lobato, casting light on the great man's early years, particularly his associations with *Minarete*, before he awoke to find himself famous. The book contains in their entirety the short story collections *Urupês* (of Jéca Tatú fame), *Cidades mortas*, *Negrinha*, and *Macaco que se fez homem*; some of his later stories, reviews, essays, selections from *Na América* and *A Onda Verde*, and many of his incomparable fables for children, for which he has in recent years deserted the genre that brought him fame.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Cassiano Ricardo. *Um dia depois do outro*. São Paulo. Nacional. 1947. 306 pages.—This book of beautiful poems marks an evolution in Cassiano, who first saw the light in the State of São Paulo in 1895. He had acquired a reputation as a "nativist" poet and had produced one very successful book, *Martim-Cereré*, in which he poetizes the history of Brazil, and especially that of his native state. At this stage of his writing he composed folkloristic verses, negro poems, and richly colored pictures of country life. Gabriela Mistral praised this "nativistic" work of his highly.

The poet's new book is characterized by highly subjective lyricism, presented in a form that is profoundly musical. These delicate and imaginative verses thrill now and then with an impulse of mysticism. This volume confirms our belief that poetic nativism is dead in Brazil, as is true in the other American countries, and that the best Brazilian poets are universalist in inspiration.

Um dia depois do outro is handsomely printed and is enriched with a vignette signed by Livio Abramo.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Arthur Ramos. *Introdução à antropologia brasileira*. Vol. 2. Rio de Janeiro. Casa do Estudante. 1947. 644 pages.—The Casa do Estudante published in 1943 the first volume of this monumental work, which is indispensable for students of Brazilian anthropology. Arthur Ramos is a recognized authority on the subject. Professor of Anthropology in the University of Brazil, he is a patient investigator and possesses the art of incorporating his findings in useful works like this one. This second volume bears as subtitle the information that it treats of "the European cultures and racial and cultural contacts." He studies the results of the mingling of races in Brazil (European, African, native) not only in their physical, but also in their cultural aspects. The book is extremely well constructed. It carries as insert plates a number of interesting photographs. The editing has

been very carefully done.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✠ Konstantin Paustovsky. *Dalekie godi*. Moskva. Detgiz. 1946. 322 pages.—I have always envied people who could remember not merely the bare outlines of their youth and childhood, but the actual *feel* of them; who could describe, say, after many years, the cut and color of their mother's best gown or the illustrations in a favorite book. Paustovsky is one of these fortunate people.

Dalekie godi contains the memories of a childhood and youth spent largely in the Ukraine in the years preceding the First World War. Konstantin Paustovsky was a member of the intelligentsia. He read widely, he went to school, he spent his summers in the country. When he was sixteen his parents separated, the family's fortunes ebbed, and he was forced to work his way through school. There is no more plot than that; but the texture of life, stored up in the memory and now reproduced, is rich and satisfying. It is not an introspective book—the character of the author emerges by indirection, as it were—but it recreates, gently and warmly, a vanished world, a half-forgotten way of life.—*Valentine Snow*. New York City.

✠ Vera Inber. *Stikhi*. Moskva-Leningrad. Detgiz. 1947. 46 pages.—Ilia Selvinsky. *Krim, Kavkaz, Kuban*. Moskva-Leningrad. Sovetsky Pisatel. 1947. 224 pages.—Since Vera Inber's first book of poems appeared in 1912, she has published a number of stories, poems, and articles. Her most recent book, *Leningrad Diary*, was reviewed here (Spring 1948, p. 205). The present volume represents a selection for children of her poems dated from 1913 to 1945. It includes such well-known favorites as *My Little Girl* and *The Centipede*. The more recent poems, which deal with the war, have a grimmer sound, but they too reflect the warmth and sincerity of the author. Poems like *The Trolley Going to the Front* or *Pushkin Lives*, both belonging to the

war period, are extremely moving in their simplicity. There are also several patriotic pieces of a rather more stereotyped character.

Ilia Selvinsky's poems deal entirely with the war, in the three regions in which the author fought. They are the bitter reportage of an eye-witness and deserve attention as such. It is impossible for the reader not to feel indignation at the description of 7,000 corpses of inhabitants of a single Russian village, murdered by the Germans and left lying in a heap; but it is indignation of the type which would be aroused by a newspaper report of the same story. The fact that the story happens to be in verse is, on the whole, immaterial. The greater part of the volume is competent verse rather than poetry.—*Valentine Snow*. New York City.

✠ *Hugo's Pocket Dictionary. Russian-English and English-Russian*. Philadelphia. McKay. 1947. xiv+657 pages.—In the making of this dictionary a convenient pocket format has been attained without sacrificing clarity and legibility of type. The lead-words are printed in heavy type which stands out and catches the eye helpfully.

Among the shortcomings are: (1) In the Russian-English part the aspects of the verb are not given. (2) The phonetic transcription of the Russian words is inadequate and often misleading, e.g., palatalization is shown in a very hit-and-miss manner, and the dictionary's indication of the hard *l* as equivalent to *w* would tend to produce a decided Polish accent.—*Gerhard Wiens*. University of Oklahoma.

✠ Charles Berchtold. *Russe. Grammaire, vocabulaire, conversation*. Neuchâtel and Paris. Attinger. 1947. 262 pages.—This is not a textbook, but a reference book for those who already know some Russian. The author treats the Russian verb under four aspects, whereas most grammars mention only two. The very thorough grammar section is followed by a vocabulary and a

guide to conversation covering everyday matters, with some models for letters. The book will be useful as supplementary material to the regular textbook.—*Robert Laessig*. Oklahoma Baptist University.

✱ John L. Anderson. *Jag minns . . .* Chicago. The Author (5329 Bextean Avenue). 1947. 107 pages. \$2.00.—These pleasing memoirs of a childhood in Sweden of the eighties were edited by Gösta Franzén and published with the aid of the Svenska Kulturförbundet i Amerika. The author, a man of humble station but exemplifying many admirable traits of character, tells of work, social life, traditions, and customs of a typical Swedish rural community, Tåby in Vikboland, as seen through the eyes of a small boy. The sections on folk speech (games, riddles, and proverbs) and on the author's apprenticeship to a tailor are especially valuable for the social historian, but equally interesting for the general reader are the heart-warming accounts of home-life and school days.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✱ Thure Nyman. *Gavarni: sedernas skildrare*. Stockholm. Wahlström & Widstrand. 1947. 190 pages. 17.50 kr.—Sulpice - Guillaume Chevallier, best known to posterity as Gavarni, represents one of the most characteristic artistic expressions of the nineteenth century. His first manner is synonymous with the gaily wicked Paris of the can-can and Montmartre; but, paradoxically enough, his style began to change around the middle of the century when the very frivolities which he celebrated became the order of the day in France. Gavarni's second manner, rather characteristically Victorian if it may be ascribed to any school or era, is largely motivated by his interest in social problems, an interest intensified by his trip to England in 1847. Mr. Nyman's biography adds new factual information to his biography, and his sprightly style paves the way for a sympathetic approach and valuable in-

terpretations. Besides the text there are a sufficient number of illustrations to give a fair idea of Gavarni's work.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✱ K. Alex Carlsson. *I Ost och Västerled*. Chicago. Dalkullan. 1946. 200 pages. \$2.—These stories and sketches have been written in the course of a number of years, and many of them have appeared in Swedish-American publications and elsewhere. All the selections, whether on themes from ancient Scandinavia or finding their subject-matter in the New World, are marked by a deep attachment to the old homeland and an appreciation of its traditions. Cherished memories are the warp and woof of these tales. The author wields a facile pen; his imaginative power and descriptive ability are apparent both in his vivid narrative and in his portrayal of people from various walks of life.—*Richard Beck*. University of North Dakota.

✱ Thorsten Jonsson. *Konvoj*. Stockholm. Bonnier. 1947. 266 pages. 9 kr.—This young author was a correspondent for a great Swedish newspaper in New York during the war and is well-known for bringing modern American literature to the attention of the Swedish public. He has published some collections of short stories in the hard-boiled style and a volume of verse. This is his first novel and is a masterpiece by some definitions. In very elaborate language he tells us the story of a ship and its passengers during the slow passage of the Atlantic in a wartime convoy. Step by step we make the acquaintance of some twenty very different kinds of people, and in some cases we get a look at the more or less quaint aspects of each. The humorous portrait of Banana Joe with his *embonpoint* and his jovial philosophy will stay in the memory of the reader long after he has forgotten the other characters. Similarly the thoroughly studied figure of the Pole, who plays the first rôle in a very finely told love

— story, will hardly be forgotten. One feels the thrill of the dreary situation on board a convoy ship, as if he were there personally.—*Thure Nyman*. Edsviken, Sweden.

✧ Sven Stolpe. *Latt, snabb och öm*. Stockholm. Bonnier. 1947. 316 pages.

10 kr.—Sven Stolpe is the *enfant terrible* among the Swedish authors who have reached their middle years. As a very young student in the early twenties he began his career as a literary critic, and he made something of a sensation with his first book, *Two Generations*, in which he argued the thesis that "young and old never will meet," will never understand one another. His first and hitherto best novel was a tale from a tuberculosis sanatorium on the same theme as Thomas Mann's *Der Zauberberg*. Since then he has published a great many books, novels, plays, essays, most of them received by critics with some doubt as to the moral sincerity of the author, who for some time was involved in the Oxford Movement and also has drunk of Roman Catholicism. Among his best books are studies of French authors of that creed; Mauriac, Claudel, Maritain, and others. Lately he has lived in Paris, and his new novel is set in that city. The principal figure, a Swede who knows that he must soon die of cancer, is seeking the solution of his life's problems. He stands between the sceptical cynicism of his doctor and the real goodness of a not very intelligent Catholic priest. I think that Stolpe, who is, no doubt, one of the most intelligent of modern Swedish authors, wants to say that Kandsdorf (the "hero") has found peace in a simple *credo*, when death shuts his eyes. The novel is "light, fast and weak," as the title reads. It gives a very fine picture of Paris and especially of French spiritual life. By this book the author has established the earnestness of his will and his position as a first rate artist.—*Thure Nyman*. Edsviken, Sweden.

✧ J. Viktor Johannsson, ed. *Svenska bibliotek*. Stockholm. Wahlström & Widstrand. 1946. 339 pages. 17.50 kr.—The six essays on Swedish private libraries contained in this volume shed much light on collecting in general as well as on individual literary preferences. Publisher Carl Björkman describes his own private collection in a delightful manner not unlike that of the late A. Edward Newton. Per A. Sjögren's splendid essay on Ake Eliaeson's Goethe and Tegnér collection is, unhappily, something of an epitaph, for Dr. Eliaeson's great library was totally destroyed by fire on February 8, 1947. Among the other essays, special notice should be paid to Sten Lindroth's description of Erik Wallers' collection of medical literature and to Bengt Ahlen's account of the collection of that Swedish Magliabecchi, Olof Ostergren. The book is a valuable contribution to the history of bibliophily.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. Western Michigan College Library.

✧ Oleksander Koshits. *Spohady*. Part I. Winnipeg. Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre, Box 3093. 1947. 367 páges. — Oleksander Koshits (1875–1944) was one of the best known choral directors who came to the United States after the Revolution of 1917. An ardent Ukrainian patriot born near the birthplace of Taras Shevchenko, he records in his memoirs both his experiences and his emotional reactions to them. This volume covers his early life and his activities as student and as director of the Academic Chorus in the Kiev Academy. It is an interesting account of the education and life of a talented young man in the old Russian Empire.—*Clarence A. Manning*. Columbia University.

✧ Vasył Barka. *Bilyi Svit*. München. Ukrainiska Tribuna. 1947. 179 pages. — *Apostoly*. Augsburg. Obednannya Ukrainskykh Pysmennykh. 1946. 47 pages.—These two collections constitute an excellent selection from the writings of this Ukrainian poet who has escaped

from behind the Iron Curtain with its regimented views on art and is now with the Displaced Persons. They reflect the author's experiences during the war years as a prisoner in Germany and as a Displaced Person since. They reflect the spirit of the literature of the Ukraine from Shevchenko through the early symbolist writings of Tychyna, before he remodeled his style in obedience to

Communist commands, and they emphasize the author's humanity, his feeling for nature, and his assurance that good cannot fail to triumph in the end. They are a welcome addition to the ever-increasing volume of good work that is being produced, though under difficulties, by Ukrainians and other refugees from beyond the Iron Curtain.—*Clarence A. Manning*, Columbia University.

Editorial Losada in Buenos Aires has arranged to publish in Spanish all the books of Jean-Paul Sartre.

The largest bookshop in Helsinki, in the little state of Finland, Akateeminen Kirjakauppa, is said to have more than eleven miles of shelves.

Maurice Lacoste's new French-language weekly is called *France-Journal*. It is published at 137 West 27th St., New York City 1.

A second edition of Dr. Wilhelm Kosch's valuable *Deutsches Literatur-Lexikon* is to be published in Bern, Switzerland.

Antonio Sánchez-Barbudo, formerly editor of the stimulating Mexico City magazine *El Hijo Pródigo*, is now a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin.

Komödie is a brightly written and attractively printed *Zeitschrift für Künstlerisches Theater* edited by Benno Fleischmann and published by the Bindenschild-Verlag, Adolf-Kirchl-Strasse 9, Wien III, Austria.

"The Chinese opera, which dates from the fourteenth century, has always incorporated popular melodies as motifs for its songs and dances. Thanks to the opera, an example of popular melody in the eighteenth century has been preserved for us. It is the principal air of the ballet *The Young Shepherd*. The ballet itself was not composed till much

later."—Hsiao Shusien, in *Sinologica*, Basel.

Bern Porter, the Berkeley, California publisher, is planning to issue a series of translations from living Turkish, Egyptian, and Persian writers, with emphasis on art, literature, and philosophy. Editors of the series are Ernest Lombardi, Henry Blaut, Hayati Balkanli (for Turkish), and Nasser Jahan Bani (for Persian).

Under the glare of lavender neon advertising an author shine the forty curved and glistening windows of a unique bookstore, Mexico's "Librería de Cristal." Located in the heart of Mexico City, the shop is open from 9 a.m. to midnight 364 days a year. (The exception is May 1.) The proprietor of this interesting shop with its 470 feet of glass periphery is Rafael Jiménez Siles, Loyalist Spaniard. He plans to add an upstairs art gallery and an adjoining outdoor literary café where books would be on call as well as apéritifs. A monthly check on sales determines which authors' names are put in lights on the four signs. Among non-Mexicans, Stephen Zweig, Lin Yutang, A. J. Cronin, John Dos Passos, and Sinclair Lewis are well liked. Mexicans are fond of fiction, particularly when it is based on a current movie. The Cristal has a stock, estimated to have cost 200,000 pesos, which includes everything from juveniles and adventure stuff which sell for 25 cents to the classics and books on science and technology which sell for 40 pesos each. (*Mexican Life*, August 1947).

The Editor Parenthesizes

That alert and generous citizen of the world, our Contributing Editor Professor Albert Guérard, has been widening his acquaintance with his fellow citizens by a long stay in Mexico City. His letters show a degree of admiration for the Mexican Republic which has impressed and pleased us. Other sympathetic students of Mexican culture may be interested in his report of a reading list which his Mexican friends put into his hands shortly after his arrival:

"... This book [Pedro Henríquez Ureña. *Historia de la cultura en la América hispánica*] was recommended to me by Alfonso Reyes and Daniel Cosío Villegas, when I landed in Mexico, as the first step in my initiation. May I mention other books which greatly helped in that delightful and arduous process? Specialists will smile: I am writing, not for the professionals, but for *l'honnête homme* who takes a serious and sympathetic interest in our Southern neighbors.

"Justo Sierra. *Evolución política del pueblo mexicano*. Fifty years old, and still growing in stature. Sierra's centennial was celebrated this fall in all the schools of the Republic.—Gilberto Loyo. *Esquema demográfico de México* (Segundo Congreso de Ciencias Sociales, México, 1946) pp. 673-796. A very serious approach to an extremely tangled problem.—Trent E. Sanford. *The Story of Architecture in Mexico*. New York. Norton. \$6.—Francis Violich. *Cities of Latin America. Housing and Planning to the South*. New York. Reinhold. 1944. \$3.50. (I have long believed in architecture and city planning as approaches to the study of civilization. Both U.S. books are very intelligent, very competent from the technical side, pleasant and even chatty in style, and excellently illustrated.)"

A letter from the novelist Fannie Hurst reached us too late for inclusion

in our symposium* on Women Playwrights (Winter 1948). Miss Hurst says in part:

"I do not believe with you that women novelists, poets, essayists, historians, artists, musicians hold their own creditably with men. . . . Perhaps you mean that sporadically, women have equalled, and even surpassed the efforts of men. But of course in the long historic view they have been in the enormous minority. The reasons are obvious and their emergence from these inarticulate centuries is in reassuring operation. It is natural, I suppose, that the drama should be the last of the arts, where women are concerned. Because playwriting presupposes that the author is free to leave the home, which, the emancipation of women to the contrary notwithstanding, is not usually the case.

"Let us hope together that these lagging conditions are on their way to becoming obsolete."

CORRESPONDENCE

Women Playwrights Again

Dear Sir:

... I am surprised that nobody mentioned Lady Gregory, the Irish playwright, who with Yeats and Synge helped to found the modern Irish theater. She wrote some very delightful comedies. And out in Australia there is a woman named Betty Roland, whose three-act play, *The Touch of Silk*, first produced by the Melbourne Repertory Theater in 1928 and printed by the Melbourne University Press (1942, second edition 1945), shows a real talent for drama. And another interesting Australian woman playwright is Dymphna Cusack, whose three-act play, *Morning Sacrifice*, was first presented at the Repertory Theater, Perth, Western Australia. Still another Australian woman playwright is Dorothy Blewett, author

of the three-act play, *Quiet Night*, first produced at the Little Theater, Melbourne. I have not had the time to find out more about the growth of Australian drama in the last few years, but it seems to be quite an interesting development and women writers evidently are playing their part in it. Of course, the question remains whether women can do great work in the drama. I know of two women, one a successful novelist, the other the author of one produced play, who really know how to write plays but owing to the condition of the theater today have not had the chance they deserved. But that opens up the big question of Broadway and the American theater generally. . . .—E. M. New York City.

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### “Birds In Their Little Nests Agree”

Dear Sir:

Shows of language clannishness among us professors are neither pretty nor uplifting. I am led to this remark by two sarcastic references in recent months to an eminent English Hispanist because he has dared to argue that Spanish has as great a literature as French, and that it should be, after English, the second language in the schools of England, possibly in the world. Thus:

Pierre Delattre (*Books Abroad*, Summer 1947, pp. 345-46, concluding a review of E. Allison Peers, *New Tongues*),

“Briefly, Spanish for the British, English for the rest of the world, and the other civilizations can jump in the lake. Curiously enough, E. Allison Peers is an Englishman and a professor of Spanish at the University of Liverpool. No one could have guessed it.”

Fernand Baldensperger (*French Review*, January 1948, p. 198),

“Rappellerai-je qu’un hispanisant d’Angleterre eut l’inélégance de lancer durant cette anxieuse époque (the occupation period), comme un autre ‘poignard dans le dos,’ un article de revue où il se demandait pourquoi le français avait été adopté comme la langue étrangère préférée de l’enseignement britannique.” (Circumstantial evidence points to Peers as the author of the article, but whether it was he or not is not material here.)

It appears to me that the ideas of a

scholar of the high reputation of Professor Peers upon language and literature values demand genuine argument on the part of those who would take issue with them, and that the above specimens of acrid personal displeasure are therefore decidedly out of order.

I would recall to Professors Baldensperger and Delattre that the part of the world that is still free agrees with a certain great Frenchman who asserted his defense “to the death” of a certain right.—A. M. Withers. Concord College, Athens, W. Va.

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A Request and a Suggestion

Regensburg, Germany,
Westmarkt 2 II,
U. S. Zone: 13a

Gentlemen:

May I not ask you to donate a copy (4 times a year) of your excellent and so very helpful magazine to the American Library of Information here at Schmeller Strasse? It is being consulted 6 times a week from 10-8 by an ever growing number of “hungry” people including very many young students, and their (and my) chance to regularly study it and its world-wide vistas would be more than welcome, I know. I hope I am not asking too much of you. But it would be splendid, as a help.

Sincerely—Edgar C. Kiesel.

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[The above is a sample of appeals which come to us often. As we have no endowment, it isn’t easy to comply with them. Now and then a generous friend has stepped into the breach and paid the bill for such a subscription. A member of our staff has suggested that if we publish this letter, there might be kind souls among our readers who would like to contribute to a fund which would make a few free foreign subscriptions possible. If we receive any gifts for this purpose, large or small, they will be promptly acknowledged and kept carefully for such requests as that of Edgar C. Kiesel and his American Library of Information.—The Editors]

The Once Over

French History, Biography, Memoirs

- ✧ Octave Aubry. *Histoire de France*. Paris. Flammarion. 1947. 554 pp. 220 fr.—The old historian takes stock of France's past as a guide through her perilous present.
- ✧ Jean Babelon. *L'Amérique des conquistadores*. Paris. Hachette. 1947. 288 pp. 200 fr.—An epic of courage, endurance, cruelty, gold, blood.
- ✧ Auguste Bailly. *La sérénissime république de Venise*. Paris. Fayard. 1946. 442 pp. 160 fr.—Its founding, wars, life, and death.
- ✧ Princesse Bibesco. *Le voyageur voilé*. Marcel Proust. Genève. Palatine. 1947. 119 pp.—Hitherto unpublished letters, written when Proust was an unknown young man, to the Duke de Guiche.
- ✧ André Billy. *Les beaux jours de Barbizon*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 227 pp. + 13 plates. 300 fr.—Anecdotes and personal characterizations from life in this painters' and poets' retreat.
- ✧ Francisque Borner. *Je reviens de Russie*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 247 pp. 135 fr.—An objective account of an exceptional experience over a 37-year period.
- ✧ René Bouvier & Edouard Maynial. *Le dernier des grands mogols*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 317 pp. + 16 plates. 300 fr.—The ambitious, unscrupulous Aureng Zeb, contemporary of Louis XIV.
- ✧ René Boylesve. *Feuilles tombées*. Paris. Dumas. 1947. 340 pp.—Passages from Boylesve's diaries.
- ✧ Carlo Bronne. *Leopold I^{er} et son temps*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 399 pp.—Intimate study of a prince whose people are an example of natural evolution.
- ✧ Lucien Carron. *Fantassins sur l'Aisne*. 1943. 269 pp. 120 fr.—*Nuits sans aube*. 1946. 304 pp. 145 fr. Paris & Grenoble. Arthaud.—The *drôle de guerre* and the débâcle.
- ✧ Raymond Cartier. *Les secrets de la guerre dévoilés par Nuremberg*. Paris. Fayard. 1946. 318 pp. 150 fr.—The military events and Hitler's personality are clarified by extracts from documents and evidence.
- ✧ Gérard de Catalogne. *Les nostalgies de San Francisco*. Port-au-Prince. Deschamps. 1945. 87 pp. \$2 m-n.—Comments on the U. N. Conference and the city where it was held.
- ✧ Pierre Croidys. *Guy de Larigaudie*. Paris. Plon. 1947. i+245 pp. 100 fr.—High ideals and love of clean adventure marked this Christian youth killed in a skirmish in Belgium, May 1940.
- ✧ A. Croquez & G. Loublie. *Robespierre l'incorruptible*. Paris. Julliard. 1947. 236 pp. 160 fr.—Incarnation of the Revolution.
- ✧ Rostislav Hofmann. *Tchaïkovsky*. Paris. Chêne. 1947. 413 pp.—The only great 19th century Russian composer not tinged with Oriental influence.
- ✧ Gabriel Louis Jaray. *Tableau du Japon et de la guerre du Pacifique*. Paris. Spid. 1946. 252 pp. 155 fr.—Deals with historical, sociological, psychological, and political factors. Bibliography, map.
- ✧ David Knout. *La résistance juive en France*. Paris. Centre. 1947. 182 pp. + 12 plates.—A brave, ingenious, and sometimes brutal resistance.
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- ✧ Agnès de la Gorce. *Une vocation d'historien: Pierre de la Gorce*. Paris. Plon. 1948. 225 pp. 180 fr.—A civil servant found writing history a more compatible vocation.
- ✧ Noël de la Houssaye. *L'apparition d'Arsinoë*. Paris. Vieux Colombier. 1948. 210 pp. 180 fr.—Fragile in body, strong in mind, she dominated all Egypt.
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✻ Elie Maire. *Trois gueux du Seigneur*. Montréal. Fides. 1946. 208 pp. \$1.—Benoît Labre, Charles Maire, Germain Nouveau.

✻ Albert Merglen. *Mission spéciale en France*. Grenoble & Paris. Arthaud. 1945. 198 pp. 70 fr.—By parachute and submarine, across the Pyrenees, in Africa, in France. . . .

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✻ Françoise Moser. *Marie Dorval*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 249 pp. 165 fr.—Celebrated romantic comédienne.

✻ Jean-Alexis Néret. *Charles VIII*. Paris. Editions de Paris. 1947. 284 pp. \$2.20 U.S.—Illustrations, battle plans, bibliography.

✻ André Piganiol. *Histoire romaine*. IV, Part 2: *L'empire chrétien (325–395)*. Paris. Presses Universitaires. 1947. xvi + 446 pp. 350 fr.—Scholarly, footnoted work; much detail.

✻ Raymond Ritter. *Charmante Gabrielle*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 629 pp. + 16 plates. 540 fr.—Incisive portrait of a too-beautiful king's mistress who nearly brought France to ruin.

✻ Frank-Louis Schoell, ed. *Pologne, 1919–1939*. I: *Vie politique et sociale*. II: *Vie économique*. III: *Vie intellectuelle et artistique*. Neuchâtel. Baconnière. 1947. 70 Sw. fr.—Both history and *apologia*.

✻ Jérôme et Jean Tharaud. *Le chemin d'Israël*. Paris. Plon. 1948. i + 246 pp.—The Israelites of Biblical times; tribulations since the Dispersion; what Jews think of themselves.

✻ Paul Valéry. *Souvenirs poétiques*. Paris. Le Prat. 1947. 62 pp.—*Paul Valéry vivant*. Marseille. Cahiers du Sud. 1946. 384 pp.—André Gide. *Paul Valéry*. Paris. Domat. 1947. 96 pp.—Valéry

from many angles.

✻ Marcel Vanhamme. *Bruxelles-Capitale. Evolution de la ville de 1830 à nos jours*. Bruxelles. Office de Publicité. 1947. 81 pp. 25 Bel. fr.—Completas a 3-vol. *Histoire de Bruxelles*. Facsimiles of maps.

French Philosophy and Religion

✻ Lionel Boisseau. *Lourdes nous parle*. Montréal. Lumen. 1947. 196 pp.—The reactions of the state, the doctors, and others to this place of pilgrimage.

✻ André-J. Krzesinski. *Le problème du christianisme en Extrême-Orient*. Montréal. Fides. 1947. 145 pp. \$1.—Why Christianity has progressed so slowly in the Orient and what to do about it.

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French Literature

✻ *Almanach des lettres 1948*. Paris. Flore & Gazette des Lettres. 1947. 256 pp. + 8 plates. 260 fr.—Current literary trends; data on prizes, authors, books.

✻ Honoré de Balzac. *Les Parisiens comme ils sont*. Genève. Palatine. 1947. xvi + 221 pp. + 18 plates.—First published in the journals, 1830–1846. Introduction and notes by André Billy.

✻ Pierre-E. Briquet. *Pierre Loti et l'Orient*. Neuchâtel. Baconnière. 1945. 615 pp.—Islam fascinated him and influenced his style, religion, and the content of his work.

✻ Aurélien Digeon. *Histoire illustrée de la littérature anglaise*. Paris. Didier. 1947. xi + 409 pp.—Concise, factual survey; many illustrations; bibliography restricted to works in French.

✻ Jacques Duchesne-Guillemin. *Etude de "Charmes" de Paul Valéry*. Bruxelles. Ecran du Monde. 1947. 179 pp. 200 Bel.

fr.—A study of 21 of Valéry's poems.

✧ Georges Duhamel. *Semailles au vent*. Montréal & New York. Cercle du Livre de France. 1947. 232 pp.—Short articles on literary figures express his concern for modern culture.

✧ M. B. Ellis. *Robert Charbonneau et la création romanesque*. Ottawa & Montréal. Lévrier. 1948. 62 pp.—A creative (understanding) criticism of a writer who created people to portray Man.

✧ A. Ernout. *Lucrèce*. Bruxelles. Office de Publicité. 1947. 115 pp. 50 Bel. fr.—Epicurean philosophy; language and style of *De Rerum Natura*; predecessors of its author.

✧ Camille Hanlet. *Les écrivains belges contemporains*. 2 vols. Liège. Dessain. 1946. 1,302 pp.—Personal and literary data about 2,634 Belgian writers (in French) and 230 other Belgians.

✧ Jules Humbert & Henri Berguin. *Histoire illustrée de la littérature grecque*. Paris. Didier (Toulouse. Privat). 1947. 485 pp.—Concise analyses from the *Iliad* to Lucian. Many illustrations of related painting, sculpture, etc.

✧ Léon Lemonnier. *Edgar Poe et les conteurs français*. Paris. Aubier. 1947. 166 pp.—Comparisons with French contemporaries and followers; extent of his influence.

✧ Sona Raiziss. *La poésie américaine "moderniste" 1910-1940*. Charles Cestre, tr. Paris. Mercure de France. 1948. 135 pp. 90 fr.—For the French public by an American poetess.

✧ Jean-Jacques Rousseau. *Discours sur les sciences et les arts*. George R. Havens, ed. New York. Modern Language Association. 1946. xiii+278 pp. \$3.—Extensive introduction, commentary, and bibliography.

✧ Philip Drummond Thompson. *L'humour britannique*. Preface by Frank-Louis Schoell. Lausanne. Concorde. 1947. 7.50 Sw. fr.—This item in Mr. Schoell's *Collection Culture Européenne* has not yet appeared in English.

✧ Paul Zumthor. *Victor Hugo, poète de Satan*. Paris. Laffont. 1946. 339 pp. 210 fr.—Hugo's spiritualistic experiences

as origin of *La légende des siècles*, etc.

French Fiction and Drama

✧ Paul Alperine. *L'amazone de Juarez*. Paris. Myrte. 1946. 323 pp. 144 fr.—Love of two women for a French officer of the expeditionary force to Mexico in 1862.

✧ Jean-Marie Andrieu. *L'incantation*. Paris. Richard-Masse. 1946. 245 pp.—Young Apollo and his two loves.

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✱ Pierre Dominique. *Tu ne tueras point*. Genève. Cheval Ailé. 1947. 221 pp.—A surgeon disobeys the sixth commandment. Written in 1937 and published in *Oeuvres Libres*.

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✱ Ramón del Valle-Inclán. *La farce enfantine de la tête du dragon*. Paris. Seghers. 1946. 129 pp.—Original and translation by Pierre Darmangeat *en*

face.

✱ O. Vandekerkhove. *Les sorcières du Paradis*. Paris. Self. 1946. 222 pp. 145 fr.—A female Jekyll-Hyde.

✱ Maurice Zermatten. *L'esprit des tempêtes*. Paris. Egloff (Fribourg. Université de Fribourg). 1947. 389 pp. 6.50 Sw. fr.—A struggle for souls between an atheist healer and a doctor priest.

French Verse

✱ René Chantal. *Pastels et sanguines*. Houston. Bayou. 1947. 52 pp.—The Goddess of Love with many faces.

✱ Henri Ferrare. *Arioso dolente*. Genève. Trono. 1946. 143 pp.—Verses in the classical tradition.

French Arts and Music

✱ Jacques Combes. *Jérôme Bosch*. Paris. Tisné. 1946. 107 pp. + 142 plates. \$12.50 u.s.—Biography, evaluation of works, reproductions.

✱ René Girard. *Les neuf symphonies de Beethoven*. Montréal. Fides. 1947. 175 pp. \$1.50.—Study of their structure for those who have an elementary musical vocabulary.

✱ Hélène Grenier. *La musique symphonique de Monteverde à Beethoven*. Montréal. Variétés. 1947. 213 pp.—Character and influence of the works of individual composers related to the life of society.

✱ Georges Marçais. *L'art de l'Islam*. Paris. Larousse. 1946. 199 pp. + 64 plates.—It has selected and adapted much from earlier Eastern arts.

✱ *Le Point*. XXXI: March 1945. XXXII: March 1946. XXXIII: July 1946. XXXIV-XXXV: March 1947. Lanzac par Souillac (Lot). 48 + 16 & 48 + 16 & 50 + 16 & 80 pp. 6 vols. for 750 fr.—Roman art, Henri Laurens, Aubusson and the renaissance of tapestry, clandestine presses.

✱ Michel Stoffel. *Le prestige de la matière dans l'art contemporain*. Luxembourg. Linden. 1947. 93 pp.—Only by means of matter is spirit transmitted.

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Bel. fr.—Composition of paintings and architecture analyzed for the young student.

French Travel

✱ Maurice Allaire. *Le Mexique, pays de contrastes*. Montréal. Lumen. 1947. 199 pp. + 12 plates. \$1.50.—More than a guidebook, it presents informally the life of the people.

✱ Georges Duhamel. *Consultation aux pays d'Islam*. Paris. Mercure de France. 1947. 125 pp. 75 fr.—Experiences and observations during a visit to Alliance Française groups.

French Miscellaneous

✱ Jules Romains. *Le problème numéro un*. Paris. Plon. 1947. xvi+230 pp.—The divergence of the curves of human nature and institutions from that of scientific progress caused the present crisis.

✱ François Haab. *Divination de l'alphabet latin*. Paris. Pro Libros. 1948. 126 pp.—Letters are the ideographs of fundamental deities of Greek mythology.

✱ Christiane Delmas. *Tu leur diras...* Paris. Plon. 1947. 60 pp. 75 fr.—Advice on the instruction of children from one who reverences childhood.

✱ Ladislav Szabó. *L'Europe latine*. Paris. Boivin. 1944. 243 pp.—On literature, history, culture. Translated from Hungarian by François Gachot.

✱ A. Kirrmann. *Chimie organique*. I: *Généralités*. II: *Fonctions simples*. Paris. Colin. 1947. 220 & 195 pp. 100 fr. ea.—A third volume, *Fonctions complexes*, will complete the series.

✱ Paul Cordier-Goni. *Castors du Rhône*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 254 pp. + 16 plates. 200 fr.—Anecdotes about beavers by one who loves them.

✱ Elian-J. Finbert. *La brebis*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 285 pp. + 16 plates. 200 fr.—The raising of sheep and their relationship to the religious, economic, and cultural life of man.

✱ Elian-J. Finbert. *La vie du chameau*. Paris. Albin-Michel. New ed., 1947. 254 pp. + 16 plates. 200 fr.—Sympathetic

and informative study of "the ship of the desert."

✧ *Variété*. Paris. Marie-Aimée Dopagne, 216, Bd. Raspail. 1945. 63 pp. 300 fr.—This first number includes articles by Valéry, Camus, Paulhan, et al. De luxe format.

Spanish History, Biography, Memoirs

✧ Gonzalo Aguirre Beltrán. *La población negra de México*. México. Fuente Cultural. 1946. 347 pp.—History of the Negro in Mexico from 1519 to 1810.

✧ Carlos Bosch García. *Problemas diplomáticos del México independiente*. México. Colegio de México. 1947. 334 pp.—Recognition of Mexico's independence by England, Spain, France, and U. S.

✧ Ramón J. Cárcano. *El General Quiroga*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1947. 83 pp. + 8 plates. \$3.25 m-n.—At the end, one of the three who were hung denounces Rosas as Quiroga's real murderer.

✧ Clemente Cimorra. *Galdós*. Buenos Aires. Nova. 1947. 157 pp. \$1 u.s.—Simple and readable narrative biography.

✧ Carlos A. Echánove Trujillo. *Juan Crisóstomo Cano, héroe de Chapultepec*. México. Cultura. 1947. 246 pp.—Revised second edition commemorating centenary of the death of a neglected patriot.

✧ Gabriel Ferrer. *Justo Sierra, el maestro de América*. México. Xóchitl. 1947. 191 pp.—One of *Vidas Mexicanas* collection by author of *El maestro Justo Sierra*, 1944.

✧ Francisco Hernández. *Antigüedades de la Nueva España*. México. Robredo. 1947. 363 pp. \$4.75 u.s.—A little-known work by the famous 16th century botanist.

✧ WilfridoLOOR. *Eloy Alfaro, el caudillo del liberalismo ecuatoriano, 1842-1912*. 3 vols. Quito. Con el Autor, Mejía 184. 1947. 1,000 pp. \$60 m-n.—Spirited biography of the martyred Ecuadorian statesman (1866-1912).

✧ Lucio V. Mansilla. *Una excursión a*

los indios ranqueles. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. xxxvi + 407 pp. + map.—A journalist-soldier-politician's study of a primitive people he served as volunteer ambassador.

✧ María Teresa de Rojas. *Índice y extractos del Archivo de Protocolos de La Habana, 1578-1585*. La Habana. Ucar, García. 1947. xvi + 473 pp.—To preserve these documents, now in bad condition. Some 70 pages of indexes.

✧ Claudio Sánchez-Albornoz. *Una ciudad hispano-cristiana hace un milenio*. Buenos Aires. Nova. 1947. 207 pp. \$9 m-n.—Scholarly studies of León during the 10th century. Prologue on the language by Ramón Menéndez Pidal.

✧ Rafael Sánchez-Guerra. *Mis prisiones*. Buenos Aires. Claridad. 1946. 237 pp. \$5 m-n.—The prison experiences and escape of a Republican, sentenced for life.

✧ Jesús Silva Herzog. *El pensamiento económico en México*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 199 pp.—Proposes that Mexico look within and develop her own resources.

✧ Rafael Soto Paz. *No es de Jefferson la Declaración de Independencia*. La Habana. Lex. 1947. 32 pp.—Argues that its author was Thomas Paine.

✧ Enrique Sparn. *Las bibliotecas públicas y sociedades científicas israelitas poco antes de la segunda guerra mundial*. Córdoba, Argentina. Academia Nacional de Ciencias. 1945. 23 pp.—Considered quantitatively, chronologically, and geographically.

✧ Enrique Sparn. *La riqueza de las iglesias cristianas en bibliotecas al sobrevenir la segunda guerra mundial*. I: *Las órdenes católicas del viejo mundo*. II: *Las instituciones eclesásticas católicas*. III: *Las iglesias evangélica y ortodoxa*. Córdoba, Argentina. Academia Nacional de Ciencias. 1945 & 1946. 136, 69, & 95 pp. + maps.—Treats both printed books and manuscripts; presents statistics and dates.

✧ Daniel Valcárcel. *La Rebelión de Túpac Amaru*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 206 pp.—Revolt in

Peru about 1780 led by Inca descendant.

✧ Jorge Ricardo Vejarano. *Nariño*. Bogotá. Biblioteca Popular de Cultura Colombiana. 1945. xiii + 404 pp.—Turbulent life of a Colombian patriot whose ideas coincided with Bolívar's.

Spanish Literature

✧ Mariano Azuela. *Cien años de novela mexicana*. México. Botas. 1947. 227 pp. \$1.50 u.s.—Twelve novelists, from Lizardo to Heriberto Frías.

✧ Arturo Berenguer Carisomo. *La prosa de Bécquer*. Buenos Aires. Hachette. 1947. 100 pp.—Concludes that Bécquer's prose is better than his verse.

✧ Lidia Besouchet & Newton Freitas. *Literatura del Brasil*. Buenos Aires. Sudamericana. 1946. 145 pp. \$3 m-n.—Considered against the political and social background.

✧ Rafael Cansinos Asséns. *Verde y dorado en las letras americanas*. Madrid. Aguilar. 1947. 623 pp., 32mo. 20 ptas.—A look across the ocean at the writers of 1926–1936.

✧ Fidelino de Figueiredo. *La lucha por la expresión*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 152 pp. \$2.25 m-arg.—Criticism as a malady; the need for a philosophy of criticism.

✧ José Hernández. *Martín Fierro*. Carlos Alberto Leumann, ed. Buenos Aires. Estrada. 1945. 602 pp.—Text of the poem, notes on Hernández, textual problems, poetic structure, explanatory notes, etc.

✧ Andrés Holguín. *La poesía inconclusa y otros ensayos*. Bogotá. Centro. 1947. 181 pp.—The "fragmentary"-ness of the *romance*, Aeschylus' gods, the paradoxical Nietzsche, the dynamic Quevedo, Colombian poets.

✧ Jesús Lara. *La poesía quechua*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 190 pp.—Discussion and examples preceded by review of Incan culture and organization.

✧ Alfonso Reyes. *Grata compañía*. México. Tezontle. 1948. 224 pp.—Chester-ton, Proust, Burckhardt, Eça de Queiroz, Caso, et al.

✧ Max Ríos Ríos. *Armando Palacio Valdés. Novela, Siglo XIX*. New York. New York University. 1947. 48 pp.—Abridgment of a doctoral dissertation.

Spanish Fiction and Drama

✧ Max Aub. *Morir por cerrar los ojos*. México. Tezontle. 1944. 251 pp.—Paris, 1940. France "died because she closed her eyes."

✧ Ana María Carasino. *Historia de una expresión*. Paraná, Argentina. Nueva Impresora. 1947. 244 pp.—Sentimental "recherche du temps perdu."

✧ Alfredo Cortés Rito. *Donají*. México. Indoamérica. 1944. 208 pp.—Love and murder in Tehuantepec.

✧ Manuel González Zeledón (Magón). *Cuentos*. José M. Arce, ed. San José. Universidad de Costa Rica. 1947. xlv + 333 pp.—Posthumous publication of the folkloristic sketches of the well-known industrialist, diplomat, and journalist.

✧ Mariano Latorre. *Zurzulita*. Rosario. Rosario. 1947. 321 pp. \$6.50 m-n.—Backbreaking life of the Maule (Chile) *guasos*.

✧ Marzia de Lusignan. *A la sombra de las parábolas*. Bogotá. Gráfico. 1947. 137 pp.—26 short, simple stories with a Christian philosophy of life.

✧ José María Souvirón. *La luz no está lejos*. Santiago. Zig-Zag. 1945. 303 pp. \$35 m-n.—Religious novel, by a Spaniard now living in Chile.

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Spanish Verse

✧ Romualdo Crusco. *Periplo (Viaje en*

torno a una mujer). La Habana. Lex. 1947. 94 pp.—Sweet sentimental rhymes.

✧ J. A. Escalona-Escalona. *Soledad invadida*. Caracas. Tip. La Nación. 1947. 48 pp.—Two groups of ten sonnets each.

✧ Dudley Fitts, ed. *An Anthology of Contemporary Latin-American Poetry*. New York. New Directions. 2nd ed., 1947. xxi + 677 pp. \$2.50.—Glimpses of the poets since 1916. Brief biographical and bibliographical notes. English translations.

✧ Eugenio Florit. *Poema mío (1920-1944)*. México. Letras de México. 1947. 516 pp.—Nearly 300 poems of varied patterns and themes.

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✧ José Clemente Orozco. *Catálogo de la Exposición Nacional Retrospectiva*. México. Secretaría de Educación Pública. 1947. 234 pp.—Many reproductions, and an essay on his technique by the artist.

✧ Néstor R. Ortiz Oderigo. *Panorama de la música afroamericana*. Buenos Aires. Claridad. 1944. 298 pp.—History and analysis.

Spanish Folklore

✧ Ermilio Abreu Gómez. *Quetzalcoatl*. México. Porrúa. 1947. 180 pp.—Native myths and legends reorganized, clarified, renewed.

✧ Arturo Castiglioni. *Encantamiento y magia*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 426 pp. + 24 plates.—Fifty years of investigation by a doctor, published in Italian in 1934 and in English in 1946.

Spanish Reference Books

✧ *Fichas bibliográficas*. Caracas. Ministerio de Educación Nacional. 1946. ii + 67 pp.—Catalogue of textbooks classified by subjects.

✧ Elvira A. Lerena Martínez. *Materiales especiales en bibliotecas de carácter general*. Montevideo. Biblioteca Artigas. Washington. 1947. 42 pp. \$1 m-n.—Cataloguing of special library materials: pamphlets, music, microfilm, maps.

✧ *Libros venezolanos*. 2 vols. Caracas. Tip. Americana. 1945 & 1946. xi + 147 & xiii + 187 pp.—Catalogue of collection donated by Venezuela to Peru to aid in restocking the National Library, destroyed by fire.

✧ Joaquín Ospina. *Diccionario biográfico y bibliográfico de Colombia*. II: G-M. III: M-Z. Bogotá. Aguila. 1937 & 1939. 839 & 1,026 pp. \$5 m-n ea.—Prominent people from Conquest to present day.

Spanish Science

✧ Beppo Levi. *Leyendo a Euclides*. Rosario. Rosario. 1947. 225 pp. \$8 m-n.—Emphasis on mathematics as thought rather than as science. Rejects popular concept of Euclid's life and work.

✧ Enrique Pérez Arbeláez. *Plantas útiles de Colombia*. Bogotá. Contraloría General de la República. 1947. 537 pp. \$10 m-n.—Common and scientific names, description, habitat, figure. 1,025 entries. Well indexed, profusely illustrated.

Spanish Miscellaneous

✧ José L. Araya. *Policia juvenil*. Rosario. Rosario. 1947. 194 pp. \$7 m-n.—The product of experience with hundreds of abandoned and delinquent children.

✧ Narciso Alonso Cortés. *El teatro en Valladolid*. Valladolid. Imprenta Castellana. 1947. 360 pp. 12 ptas.—Documented history of the Valladolid theater in the 19th century.

✧ José Agustín de Barranquilla. *Así es la Guajira*. Barranquilla. Elitosa. 1946. 295 pp.—Geography, customs, laws,

physical and mental attributes of the people; work of Capuchin mission.

✧ Juan Zaragüeta. *El lenguaje y la filosofía*. Madrid. Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas. 1945. 395 pp.—Language, an admirable but imperfect instrument of philosophic thought.

✧ Ezequiel Martínez Estrada. *La cabeza de Goliat*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1947. 319 pp. \$7 m-n.—Some of the many aspects of Buenos Aires.

✧ Clemente Cimorra. *Historia del periodismo*. Buenos Aires. Atlántida. 1946. 271 pp. + 20 plates. \$2.50 m-n.—Of various countries briefly, Argentina in more detail.

German History, Biography, Memoirs

✧ Heinz Flügel. *Geschichte und Geschichte*. München. Kösel. 1947. 219 pp. 5.50 mk.—Twelve essays on Germany's problems.

✧ Ulrich von Hassel. *Vom andern Deutschland*. Zürich. Atlantis. 3rd ed., 1947. \$3.80 u.s.—The martyred patriot's diary from 1938 to 1944.

✧ Ernst Hoffmann. *Nikolaus von Cues*. Heidelberg. Kerle. 1947. 30 pp.—Ideas and influence of the 15th century thinker.

✧ Martin Hürlimann, ed. *Das Jahr 1848 in Europa*. Zürich. Atlantis. 1947. 179 pp.—Year of upheavals.

✧ Friedrich Meinecke. *Die deutsche Katastrophe*. Wiesbaden. Brockhaus. 3rd ed., 1947. 179 pp. \$2.50 u.s.—How "one half of the German people were educated to brutality and the other half to cowardice."

✧ Hermann Rauschning. *Die Zeit des Deliriums*. Zürich. Amstutz, Herdeg. 1947. 415 pp. \$4.50 u.s.—Written in America in 1945. "... nur durch Gott ist der Mensch und die Menschheit."

✧ Gerhard Ritter. *Geschichte als Bildungsmacht*. Stuttgart. Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. 1947. 77 pp.—Experience as an educator. The solid old Stuttgart publisher is active again.

✧ Max Schmid. *Hermann Hesse. Weg und Wandlung*. Zürich. Fretz & Was-

muth. 1947. 288 pp. \$2.70 u.s.—With a bibliography by Arnim Lemp, coming down to 1946.

✧ Aladar v. Simonffy. *Ibrahim Mütefferika. Bahnbrecher des Buchdrucks in der Türkei*. Budapest. Vajna & Bokor. 1944. 60 pp.—The first Turkish printer.

✧ Isa Vermehren. *Reise durch den letzten Akt*. Hamburg. Wegner. 1947. 233 pp.—Her prison experiences; conviction that only spiritual regeneration can prevent brutality.

German Public Questions

✧ Karl Barth. *Zur Genesung des deutschen Wesens*. Stuttgart. Mittelbach. 1945. 112 pp.—Recovery based on acknowledgment of responsibility.

✧ *Die Neutralität Deutschlands und der Friede*. Heidelberg. Schneider. 1947. 110 pp.—Minutes of a meeting dealing with "denazification" and concept of Germany's geographic position.

✧ Fritz Strich. *Der Dichter und die Zeit*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 395 pp. \$5.25 u.s.—The writer's obligation to be a leader.

German Philosophy and Religion

✧ Karl Barth. *Die evangelische Kirche in Deutschland nach dem Zusammenbruch des Dritten Reiches*. Stuttgart. Mittelbach. 1946. 47 pp.—Problems which the Protestant church must solve.

✧ Otto Dibelius. *Ruf zum Gebet*. Berlin. Wichern. 1947. 39 pp.—The Bishop of Berlin warns that the only solution for the world's miseries is prayer.

✧ Karl Jaspers. *Nietzsche und das Christentum*. Hameln. Seifert. n.d. 87 pp.—Nietzsche's attack on Christianity defeats itself.

✧ Otto Regenbogen. *Humanismus—heute?* Heidelberg. Kerle. 1947. 30 pp.—Classical culture aids man, born an animal, to achieve humanity.

German Literature

✧ *Deutsches Dante - Jahrbuch*. Vol. XXVI (New Series XVII). Weimar. Böhlau. 1946. 219 pp.—Resumed after

a hiatus of 3 years.

✎ Franz Hammer, ed. *Die Perlen-schnur*. Weimar. Werden & Wirken. 1947. Each vol. 30 pp. 75 pf.—A series of reprints. To date: Leonhard Frank's *Der Vater*; Heinrich Mann's *Geist und Tat*, Voltaire, Goethe; Karl Liebknecht's letters to his son.

✎ Wolfgang Kayser. *Kleine deutsche Versschule*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 115 pp.—An elementary treatise by a professor in the University of Lisbon.

✎ Otto Oberholzer. *Richard Beer-Hofmann. Werk und Weltbild des Dichters*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 272 pp. 18 Sw. fr.—The significance of his art lies in its symbolism.

✎ G. van den Bergh. *Der Pessimismus bei Thomas Hardy, George Crabbe, und Jonathan Swift*. Menziken. Kolumbus. 1945. 247 pp.—Swift says man is bad, Crabbe thinks he is weak, Hardy thinks he is unfortunate.

✎ Wilhelm Zentner. *Gastfreundliches München*. München. Desch. 1947. 263 pp.—Anthology showing that 18th and 19th century Munich was a hospitable culture center.

German Fiction

✎ Ludwig Aurbacher. *Die Geschichte von den sieben Schwaben*. Basel. Amerbäch. 1947. 94 pp.—The quaint classic illustrated by Ludwig Fellner and Moritz von Schwind.

✎ Walter Bauer. *Die grössere Welt*. München. Desch. 1946. 236 pp., ill.—Episodes from the lives of Michelangelo, Goethe, Rembrandt, Pestalozzi, Goya, Hebbel, et al.

✎ Franz Theodor Csokor. *Der verlorene Sohn*. Wien. Ullstein. 1947. 93 pp.—Fratricidal strife on a Dalmatian island in the last war.

✎ Lion Feuchtwanger. *Waffen für Amerika*. Vol. I. Amsterdam. Querido. 1947. 460 pp. \$4.25 u.s.—France to the aid of the rebellious American colonies. Introduces Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, Beaumarchais, et al.

✎ Franz Kafka. *Parables*. New York.

Schocken. 1947. 127 pp. \$1.50.—Culled from various works of Kafka. In English and German.

✎ *Lazarillo von Tormes*. Urs Usenbenz, ed. Bern-Bümpliz. Züst. 1946. 208 pp. 9.40 Sw. fr.—A free rendering of the 16th century Spanish classic.

✎ Anton Schnack. *Die Angel des Robinson*. München. Desch. 1946. 288 pp.—Short sketches, largely autobiographical.

✎ J. F. Vuilleumier. *Die vom Berg*. Zürich. Gildenbibliothek der Schweizer Autoren. 1947. 296 pp.—Quarreling Swiss peasants in an austere mountain setting.

✎ Ernst Wiechert. *Ali der Bestmann*. Tobias. 83 pp. \$1.10 u.s.—*Der silberne Wagen*. 245 pp. \$3.50 u.s. Zürich. Arche. 1948.—Thoughtful short stories.

✎ Ernst Wiechert. *Die Gebärde*. Zürich. Arche. 1947. 47 pp. \$0.75 u.s.—Two little sketches with the motto: "Liebet euch untereinander."

✎ Ernst Zahn. *Der Zurmühlen-Kari*. Zürich. Rascher. 1946. 192 pp. \$3.50 u.s.—Love and generous renunciation in a Swiss mountain village.

German Verse

✎ Johannes R. Becher. *Heimkehr*. 166 pp. 4.50 mk.—*Dichtung aus der Zeit der Verbannung*. 282 pp. 5.40 mk. Berlin. Aufbau.—By Germany's outstanding lyric poet.

✎ Ulrich Becher. *Reise zum blauen Tag*. St. Gallen. Volksstimme. 1946. 80 pp.—Vigorous poems written in the war years.

✎ Albrecht Haushofer. *Moabiter Sonnette*. Berlin. Blanvalet. 1946. 89 pp.—79 philosophical sonnets written in the Moabit jail while the poet-patriot was awaiting execution.

✎ Horst Lommer. *Das tausendjährige Reich*. Berlin. Aufbau. 1946. 94 pp.—Mostly political satire.

✎ Christian Morgenstern. *Galgenlieder*. Zürich. Rascher. 1946. 87 pp.—60 masterpieces of the King of modern *Galgenlieddichter*.

✎ Nikolaus Zrinyi. *Der Fall von Sziget*.

Budapest. Officina. 1944. 255 pp.—Translated by Arpad Guilleaume, introduction by Arpad Markó.

German Art

- ✧ Ludwig Curtius. *Interpretationen von sechs griechischen Bildwerken*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 121 pp. + 10 plates. 8.80 Sw. fr.—Considers each in relation to the culture of its period.
- ✧ Hans Demel. *Aegyptische Kunst*. Wien. Wolfrum. 1947. 29 pp. + 40 plates.—In Vienna museum.
- ✧ Rudolf Hoffmann, ed. *Holzschnitte von Emil Nolde*. Bremen. Hertz. 1947. 5 pp. + 20 plates.—A leader of German expressionism. Reproductions of his work, analysis of his essential qualities.

German Miscellaneous

- ✧ Victor Klemperer. *Notizbuch eines Philologen*. Berlin. Aufbau. 1946. 300 pp.—Barbarization of the German language under Goebbels and Hitler.
- ✧ Rudolf G. Binding. *Reitvorschrift für eine Geliebte*. Zurich. Arche. 1948. 64 pp. \$1.90 u.s.—These discreet little riding lessons for the author's lady love are presumably lessons in living.
- ✧ R. M. Rilke. *Briefe*. Zürich. Classen. 1947. 96 pp. \$1.50 u.s.—Letters to S. Fischer and Frau Fischer.

Czech Miscellaneous

- ✧ Jaroslav Kunc. *Slovník Soudobých Českých Spisovatelů*. 2 vols. Praha. Orbis. 1946. 1,020 pp.—*Who's Who* of Czech letters, 1918-43.
- ✧ Mokmír Otruba. *Vesel-Messe*. Mladá Boleslav. Severočeská odbočka Umělecké Besedy. 1948. 128 pp. 58 Kč.—Puckish short sketches.
- ✧ Václav Rezáč. *Cerné Světo*. Praha. Práce. 1947. 253 pp. 115 Kč.—Psychological study of a "human spider."

Danish Miscellaneous

- ✧ Hans Brix. *Nis Petersen. Liv og digt*. København. Gyldendal. 1947. 290 pp. + 17 plates + 3 fac. 20 kr.—His work; his life, and the women in it; some cor-

respondence.

- ✧ H. C. Andersen. *Romerske dagbøger*. Paul V. Robow & H. Topsøe-Jensen, eds. København. Gyldendal. 1947. 177 pp. + map. 13.50 kr.—Covers 1833-1861. Index of places. Register of persons.
- ✧ Ejlf Jørgensen. *Vejene Synger*. København. Gyldendal. 1947. 244 pp. 12.75 kr.—Historical novel—"mighty hymn in praise of Jutland."

Dutch Miscellaneous

- ✧ Henry J. Van Andel, ed. *Nederlandse bloemlezing*. Grand Rapids. Eerdmans. 1948. 288 pp. \$3.50.—Old and modern poetic gems; historical and religious selections. Topical arrangement.
- ✧ P. J. Risseuw. *Landverhuizers*. 2 vols. Baarn. Bosch & Keuning. 1947. 12.50 g.—Novel on the Dutch group emigration to the United States in 1847 and following years.
- ✧ Jan Poortenaar & W. Ph. Coolhaas, eds. *Onder Palmen en Waringins. Geest en Godsdiens van Insulinde*. Naarden. In den Toren. 1947. 320 pp., ill. 25 g.—Papers by 12 specialists on Indonesian culture.

English History, Biography, Memoirs

- ✧ *The Case of Archbishop Stepinac*. Washington. Embassy of the Federal Peoples Republic of Yugoslavia. 1947. 96 pp.—That the U. S. may know that his conviction was due to political crimes, not religious persecution.
- ✧ Grigore Gafencu. *Last Days of Europe*. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1948. viii + 239 pp. + 12 plates. \$3.50.—An able diplomat reports his 1939 interviews with Europe's leaders.
- ✧ Hanna Hafkesbrink. *Unknown Germany. An Inner Chronicle of the First World War*. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1948. xiv + 164 pp. \$2.50.—Traces German reaction, from early enthusiasm to final disillusion.
- ✧ Myra Cadwalader Hole. *Bartolomé Miire: A Poet in Action*. New York.

Hispanic Institute. 1947. 206 pp. \$2.80.—Judgments based chiefly on his poetry, histories, and orations.

✧ Gertrude R. Jasper. *Adventure in the Theatre*. New Brunswick, N. J. Rutgers University Press. 1947. xv + 355 pp. \$4.50.—Lugné-Poe and the Théâtre de L'Oeuvre, champion of symbolism, to 1899.

✧ A. Ramos Oliveira. *Politics, Economics and Men of Modern Spain, 1808-1946*. London. Gollancz. 1946 (New York. Crown. 1948). 720 pp. + map. \$4.—130 years of civil war in Spain down to modern industrial, social, and financial problems.

✧ Alfred Weber. *Farewell to European History*. R. F. C. Hull, tr. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1948. xx + 204 pp. \$3.75.—Europe's history was an interplay of conquest, and its future will do no more than play a part in a greater unit.

English Philosophy

✧ Theos Bernard. *Hindu Philosophy*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. xi + 207 pp. \$3.75.—The essence of the six classic systems plus one other, all based on concept of Ultimate Reality.

✧ Kahlil Gibran. *Secrets of the Heart*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. xvi + 339 pp. \$4.75.—Ancient wisdom to cure society's gaping wounds.

English Literature

✧ Van Meter Ames. *André Gide*. New York. New Directions. 1947. 302 pp. \$2.—Personal life, conflict between two faiths, the relation of science and art.

✧ Albert Guerard, Jr. *Direction. I: Joseph Conrad*. New York. New Directions. 1947. 92 pp. \$1.50.—First number of a quarterly each issue of which will be devoted to the work of a single writer or theme.

English Fiction

✧ Louis-Ferdinand Céline. *Death on the Installment Plan*. John H. P. Marks, tr. New York. New Directions. n.d. (Little, Brown. 1938). xi + 593 pp.

\$3.75.—Modern Rabelaisian novel with autobiographical basis.

✧ François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire. *Candide or Optimism*. Norman L. Torrey, ed. New York. Crofts. 1946. x + 117 pp. \$0.30.—Voltaire's satiric answer to the "whatever is, is right" philosophy.

English Theater

✧ Ada M. Coe. *Entertainments in the Little Theatres of Madrid 1759-1819*. New York. Hispanic Institute. 1947. 144 pp. + map. \$2.75.—From the announcements in *El Diario*. Trends of public interest.

✧ *The Masque. Designs for the Theatre by Rex Whistler*. 2 parts. London. Curtains. 1947. 20 & 29 pp. 2 s. ea.—Illustrations (16 in color and 17 sepia) of his stage *décors*. Notes by his brother Laurence Whistler, Cecil Beaton, and James Laver.

English Miscellaneous

✧ Francisco Espallat de la Mota. *The Superstate*. New York. Hobson Press. 1947. ix + 33 pp. \$0.75.—Translation and analysis by Frank Gaynor of a significant plan for peace.

✧ Giacomo Leopardi. *Poems*. John Heath-Stubbs, tr. London. Lehmann (New York. New Directions). 1947. 71 pp. \$3.—Translation preserves rhythm but not rime.

✧ *The International Who's Who*. London. Europa. 12th ed., 1948. xx + 1,032 2-col. pp. 4to. \$16.—Brief data on education, honors, professional career, publications.

Hungarian Miscellaneous

✧ Fenyő Miksa. *Az elsodort ország*. Budapest. Révai. 1946. 637 pp.—Budapest's agony between the German occupation and the Russian siege.

✧ Géza Képes. *A Sziget Enekel*. Budapest. Parnasszus. 1947. 151 pp.—Translations from a large number of English poets, accompanying the English originals.

Italian History and Memoirs

✱ Curzio Malaparte. *Il sole è cieco*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 184 pp. + 31 plates. 350 l.—The Alpine phase of the war.

✱ Michael A. Musmanno. *La guerra non l'ho voluta io*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 418 pp. 350 l.—Pennsylvania judge asks justice for Italy, relates experiences as U. S. Marine Commander there during war.

Italian Fiction

✱ Tommaso Landolfi. *Racconto d'autunno*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 182 pp. 300 l.—A silent, dust-filled house, an old man, and a woman's picture that becomes a presence.

✱ Vasco Pratolini. *Cronache di poveri amanti*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1946. 557 pp. 600 l.—Depicts the lives of the poor among whom this Florentine lived.

Italian Verse

✱ Margherita Guidacci. *La sabbia e l'angelo*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1946. 58 pp. 100 l.—“Dust to dust” and “bright angel of Death.”

✱ Vittorio Sereni. *Diario d'Algeria*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 48 pp. 100 l.—Verses from a concentration camp.

Italian Miscellaneous

✱ Leone Vivante. *La poesia inglese ed il suo contributo alla conoscenza dello spirito*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 542 pp. 650 l.—Essays on Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and 13 others.

✱ Vasco Pratolini. *Cronaca familiare*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 181 pp. 180 l.—Addressed to a dead brother.

Portuguese Miscellaneous

✱ Nuno Fidelino de Figueiredo. *O problema da energia atômica*. Lisboa. Cosmos. 1947. 153 pp. 7\$50.—Anglo-American, Russian, Australian proposals; comments of scientists.

✱ Nuno Fidelino de Figueiredo. *O sistema de segurança colectiva*. Lisboa. Cosmos. 1947. 127 pp. 7\$50.—Includes Atlantic Charter, U. N. Charter, statutes

of World Court.

✱ Narciso de Azevedo. *A arte literária na Idade Média*. Porto. Figueirinhas. 1947. 250 pp.—By a literary historian who is also a poet and a playwright.

✱ Monteiro Lobato. *Urupês, outros contos e coisas*. São Paulo. Companhia Editora Nacional. 1945. 663 pp.—Second edition of an omnibus volume: short stories, fables, reviews, essays.

✱ Samuel Putnam. *Adeus ao Brasil*. São Paulo. Departamento Estadual de Informações. 1947. 31 pp.—Farewell tribute of Oct. 1946; declaration of faith in the U. S. A. and Brazil.

Russian Miscellaneous

✱ Konstantin Paustovsky. *Dalekie Godi*. Moskva. Detgiz. 1946. 322 pp.—Memoirs of a youth in the Ukraine.

✱ Vera Inber. *Stikhi*. Moskva. Detgiz. 1947. 46 pp.—Ilia Selvinsky. *Krim, Kavkaz, Kuban*. Moskva-Leningrad. Sovetsky Pisatel. 1947. 224 pp.—Verses, largely juvenile, by a famous woman poet, and war-poems by a veteran.

✱ *Hugo's Pocket Dictionary. Russian-English with Imitated Pronunciation. English-Russian*. Philadelphia. McKay. 1947. xiv + 657 pp.—Vocabulary for everyday use.

Swedish Miscellaneous

✱ Thure Nyman. *Gavarni: sedernas skildrare*. Stockholm. Wahlström & Widstrand. 1947. 190 pp., ill. 17.50 kr.—Life and work of the mid-nineteenth century French caricaturist.

✱ Hugo Kamras. *Poeter på hästryggen*. Stockholm. Geber. 1947. 175 pp. 8 kr.—Horses in literature.

✱ *Lyrisk tidsspegel*. Lund. Gleerup. 1947. 256 pp. 7.50 kr.—Analyses of standard Swedish poems, by Carl-Erik af Geijerstam, Erik Hörnström, Gunnar Svanfeldt, Gunnar Tideström.

✱ Nils Palmborg. *Bidrag till en förteckning över Esaias Tegnér's bevarade manuskript*. Lund. Gleerup. 1946. 162 pp.—A census of Tegnér mss., most of which are in the University of Lund library.

✠ Thorsten Jonsson. *Konvoj*. Stockholm. Bonnier. 1947. 266 pp. 9 kr.—Occurrences on an Atlantic liner, crossing during the war.

✠ Sven Stolpe. *Lätt, snabb och öm*. Stockholm. Bonnier. 1947. 316 pp. 10 kr.—What went on in the soul of a man dying of a cancer.

Unclassified

✠ Väinö Linna. *Päämäärä*. Helsinki. Söderström. 1947. 200 mk.—Promising novel of working class life, by a 26-year-old factory worker.

✠ *Pamięci Cypriana Norwida*. War-

szawa. National Museum. 1947. 177 pp., ill.—Issued on the 125th anniversary of the poet's birth. Criticism, biography, bibliography, reproductions of paintings by Norwid.

✠ Nahum N. Glatzer, ed. *Language of Faith*. New York. Schocken. 1947. 128 pp. \$1.50.—Short, individual prayers and some from the liturgy. Originals *en face*.

✠ *Oriens antiquus*. Budapest. Hungarian Oriental Society. 1945. 173 pp.—Articles in French, German, and English on Egyptian, Greek, and Roman cultures.

In *The American Slavic and East European Review* for May 1947, an article by Joseph Remenyi, on *Three Twentieth Century Hungarian Poets: Margit Kaffka* (1880-1919), *Arpád Toth* (1886-1928), *Gyula Illyés*, (1902-).

"The Montuvian (Ecuadorian of the interior near the coast) could not live without rice. He has the saying:

With rice I have enough
even if there is no God."

—Alfredo Pareja Díez-Canseco, in *Panorama*, Washington, D. C.

The Vienna theater magazine *Komödie* reports that three posthumous plays by Gerhart Hauptmann are to be staged in Germany. They are *Agamemnon's Tod*, *Elektra*, and *Engelmann*, a continuation of *Die Ratten*.

"... the oldest printed book in the Library [of Congress] is a Chinese scroll of 975 A.D. In 1925 it was discovered in the foundation of Thunder Peak Pagoda, when it fell at Hangchow, after standing since 975.—The largest encyclopedia ever compiled by man is a Chinese encyclopedia, *Ku Chin T'u Shu Chi Ch'eng*, comprising 11,095 large volumes. It was produced in the years 1403 to 1408 A.D. The table of contents alone covers 60 volumes. Too vast to print, it was written out by hand, a total of 2,169 persons working on it. Now only some

370 volumes are known to exist, and of these 41 are in the Library of Congress. One volume of this work, known as the *Yung Lo Ta Tien*, is now on display on the fifth floor of the Annex."

The *Bulletin of the A.A.T.S.E.E.L.* (Columbia University) for December 15, 1947, carries an alphabetized list of United States colleges in which Russian is offered (140 in number), with names of teachers, also a list of college teachers of Polish in this country (25).

Scriptorium is a newly founded "International Review of Manuscript Studies" published twice a year by the Section of Manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique, Rue du Musée 5, Bruxelles. The editors are F. Lyna, C. Gaspar, and F. Masai, of the Library staff.

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CONCERNING CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

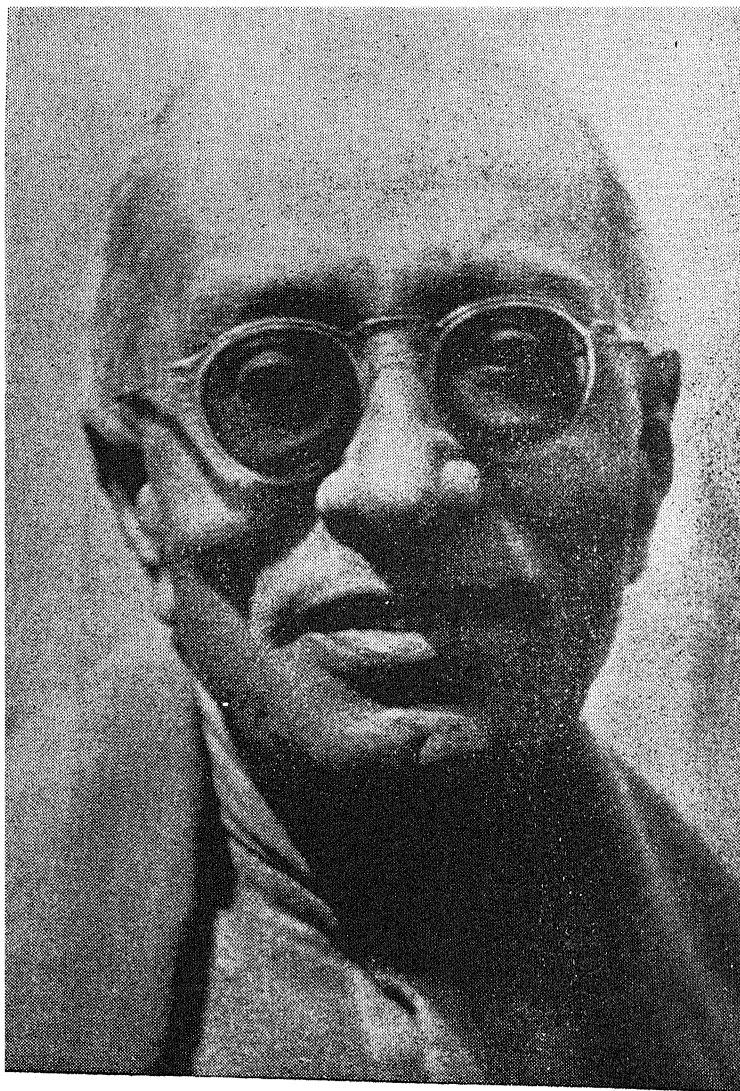
LION FEUCHTWANGER (*Notes on the Historical Novel*), popular German historical novelist and playwright, is now living in California. His *Proud Destiny* was published last year in English by the Viking Press.

BODO UHSE (*The Exile Writer Turns Publisher*), German novelist, journalist, and publisher, tells in this article how effectively he fought Nazism from Mexico. His celebrated novel *Lieutenant Bertram* was published in 1943 in German by El Libro Libre in Mexico City and the following year in English by Simon & Schuster.

HERMAN SALINGER (*Confessions of a Translator*), poet and scholar, is Professor of German in Grinnell College.

REGINALD FOSTER FRENCH (*Bread and Books in Italy*), of Amherst College, returned recently from a stay in Italy.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN (*The "Literary Underground" in Germany*), of Stanford University and the *Books Abroad* staff, writes here of a matter on which he has accumulated a vast store of information.



MR. CHAKRAVARTY RAJAGOPALACHARI

First Indian Governor General

Popular writer in Tamil and English

(Courtesy Government of India Information Service, Washington, D.C.)

BOOKS ABROAD



Notes on the Historical Novel

BY LION FEUCHTWANGER

I. "TO PRESERVE THE FIRE, NOT THE ASHES"

FREQUENTLY, conscientious readers write to me to inquire whether one or the other detail in my historical novels is "correct." Usually it isn't, and that is what I tell the curious ones.

I am not in the least ashamed of those lies. I think of Mark Twain, who gave the young Rudyard Kipling the following advice: "Young man, first get your facts, then distort them as you please."

In thus preferring lies that help build up illusion to truths that disturb it, I can quote some illustrious examples. Homer, the authors of the Bible, Shakespeare, and all writers of great historical fiction, down to our own time—they all took quite astonishing liberties with the documented historical facts.

Why did those poets lie? It wasn't that they were too lazy to find out the "exact truth." In many cases it can be quite conclusively established that they were very well aware of this "exact truth." But evidently they had no intention of competing with the reporters of documented facts—that type of work did not concern them. Aristotle, who reflected on this attitude of the poets, came to the following conclusion: "The artistic representation of history is a more serious pursuit than the exact writing of history. For the art of letters goes to the heart of things, whereas the factual report merely collocates details."

The writers of great historical novels made use of history merely to express their own concept of the world. They attempted to "distinguish

what was accidental and transitory in the nature of historical characters from what was essential and immutable." The latter they tried to preserve, while they altered the former at will. What they wanted to take over from the past was the fire, not the ashes. The past, to them, was the foundation of the present. They wanted to create something alive, to beget life itself.

Their success proves them right. Their books, their invented legends, epics, dramas, and novels; their imaginary men and deeds, have proved more alive than all the proved and painstakingly established facts of historical science. The imaginary Odysseus is more alive than any historical chieftain or sea captain of any actual Greek island. The imaginary Haman from the short story called *The Book of Esther* is more alive than his historical model, the very real King Antiochus. And of all the heroes of history who ever fought for liberty, there is none so alive as the completely imaginary Swiss, William Tell. A fine legend or historical novel is usually more credible, truer, more alive, and more vital than any clear, exact representation of historical facts.

One thing the serious writer of historical novels and the serious student of history have in common: both see history as the struggle of a tiny, enlightened, and responsible minority against the vast, compact majority of the blind and irresponsible, who are guided merely by instinct.

To depict earlier episodes of this eternal struggle is the purpose of textbooks of history as well as historical fiction. But the poet is superior to the scientist. He can turn the bitterness of past defeat, the elation of past victories, into present-day experiences. And thus he forges arms to speed up the final victory of reason over stupidity and the eternal yesterday.

II

SOME STATISTICS

From the theoretical works on the historical novel written by such learned authors as Nield, Sheppard, and others, it follows that approximately 25,000 historical novels have been published in the course of the last 100 years. The vast majority of these works—my estimate is 24,930—endeavor to relate historical facts just as brightly and excitingly as possible. (The best known example of this type is *The Three Musketeers* by Alexandre Dumas.) If the ambition of the authors of this kind of novel is high, they try to concoct out of the features of a historical figure a thing that has some resemblance to a human being.

Of the 24,930 works mentioned, about 2,000 were temporarily successful, while about 300 continued popular over a longer period. They achieved their success just by the use of suspense and color, in some cases by adding a touch of patriotism, of feeling for blood and soil.

During those same 100 years, also about 70 historical novels were written which were meant to serve a higher purpose: to give meaning to history; to present contemporary ideas and feelings more sharply and more clearly by moving them into the distance, into the past; to give the reader a clear, concise picture of the author's own view of the world. The greatest example of this type is Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. To be exact, I have come across only 63 such novels, but I may have missed about 7. Of these 63 or 70 works, 9 were successful. These 9 novels of the second, serious variety owed their success to the fact that the readers believed them to be examples of the colorful kind.

As for myself, I have been endeavoring to write historical novels for 27 years. Within that time I have managed to complete 7 such books. I am now going to give away a secret: My intention was to produce serious art. Nevertheless, one of my 7 novels undoubtedly belongs to the common type of historical novel. Consequently it is always being highly praised, held up as a shining example in most textbooks. To finish this entertaining work, including research, required 7 months. The other 6 works, as has been shown, took me something more than 26 years. Fortunately, the public mistook these 6 novels, too, for examples of the first, common type; and therefore, all in all, these historical novels of mine have also been fairly successful.—*Pacific Palisades, California.*

"Today, (Arthur) Schnitzler is Austria's Poet No. 1. His plays are again part and parcel of the repertory of Viennese theaters, magazines reprint his shorter stories, and articles about him appear regularly in the literary magazines. . . . Schnitzler loved Austria and was a faithful Austrian, although he saw and criticized the faults and shortcomings gnawing at Austria's brittle surface. . . . Schnitzler was throughout his long life a fighting liberal who boldly stood up, whenever this was necessary, to defend with his powerful pen the rights of the underdog. It is writers of this kind—and not pseudo-Nazis, ex-Nazis, or clerico-Fascists—that the new Austria needs on its long road toward full re-

construction and recuperation."—Alfred Werner, in *The American Hebrew*.

The remains of Teresa de la Parra, who has been called "the loftiest and most delicate feminine spirit in Venezuelan literature of all times," will be brought back from Madrid, where she died in October 1935, to her native Caracas which is so proud of her. She is the author of *Ifigenia* and *Memorias de Mamá Blanca*. The first of these novels, which was awarded the prize in the *Concurso de Novelistas Hispanoamericanos* for 1924, depicts a society in the process of evolution, a Caracas disappearing in the dust of memories. (From *Hoy*, Caracas, Aug. 20, 1947).

The Exile Writer Turns Publisher

BY BODO UHSE

THE attitude of a writer toward his books depends on his personal traits and on circumstances. There are many who look with pride upon the well-bound vehicles of their ideas. But there are equally as many who are utterly indifferent to the form in which their writing is presented to the public.

When my first book was about to appear, Joseph Roth, the author of *Radetzkymarsch*, told me how excited I would be. "You don't really feel like a writer till your first book comes out. None of your books published after that will ever mean the same thing to you."

But in my case he was wrong. When my first book finally appeared, I already knew that it was not good. Besides, it was badly presented. There was a serious misprint which mutilated the last sentence, the finale I had worked and sweated over with great pain. I did not like the binding or the print. I was dissatisfied with the title (the publisher had insisted on my altering the one I had first planned to use) and finally, the fly-leaf turned out to be a complete disaster. It had been done by a friend of mine, John Heartfield, an excellent craftsman in the art of photomontage. Unfortunately he had done too well. The complicated design, with various colors melting into one another, came out very badly in print, because my publisher had given the job to a small, inadequate publishing house. The book was published while I was in exile in Paris.

Living, working, and publishing in exile—these are very special experiences for a writer. What they have meant in general, as far as the German-speaking Emigration was concerned, has been excellently described in a short but complete history of German literature in exile by F. C. Weiskopf (*Unter fremden Himmeln*. Berlin. Dietz. 1947). His book is an astonishingly detailed survey of the various influences to which the exiled writers were subjected.

In many cases writers became editors and publishers, as for instance in the United States and in Mexico (Aurora-Press, New York; El Libro Libre, Mexico). I shall never forget the busy industry in my Mexican terrace apartment as we started to publish a German monthly magazine: Anna Seghers and her children folding the magazines, Egon Erwin

Kisch and his wife putting them into envelopes, Ludwig Renn and I writing the addresses, other contributors attaching the stamps and carrying the magazines to the post office.

This primitive way of managing our magazine, forced on us by lack of money, was a burden to all of us. But it was fun, too, and it had many advantages. Our being constantly together, discussing and carrying through all the practical tasks, created a special *esprit de corps*. It gave us an opportunity for long and fruitful discussions on the content of our magazine, on every article, poem, or story we published. We studied the difficulties before us and got close enough to each other to put forward openly the problems which each of us encountered in his special field of work. We became more tolerant toward each other and more critical of ourselves. In a six-week discussion of thesis and counter-thesis, we developed a whole theory of the contemporary novel, and each of the writers who took part in it did so with benefit to his own work.

Contributors, editorial board, publishers, and administrators were the same persons and switched from one rôle to the other with more or less ease. It helped some of them to overcome those egocentric traits which all too easily develop in writers under the conditions prevailing in our kind of society.

I cannot deny that with each new appearance of our magazine I felt pride even though my contribution had consisted largely in proof-reading, making up the pages, or, worst of all, "dividing syllables." As our linotypists were Mexicans, they could type all right from the manuscripts, but how in Heaven should they know where to divide those strange words so burdened with consonants?

Publishing our magazine gave us a purpose and at the same time gave us a stronger foothold in the country we were living in. We got a closer view of the people whose hospitality we gratefully enjoyed, of their customs and their social conditions.

We encountered a special and at the beginning rather vexing problem in the questions of the linotypes. The small printing shops we favored had no machines of their own. But they were in connection with some linotypist, often an elderly man who after years of work had got together enough money to buy himself a linotype machine, usually a wretched old thing as overworked as its owner and constantly in need of repair. He would normally put up his shop in some hole in the wall, in which he worked perhaps with two assistants in three shifts, so that the machine never stood still. (How could he otherwise pay the install-

ments or repay the money he had been forced to borrow to own the machine?)

Generally it turned out that these linotypists had their little shops at the other end of town from our printers; there we went with our manuscripts. From there we dragged the composition—a heavy load—to our printer to get the proofs. With the corrected proofs we rushed back to the linotype to wait for the corrections which had to be rushed over to the printer again. We were exhausted and exasperated when the same game, only with greater speed, had to be repeated with the revised proofs. With the magazine finished we had to carry the lead back to the linotypist, who carefully weighed it; and if the weight was not right, which all too often was the case since lead was scarce during the war, we had to pay the difference.

This way of bringing out an industrial product is certainly not typical for all Mexico's industries, which are developing by leaps and bounds; but it is representative for a certain stratum of Mexico's economy, which is bound to improve shortly.

When we began publishing books later we were already old hands at the business, especially at meeting the two main problems of exile literature: the lack of funds and the various difficulties of publishing in a language which was foreign to everybody who had to deal technically with the books. Our first publications, Egon Erwin Kisch's *Sensation Fair* and Anna Seghers' *The Seventh Cross*, were put out on a subscription basis. We made up the rest of what we needed by giving lectures in German, English, and Spanish. By discounting the fact that a writer, too, has to live, and by not paying him, the incoming money enabled us to put out more books. In spite of the many risks, our publishing business succeeded, and toward the end it even paid the writers in a modest way.

The writer in exile depended mostly on the translations of his books, and it was not unusual for the translations to be published long before the originals; moreover, they generally reached a much wider audience. They gave not only material help to the writers, but intellectual satisfaction too. Yet the translations, well done as they might be—and there are cases in which books are improved by transmutation into another language—naturally cannot give the writer the same satisfaction as the published original does. And this despite his having learned to look at books soberly and objectively as result of his experience as a part-time publisher.

What sometimes accentuated this attitude of natural preference for the original was the usual method of reviewing books on this continent with excessive emphasis on the factual part of the story at the expense

of the evaluation of the theme behind the narrative. And then of course translations did not facilitate the true appreciation of the style, the writer's special, personal medium. These were the reasons why the writers looked with more loving eyes at their German editions, even though they were clumsily done and appeared in small quantities.

This could not be otherwise, since the public consisted generally of German and Austrian refugees. A remarkable change occurred, however, while the war drove on. Even our publishing house had to enlarge its editions, when a new audience appeared on the market and the orders from the various prison camps began to come in.

By now, most of the books which were printed in exile in editions of from one to three thousand copies have found their revival in Germany with new editions which in many cases have reached and passed the hundred thousand mark. The work in exile was not done in vain.—*Tacubaya, Mexico.*



An Italian company is filming Paul Claudel's religious drama *L'annonce faite à Marie*.

According to Professor E. B. Ham of the University of Michigan, as quoted in *Le Travailleur* of Worcester, Massachusetts, the University of Michigan library has approximately 4,000 French-Canadian books, an unusually large number for a university in the United States.

The Florence magazine *Letteratura* for March-April 1947 carries a translation of Ernst Toller's *Hinkemann* accompanied by an article on *Il destino di Ernst Toller*, by Vito Pandolfi. Toller, we learn, has received little attention in Italy.

Steinbeck, on his way to the U.S.S.R. on an assignment for the *New York Herald Tribune*, was interviewed in Paris by a reporter from *Les Lettres françaises* whom he impressed as being quite like his writing: alive, vibrant. Also she thought him very tall, very big, very strong, very—everything. He expressed regret that so few French authors are translated in the United States.

Concerning the struggle between liberalism and reaction, he thought the reactionary attack beneficial because it unmasks the danger and reorganizes the forces of progress, which is achieved only through struggle.

Romain Rolland was very absent-minded, which did not disturb his conviction that a writer must be observant. One day he was arguing this theory vehemently with a believer in pure imagination whom he took to lunch at his favorite restaurant. As soon as they entered, his companion was struck with the startling aspect of the place, the counter in ruins, walls smoky, room deserted and bare of furniture except a table at which Romain Rolland sat down as he continued his discourse.

"No, it's impossible. If you aren't observant, my dear fellow, you will never be a writer. . . . Waiter! . . . Waiter! . . ."

The waiter came in, surprised and protesting.

"But, Monsieur Rolland, I can't serve you today!"

"And why not, pray?"

"Why can't you see, Monsieur Rolland? The restaurant was hit by a bomb yesterday."—From *Recueil*, Quebec.

Confessions of a Translator

BY HERMAN SALINGER

Haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.—
Cicero : Pro Archia, 7.

LAST NIGHT being one of those bright and windy nights when not air alone but light itself seems to blow through the open window, I lay awake—so long, in fact, that the desire for sleep was lost. There are several such nights in a year. As after prolonged fasting, the appetite vanishes; a clarity and lightness take hold of the mind. The mind itself feels swept clean to its outermost corners. But this is illusion. Some shred, unseen at first, clings like a cobweb. On such nights as this, if I am lucky enough to remember, I think of Cicero's words. Rather, I begin by thinking of them or else end so. He is speaking of the *study* of literature, but its *production* might be included, for Archias was a poet as well as a teacher—and it is always a consolation when the mind, fumbling in the dark, strikes "pernoctant nobiscum": the reassuring idea that literature and our literary studies spend the nights with us. And the realization that they behaved thus obligingly even twenty centuries ago.

On the morning after such a night, the memory of Miss Choate is quite in order. Didn't she provide the first introduction to Cicero's words (and ideas)? And wasn't Cicero, after all, speaking in defense of his old teacher? And was it not little Miss Choate who, from the majesty of her sub-Napoleonic stature, simultaneously pointed the pathway to Parnassus and introduced us to the gentle art of translation? Not that she viewed it as such; rather was it a stern science and a strict discipline. But that was only on the face of things. After school hours I used to see her trotting home, her swift, mincing steps clicking along the corridor, the silken swish of her long, old-fashioned skirts waving the dusk aside as she left the building, a faded green Harvard bag, heavy with books and almost as big as Miss Choate, bobbing from her wrist as she walked through the gathering darkness of midwestern exile: a true daughter of Massachusetts.

But surely, besides the wish to teach us that every day had its appointed task and that it must be done painstakingly, literally, accurately, and completely (adjective forms, for instance, were to be given in full,

"for I *wun't* take *a-um's!*" she used to say), there was something else behind her frown. To be sure, accuracy came first, and for learning it one should be eternally grateful, if he harbor any ambition to practice the translator's art. But there was fun, too, to be found in a translation, and the tight owlish mouth could twitch into a quick smile and those bright eyes, as blue as the Atlantic, glitter with humor, as they did that day during the First Catalinian Oration when Miss Choate took over one sentence herself, where Cicero speaks of almost being murdered on his couch of rest: *me in meo lectulo interfecturos esse pollicerentur*. From her full four feet four and with a cutthroat gesture the little lady dramatically proclaimed: "They vowed to kill me in my little bed!"

True wit is a rare quality in translations. The run-of-the-mill translation may lack not merely the verve and fire but even the faintest warmth of the original. Because of this sad fact, it becomes almost axiomatic *not* to look behind oneself to see what has already been done by others or how it has been done. Nor does the wise translator look ahead for rewards. His reward, for example, in translating a poem is measurable to himself alone and is often a deep personal experience. The truly devoted translator is impelled at times almost against his will toward a certain poem or a certain poet, driven by a desire to repeat the original creative act, to re-experience part of the life history of the poem, and thus come closer to its heart. It is doubtless for this reason that poets "in their own right" not infrequently are the best translators of poetry.

Of the translator's skill much could be written. As for my own efforts, I cannot truly say that I have ever attempted anything that seemed very difficult at the time. Later, when I had lost that close contact with the poet, I often wondered how I had preserved even a small fraction of the primal thrill. One reviewer of the most sustained stint of translating I ever attempted, Heinrich Heine's satire *Germany: A Winter's Tale*, actually penetrated the veil of top-secrecy (the job having been done in the off-duty hours of military service). Said he: "The task is not, after all, a very difficult one," and he went on to unravel the secret. All the translator of Heine's barbed quatrains needed to do was to find appropriate end-rhymes for the second and fourth lines, since the rhyme-scheme of ABCB was relatively simple. And yet, in the actual process, I had the illusion of doing more. Perhaps, however, it was the easiness of the task which accounted for the unadulterated fun of the performance, even despite Heine's sadly accurate prophecies a hundred years ago of the Germany that was to come.

Is translation, then, a mere matter of skill and technique? Not en-

tirely. There is, or, better said, there may be a certain philosophy behind the activity. It need not, however, spring full-born from the translator's brow. Personally speaking, I must confess (and the title demands that I do so) that my own work began rather as a compulsion than anything else, and evolved, so to speak, into a viewpoint. This evolution comes of itself the more one works at translation. There is no better way of looking into the wings and behind the scenes of the whole poetic performance; and it must be admitted that the result is sometimes disillusioning. Not often, but occasionally, a translator glimpses the ropes and pulleys, the unlighted bulbs, the wind-and-thunder machines, and comes away a bit undeceived about his idol. What had seemed tragedy turns out to be artifice. In simple terms, the translator now and again discovers the poetic formula: not quite a blueprint but clearly a pattern which at first seems more dead than alive. And then the wonder grows that any poet, by a mere elaboration of this pattern, by a mere manipulation of succeeding sounds and stresses, rhymes and assonances, could succeed in creating the proverbial "thing of beauty." And here not seldom a second miracle occurs: just as naïve admiration had given way to a conscious disappointment when the mechanics showed through, so now a second wave of admiration frequently begins, for the translator realizes that on this humble mechanism, this loom, the stuff of poetry has been woven. What he has really experienced is first, the discovery of pattern with a small *p*, then of form with a large *F*. He has arrived at the realization that pattern is fundamentally alive, not dead, and that form is not an anatomical *fact* but rather a physiological *function* of poetry.

Working with the poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke in particular brings one to many of these realizations. Himself a great translator, his lyric work presents especially trying problems of translation. Unfortunately, among the several who have essayed to translate Rilke into English, few have found the key; and again, unfortunately, some of the better-known translations are not the best. Few have done as well as Ludwig Lewisohn twenty or more years ago with individual lyrics of the *Early Poems*, *Book of Pictures* and *New Poems*, though offering but fragmentary, if typical, samples. Moreover, to be fair, the *Sonnets to Orpheus* in their entirety and the *Duino Elegies* presented quite other problems to quite other translators, who felt compelled to invent a special language to accommodate Rilke's meanings. It is of this solution and more particularly of its re-bounding influence on our own English and American poetry that Karl Shapiro complains in his recent *Essay on Rime*:

For so suggestible is the modern poem
That out of Spender's Rilke comes a style
The English of which is copied in our verse
As a new idiom.

Be this as it may, working with Rilke in the original is, I find, a powerful catalytic in reaching something faintly resembling a philosophy of translation. But not only is this true of Rilke's own poems. It was not until after the war (this is another confession) that I began to learn something of Rilke's approach to translation. As the extensive translator of several older poets (Michelangelo, Louise Labé, Elizabeth Barrett Browning) and most notably of Paul Valéry among his contemporaries, Rilke—*being* Rilke—possessed his own approach and philosophy. It refreshed me to discover that same compulsion, that same thirst of the translator for a comprehension of the foreign poet that I, doubtless to a lesser degree but no less distinctly, had felt: the desire to encompass and possess the poet and his work, not merely to render him (and it) into one's own tongue. The altruistic aim, it seems, comes second: to make the foreign poet accessible to others. And this is necessarily the order of events, for how can he be made so until he has become thoroughly accessible to the translator?

Valéry and Rilke were opposites, admiring in each other precisely those qualities wherein they deviated one from the other: intellectual clarity, on the one hand, intuitive depth on the other. It is nothing short of astonishing that these old contrasting attributes, so often proclaimed as characteristically Gallic and Teutonic respectively, should again be embodied in two figures who were seemingly as "international," as untrammelled by the existence of borders and boundaries as were these two modern poets, true fellow-citizens of creative Europe. If then Rilke felt himself as the interpreter of Valéry, if indeed he felt interpretation to be necessary (for all true translation involves an implied commentary), does it not once again become clear that the function of the translator is a highly vital and vitalizing one in our present-day situation?

To learn to love in others—in other poets, in other cultures—what may be lacking in ourselves and in our culture, as Paul Valéry in and through Rilke confessedly learned to love "things that I did not love directly": this requires for most of us a translator. But the assignment is not an easy one nor the mission always accomplished. Rilke rejected a dozen French translations of his own *Cornet* before he was satisfied. His own ideals of the translator's art were high. Two conditions had to be fulfilled: strict conformity to the original text *and*, at the same time, that

there be a restitution of the "movement of thought," the *élan vivant* of the phrase. As Maurice Betz remarks in his memoirs of Rilke, these are apparently contradictory requirements, but "the whole art of the translator is to reconcile them." Furthermore, if the translation in question happened to be verse, Rilke meant "movement of thought" to include rhythm, rhyme, and the music of the line. How far short of these desiderata most English versions of Rilke fall! Whereas it has been said of Rilke's own translations that through them the verses of Paul Valéry attain a new and greater lyric quality.

Such an effect could arise only out of unusual presuppositions. And if we examine the case of Rilke the translator, we find that there were such presuppositions. Perhaps his way is to be recommended to the originators of an unprecedented upsurge of bilingual editions in which Charles Baudelaire, Franz Werfel, Stefan George, and Rilke himself have greeted the American public. For it has been written of him that his purpose was not primarily that of the mediator between cultures. Rather he faced the work of a fellow poet, conscious of its demands and endeavoring to meet them. It was his own inner development which first led him to a poem or to an entire poet; his translations were consequently a step in his own unfolding: a step to be taken only when he felt inwardly ripe for it. He did not *translate*, he *recast* the originals in German, as he himself said. In the works of fellow poets he encountered the supreme experience of the translator-poet: in them he saw his own experience confirmed. Answers which he had perhaps already found for himself met him in different guise and garb, smithied in the heat of another temperament. And now he could repeat them once more, rephrase them in his own language, testing their truth the while.

Humility should be the lesson. "To become aware," as Carl Georg Heise has written, in a somewhat different connection, "that the speech of everything truly great and beautiful in this world, the speech of noble and genuine humanity, the speech of the pure and strong heart, is eternally the same, easily comprehended, open to all, ennobling and rejoicing, uniting mankind." Words may distort this speech; or words may help to convey it. Somewhere in the ranks of the conveyors, the translator at once humbly and proudly bears his message.—*Grinnell College.*

The city of Buenos Aires emulates Boston in its care for the moral welfare of its reading public. Buenos Aires has recently banned the sale in its precincts of Barbey d'Aureville's *Les diaboliques*,

James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Balzac's *Physiologie du mariage*, Erico Verissimo's *Caminhos cruzados*, Octave Mirbeau's *Roman d'une femme de chambre*, and Kathleen Winsor's *Forever Amber*.

Bread and Books in Italy*

BY REGINALD FOSTER FRENCH

NO ONE could characterize in one phrase the Italian state of mind today; it is a complicated and paradoxical flux. But one element does stand out: the Italians are done with war and its sufferings, they prefer to think of something else. The visitor will be able to view any lush Hollywood hit but will have trouble finding any of the excellent native movies. He will find the booksellers' windows full of foreign stuff from Hemingway to Kafka; but little home production is visible. Even when the native shelf is located it will be mostly of authors who continue the good old antebellum stuff, interesting and well written but untouched by war and hunger. These are the older professionals: Moretti, Bacchelli, Brocchi, Palazzeschi, and to some degree Moravia, all interested in the remoter past as background and in psychological situations that pertain to calmer times. Standing with them on the front shelf are the diarists such as Graziani, Malaparte, Longanesi, who have had to wait for the end of the war for their free catharsis. They are still too near their personal experiences to see them objectively and are little touched by the economic results of the conflict.

However, there is a back shelf of fiction, written since the war and rather negative in character, which studies the psychological effect of hunger and fear. Of such is *La parte difficile* of Del Buono, in which an intellectual, in the light of his experience with the lack of bread and security, finds that his intellectuality was only "rhetoric"; but no new and vital words does he find in replacement. Containing good descriptions of starving (walking on cotton batting) but psychologically less convincing are the moping meanders of Piovene's *Pietà contro pietà*; here the protagonist concludes that we must strip away the false traditional respect (*pietà*!) for institutions and people. Only then can we construct. Piovene does not tell us how. The war, of course, has dissolved false rhetorics and *pietà*, and it is only natural that many writers should feel lost. Their desperate and over-subtle cerebrations seem too complicated to be Italian, however.

Of the more positive writers, three works are noteworthy, each a minor masterpiece. The most apposite to our subject is Vittorini's *Sempione*, which might be called the classic of hunger. In his surrealist world there are few elements, constantly recurring—wild chicory (search for food in the fields) and one poor anchovy that occupies several chapters (hunger vs. hospitality). We are hypnotized into a child-like view of the importance of getting food (of having, for once, potatoes!) which is almost heroic when it becomes action, certainly not despairing.

Nor is there real despair in Berto's *Il cielo è rosso*, which is a full-length novel about "children" who band together in the ruins into loose families when their parents are killed. The rubble in which the others bury the heroine is the symbol of the tuberculosis which killed her, of black market, prostitution, famine. But this is not a sentimental book; it is literary in spots but hard, as from a man who has stripped away Piovene's *pietà* and begun to build from there.

With Pratolini the world comes first and not the constructions he puts on it. In this sense he is different from the others. He writes of the famished and persecuted because he loves them and is one of them. His masterpiece is the choral

*Oreste del Buono. *La parte difficile*. Milano. Mondadori. 1947. 193 pp. 400 l.—Guido Piovene. *Pietà contro pietà*. Milano. Bompiani. 1946. 231 pp. 200 l.—Elvio Vittorini. *Il sempione svizzero l'occhio al frejus*. Milano. Bompiani. 1947. 156 pp. 170 l.—Giuseppe Berto. *Il cielo è rosso*. Milano. Longanesi. 1947. 407 pp. 800 l.—Vasco Pratolini. *Cronache di poveri amanti*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 557 pp. 600 l.

Cronache di poveri amanti, written in a warm and varied Tuscan about our vulgar, sweating and breadless humanity, the good alloy of society to whom morbid despair is foreign.

Indeed, these three writers, standing alongside those who prefer not to look and those who look and quail, look with steady conviction, a conviction—and this should perhaps alarm us—somewhat Communistic.—*Amherst College.*

The "Literary Underground" In Germany

BY BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

(Note: A definitive article on this subject can not yet be written. But it is vitally important that men of good will, particularly in this country, should realize that there *was* a literary resistance to Hitler inside Germany. My information derives in the main from: *De Profundis. Eine Anthologie aus zwölf Jahren.* München. 1946. Rudolf Pechel. *Deutscher Widerstand.* Zurich. 1947. *Verboten und Verbrannt.* München. 1947.)

STILL virtually unknown to the outside world is what I am calling the "literary resistance" to Hitler and Nazism. Our ignorance of this kind of resistance inside Germany is not surprising. Literary opposition must by its very nature be carried on by words, whose effect is enhanced by a known authorship, especially a distinguished one. But every such utterance will attract the attention of a police state, which would deny its own nature if it did not attempt to silence its adversaries. Moreover, it was one of the main contentions of the Nazis that Germany contained no opponents of the régime, apart from those "criminals and traitors" for whom the concentration camps had been constructed. Hence it may be assumed without question that many of the early resisters¹ were either "liquidated" or shipped off to the concentration camps, in which few of them had much chance of survival.

For a succinct but devastatingly clear account of the methods whereby the régime sought to control not only action but even the formation of adverse opinion, the reader should turn to Pechel's book. His short chapter entitled *Der Terror* leaves one speechless with astonishment at the bravery of those who dared to oppose the state, and humble in admiration of those who actually put such opposition into effect. It is only in the light of these facts that one can properly evaluate the significance of the phenomena with which this article tries to deal.

Literary resistance to Hitler assumed a number of forms, which may be conveniently grouped under passive and active resistance.

Passive Resistance. The passive resisters consisted of the "listeners" and the "doers." The listeners were those who received everything they could get that was critical of or hostile to the Nazi state. They read all manner of "illegal" books, pamphlets, poems, periodicals, etc., listened to prohibited broadcasts, and picked up literary information from others. These "literary Maquis" (*De Profundis*) arranged

¹ It adds to the blurring of the picture I am attempting to draw that the notorious "burning of the books" was more of a symbol than an act of destruction, and that many books which were "*verboten und verbrannt*" continued to lead a clandestine life among the German people. In this sense the writers in exile (nearly 250 in number) may be said to have shared in the internal opposition to Hitler. A list of forbidden books, prepared at the request of this writer in June 1938 by a Dutch book-seller, embraces upwards of 1,300 titles by about 690 writers; many of them were by Germans who had emigrated, and it may be assumed that the blacklisting of such titles did not reduce their attractiveness to the Underground in Germany.

for private readings of proscribed literature, and indulged in unending disputes of philosophic, psychological, theological, or sociological nature.

The "doers" were those who "booklegged" forbidden literature, made and forwarded typescripts, leaflets, and MSS, and served in general as clearing-houses for ideas which the Nazi state designated as traitorous. Prominent among these "subversive" ideas were the love of God and the brotherhood of man, the Christian virtues and the advocacy of world peace, the reaffirmation of liberty and justice, of morality and humanity, and of duty toward the Higher Law.

An instructive example of such "doing" was reported to a colleague of mine by Tet A. von Borsig, who at Christmas 1938 sent out to friends 200 copies of the complete text of a hymn from which somebody, in preparing the new *Preussisches Gesangbuch* for the printer, had quietly removed three stanzas which did not please the government. Of course the printing had to be done in a shop known to be "reliable," and the mailing was done anonymously.

My distinction between the listeners and the doers intends no derogation of the former, for the two groups shared equally in the perils which threatened them on every hand. The régime regarded the possession of an "illegal" poem, for instance, as an act of political resistance, which might cost the possessor his livelihood, if not his very life. It is impossible at this writing to say how great was the number of passive resisters, but I think a shrewd estimate might be made. One source of information would be the recorded sales of certain books which at first escaped the vigilance of the censor (e.g. Ernst Jünger's *Auf den Marmorklippen*, which achieved an edition of 30,000 copies in a relatively short time.² Another source would be the circulation figures of certain periodicals, such as Pechel's *Deutsche Rundschau* or Karl Muth's *Hochland*, both of which succeeded in a considerable measure of "defiance" to the régime without actually getting caught in it, at least for a long time.

Active Resistance. Under this heading I distinguish three main groups of persons, the mourners, the criers, and the reporters.

By "mourners" in this context I mean those persons who, though thoroughly at variance with the régime, *apparently* made no attempt to circulate their oppositional poetry or other writings. Of the 65 poets included in *De Profundis* there are 41 for whom the editor claims no clandestine circulation of their poems during the twelve years of Nazi rule. Nevertheless, it seems to me unthinkable that these persons could or would keep their convictions entirely concealed, and that no eye other than their own saw their poems. Hence I think it wholly legitimate to include them in the roster of literary resisters in Germany.

By the "criers" I mean those who gave poetic voice to what Frank Thiess, in a coinage which bids fair to become standard usage, has called the "inner emigration" in Germany. These were the men and women whose poems, essays, stories, plays, novels, and other writings went out among the German people, legally or (mostly) illegally, insisting in a thousand different ways on the continued existence of a Germany other than that of the Nazis, a resistance which the state did its best to exterminate, but in vain. It seems proper to include here some of those stout-hearted pastors, such as Faulhaber, Galen, and Niemöller, whose sermons and other philippics were widely distributed in print and writing.

By the "reporters" I mean those courageous men and women—of whom Pechel is an outstanding example—who used the publicity channels of periodicals which they controlled to administer to their readers, in carefully camouflaged capsules, antidotes to the political poison so lavishly broadcast by the Nazis in their elaborate propaganda. Pechel tells in some detail how he contrived for years to make his

² In the light of this striking figure, and of the obvious purport of the book, it seems to me indifferent whether or not Jünger was a whole-hearted deserter from the Nazi camp. It is clear to me that his book, in point of fact, served the resistance movement.

Rundschau an agency of anti-Nazi agitation, without giving the government the least legitimate excuse for interfering with his operations. There was for example his own article on "Siberia" in 1937. Based on the work by Solonewitsch³ describing his experiences in Russian concentration camps, Pechel's article was understood by every reader (including the government!) to be in reality an exposé of the German KZ. This point, to which Pechel refers specifically, is of the utmost importance here. Again and again, he says, the editors received assurance that every bit of camouflage, every attempt to say things between the lines, every subtlety of allusion or expression, was quickly grasped and fully understood, so much so that the German labor leaders had many of the *Rundschau* articles mimeographed and distributed among the workers.

Not all the literary resistance was veiled and secretive. In saying this I do not mean to imply any undervaluation of either its courage or its effectiveness. But it seems to me that a special category should be set up for those who came out in the open and gave public utterance to their convictions, in defiance of tyranny and oppression. It should be borne in mind, in this connection, that the so-called "purge" of June 30, 1934 opened the eyes of all those who subsequently formed the political resistance groups to the real character of Hitler and his minions. (Pechel leaves no doubt on that point.) Any man who after that date made a public attack on the government was taking his life in his hands, and *knew it*.

It is in the light of this realization that we must regard the public address⁴ delivered to the students of the University of Munich in April 1935 by the poet Ernst Wiechert—who actually went to a concentration camp later, though not just on account of this speech. I wish to quote a few sentences from that address in order to show how one brave and intelligent German met the challenge of the situation; I do so with the implication that this was the temper of the literary resistance in Germany from beginning to end.

"... here in Germany we already have a poets' training camp, in which Mr. Roman Hoppenscheit is to take the future bards out of the residual elements of an individualistic art-endeavor and train them for the practice of an anonymous communal art, in order—I beg you to observe—to preserve the national wealth that is latent in its talents and to exploit it for the benefit of the whole. Whoever of you knows his way around in the literary art and the cultural policy of Soviet Russia will also know that Mr. Hoppenscheit is on the selfsame road which has been traveled so successfully in Russia—and which we old-fashioned persons call 'the murder of the soul.'

"And so, my friends, I stand before you today as I did two years ago: unchanged in my concern for your path, but unchanged also in my faith that you are called to walk a better one. . . . And if at that time I begged and conjured you . . . to remain humble, so today I beg and conjure you not to let yourselves be misled into seeing only gleam and glory where so much suffering is all about us, and never to let yourselves be induced to keep silence when your conscience bids you speak, or to join that army of thousands and thousands who are said to be 'afraid in the world,'—because nothing, no, nothing, so consumes the marrow of a nation as cowardice."

³ Published in German translation under the title *Die Verlorenen*, this heart-rending account was reviewed by the present writer in *Books Abroad* XII, pages 82 and 316.

⁴ Now available in English translation: *The Poet and His Time*. Regnery. 1948.

Postscript. From the sources so far available to me I have assembled a list of 183 persons who meet my definition of "criers" and "reporters" given above. I am sure the list is not complete, and am looking forward especially to the forthcoming two-volume work by the late Ricarda Huch devoted to this subject. Of the persons named in my list, 39 suffered arrest, imprisonment, or torture; and 29 met death by execution, maltreatment, or suicide. This list will be mailed on request.

Not in the Reviews

To The United States

From the German of
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

By Gerhard Friedrich

America, thou hast a better lot
Than this our troubled continent, the
old.

The shades of ruined castles haunt
thee not,
Nor our traditions, petrified and cold.

Thou art not torn within thy very heart,
While every moment grants abundant
life,

By fruitless recollections, and thou art
Free from the rank futility of strife.

Use then thy present fortune with good
care!

And when at last upon thy distant coasts
Authors arise, may they have cause to
spare

Thee tales of barons, robbers, and of
ghosts.

Finnish Publications of 1947

(Contributed by Professor
J. I. Kolehmainen, Heidelberg College)

History and Biography

✻ Mikko Ampuja. *Pajasta parlamenttiin*. Helsinki. Tammi. 274 pp. 280 mk.—Autobiography of a Finnish working-class leader who rose from a blacksmith's shop to the parliament.

✻ V. A. Haila & K. Heikkilä. *Suomalaisen kirjallisuuden historia*. Helsinki. Otava. 203 pp. 180 mk.—History of Finnish literature.

✻ Toivo T. Kaila. *Pohjalainen rakentaja*. Helsinki. Söderström. 273 pp. 300 mk.—Biography of Antti Kiikka, famed builder of northern Finland.

✻ Heikki Klemetti. *Elämää, jota elin*. Helsinki. Söderström. 302 pp. 250 mk.

—Reminiscences and shop-talk by Finland's great choral director.

✻ Toivo Koivisto. *Suomalaista sisua villissä idässä Jyväskylä*. Gummerus. 368 pp. 320 mk.—Biography of Fridolf Höök, Finnish sailor and fisherman, who left Finland during the famine of 1868 and found adventure in the Amur regions of the Far East.

✻ P. I. Nikulainen. *Finlandia kuoro*. Helsinki. Otava. 208 pp. 500 mk.—Magnificently illustrated report of the 1939 American tour of the Finlandia Male Chorus. Text in Finnish, Swedish, and English.

✻ Juhani Paasivirta. *Suomen itsenäisyyskysymys, 1917*. Helsinki. Söderström. 244 pp. 250 mk.—A fresh inter-



LUIGI RUSSO, 1892–
Italian Critic



Linoleum by Henri Heerbrant
for *Til Eulenspiegel*. From *maintenant*
(Paris. Grasset).

pretation by a young scholar of the Finnish "War of Independence."

✧ Hilma Pylkkänen. *Elämäni kirjoituskudos*. Helsinki. Söderström. 278 pp. 250 mk.—The France of Anatole France and Poincaré as seen through the eyes of a Finnish expatriate.

✧ Jussi Raitio. *Työväen sanomalehdet ja sanomalehtimiehet*. Helsinki. Tammi. 224 pp. 700 mk.—Pioneering study of Finnish working-class newspapers and journalists.

✧ Henrik Ramsay. *Purjehtijan muistelmia*. Helsinki. Söderström. 394 pp. 300 mk.—Reminiscences of one of Finland's famous yachtsmen. The volume includes a description of the Long Island Sound races.

✧ Aapeli Saarisalo. *Puoliikuun mailta*. Helsinki. Söderström. 128 pp. 160 mk.—Interesting account of an internationally known scholar's fifth journey (1943–45) to the Middle East.

✧ Artur Sieberg. *Vuodet ovat vierineet*. Helsinki. Karisto. 365 pp. 200 mk.—Second volume of autobiographical reminiscences of a Helsinki musician, covering the Helsinki of the 1880's.

✧ Eino Sormunen. *Kerjäläisiä me olemme*. Helsinki. Pellervo. 202 pp. 275 mk.—New work by one of Finland's Luther scholars.

Fiction

✧ Urho Karhumäki. *Yrjö Juoksija*. Helsinki. Söderström. 426 pp. 200 mk.—One of the first novels, though scarcely the last, to be inspired by the approaching Olympic Games to be held in Finland in 1952.

✧ Elsa Nurminen. *Ilman aurinkoa*. Helsinki. Otava. 265 pp. 225 mk.—A first novel, depicting in fresh candor the growth of a Finnish rural girl.

✧ Elsa Pukonen. *Vallat ja me*. Helsinki. Pellervo. 296 pp. 250 mk.—Novel based on the war-time experiences of the residents of the Carelian Isthmus.

✧ Vilho Sorvari. *Kultainen fregatti*. Helsinki. Otava. 265 pp. 250 mk.—Novel of seafaring life.

Poetry

✧ Raili Ahti, Eila Koskinen, & Eeva-Liisa Lappalainen. *Sydän ja aurinko*. Helsinki. Otava. 104 pp. 140 mk.—An anthology by three young Finnish women poets.

✧ Impi Kauppi. *Paratiisin valloitus*. 66 pp. 130 mk.—Kaarina Sarkola. *Uhrisalaisuus*. 96 pp. 140 mk. Helsinki. Otava.—Two "firsts" by young poets.

✧ Eino Leino. *Elämän laulu*. Helsinki. Otava. 456 pp. 350 mk.—265 of Leino's finest poems selected and arranged by Professor V. Tarkkiainen. An admirable anthology of some of Finland's best poetry.

✧ Anja Samooja. *Luode ja vuoksi*. Helsinki. Otava. 156 pp. 200 mk.—The prize winning work in a recent University of Helsinki contest.

✧ Erkki Vuorela. *Uurian vaimo*. Helsinki. Otava. 59 pp. 95 mk.—A third volume of verse, marked by simplicity and honesty.

More German Publishers, More German Books

(Abbreviated from *German Book News*,
No. 3, June 1948)

In spite of continuing shortages of raw materials and printing facilities, book production has increased substantially throughout Germany in the latter part

of 1947 and in the early months of 1948. This noticeable expansion of the literary output is due primarily to the fact that a good many smaller publishing firms have gone into production in recent months. Still more cities in Western Germany are making a bid as actual or potential publishing centers of importance. In the first place, mention should be made here of Frankfort-on-the-Main which, as the capital of the new West German state now in the making, has attracted writers and publishers as well as politicians. The *Frankfurter Hefte*, distinguished political and literary review, will also publish books in the future. On the other hand, the license of the Siegel-Verlag of Frankfort was restricted to periodical publications by order of the American Military Government because the book division of this firm had failed to exercise the necessary care in the selection of manuscripts.

In the British zone, Düsseldorf and Cologne are engaging Hamburg in a stiff competition. Among the French zone publishers, the house of P. Keppler, Baden-Baden, has been particularly active. Leipzig, the former capital of the book world, appears to be making a determined bid to regain at least part of her lost influence and prestige. The city now accounts again for about 60 per cent of the total German printing plant capacity, but most of this is taken up by orders for the Soviet account. Interzonal exchanges are small, and there is as yet virtually no export trade. The Universal-Verlag, which was completely destroyed in the war, is reported to have again a staff of 1,000 and a capacity of 30,000 books and pamphlets daily. The output of this publishing house was valued at 1,850,000 marks in the first three months of 1948.

There is no shortage of poetry. Indeed, so much verse is being written and published in Germany these days that it is hard to keep up with the flood. In spite of the persistent paper shortage, hard living conditions, and the marks left by the 12-year cultural drought of the Nazi régime, more poetry is being

produced in Germany than in the much larger United States. Of course, how much of this copious output will survive the selective process of time and criticism can not be foretold.

The dramatists are not idle, either. According to *Die Welt* (Hamburg), from 400 to 600 manuscripts are offered yearly to the stage by German writers. The number of acceptances, however, does not average more than three per cent of this output. In the first two years after the war the works of foreign (especially American, British, French, and Russian) playwrights, and the classics predominated. Since then, contemporary German playwrights have gradually reconquered the stage. In particular, the topical play with a political or social tendency is gaining ground.

Danish Books for American Libraries (1946)

(This list, compiled by Mogens Iversen, Librarian at the State Library Commission of Denmark, with prices by Albert Bonnier, New York City, is reproduced with the kind permission of *The American Scandinavian Review*).

FICTION: Kjeld Abell. *Silkeborg*. Thaning & Appel. \$1.50.—Steen Steensen Blicher. *Digte og Noveller*. Vols 1-2. Gyldendal. \$3.15.—Martin A. Hansen. *Tornebusken*. Gyldendal. \$2.—Harald Herdal. *Loereaar*. Gyldendal. \$2.75.—Johs. V. Jensen. *Myter*. Vols. 1-2. Gyldendal. \$4.25.—Helene Paider. *Det forheksede Land*. Vol. 3: *Edith*. Haase. \$2.25.

NON-FICTION: *Danske Samfundsromaner*. *Fra Henrik Pontoppidan til Leck Fischer*. Schultz. \$0.75. Reviews 8 outstanding novels.—*Frit Danmarks Hvidbog*. Vols. 1-2: 1945-46. Thaning & Appel. \$3.75. German occupation and underground movement.—Frantz von Jessen. *Mit Livs Egne, Hoendelser, Mennesker*. Memoirs.—Tage Mortensen. *Kampen om Sydslesvig*. Hagerup. \$1.95. Denmark's relationship with South Slesvig.—Niels Nøjgaard. *Ordets Dyst og Daad*. *Kaj Munks Levnedsløb*

og *Personlighed*. Nyt Nordisk. \$5. Thorough personal description.—Sophie Petersen. *Danmarks gamle Tropekolonier*. Hagerup. \$5. From 17th century to 1917.—V. Starcke. *Danmark i Verdenshistorien. Danmarks Historie uddat til fra Stenalder til Middelalder*. Munksgaard. \$4.75. By a spokesman for Henry George's theories.—Knud Sønderby. *Forsvundne Somre*. Gyldendal. \$1.95. Essays on nature and people.—Christian Vibe. *Eneligger Grønland. Livet i Grønland under de seks lange Adskillelsens Aar, 1939–1945*. Hagerup. \$5. Life in the remote colony.

Notes on Contemporary Portuguese Literature

(Jacques Alibert, in *Les Lettres françaises*)

"... One has the impression that literary Portugal is stationary and *petit bourgeois*. Spain has given us in recent times a Lorca, a Ramón Jiménez, a Gómez de la Serna, all men of character.



LION FEUCHTWANGER, 1894—
German Historical Novelist
Photo by Florence Homolka,
West Los Angeles

What has Spain's neighbor been doing in the meantime?

"Portugal slept on her laurels after her romantic and realistic epochs. Camillo, Quental, and Queiroz seemed superhuman but lacked progeny. A little more than ten years ago came Ferreira de Castro, his country's first sociological novelist. He was the Steinbeck of Portugal. This writer, who was also a man of action, attained his first success with *A selva*, translated into French by Blaise Cendrars. Then came his *Emigrantes*, which was widely read in Russia and in Spain. It was followed by *Terra fria*. This trilogy is a tribute to the heroism and the suffering of the working classes.

"Several young writers have been trying to follow in Castro's footsteps. Their failure has been due largely to their lack of experience of life. Novices find novel-writing difficult, and since 1940 Portugal has more often cultivated the short story and poetry. . . . There has been one great poet, José Régie, whose tone is like Lorca's, although he lacks Lorca's strange power. Poets are rare in Portugal. . . .

"At the end of the last century, 'saudadism' was the popular poetic mood. That state of soul, which Valery Larbaud defined as 'regret touched with melancholy,' and which corresponds closely to the *Sehnsucht* of the Germans, inspired great poets like Sardinha and Auguste Gil. But Portugal has not gone through the successive evolutions which characterized the poetry of other countries in the early twentieth century, and the only transition between the poets of 'saudadism' and those of today is marked by 'sensationalism,' whose chief representative is Alves Martins. The modernist movement of these last years has developed no great originality. A talented adherent of the movement, however, is Miguel Torga, whose *Creation of the World* made him famous. In his *The Other Book of Job*, he attempts a symbolical identification of the sufferings of contemporary and ancient man. . . .

"What of the Portugal novel since 1940? Ferreira de Castro traced its path ten years ago. Joaquim Paço d'Arcos, the



LLUIS V. MOLNÉ,

in André Valio's *Le navire immobile*
(Paris. Montbrun).

writer *à la mode*, followed his counsel and produced *The Diary of an Emigrant*, whose setting is Brazil. It is probable that there is more merit in his *Ana Paula*, published in 1943 and the occasion of much argument. Its theme is the problem arising when love and religion clash. It has been blamed for its frank handling of certain aspects of the life of the upper classes in Lisbon. Paço d'Arcos has no sympathy with the Peninsular fatuity which characterizes so much Hispano-Portuguese fiction in the last twenty years. He has returned to the manner of Flaubert and Forster, and one of his last books, *A Novelist's Confession and Defense*, reminds the reader of a similar work by the popular Argentine writer Hugo Wast. Paço d'Arcos has found a new angle from which to handle the *roman à thèse*. And we learn of a novel by Fernando Namora whose background is the tungsten mines of Beira Baixa. Is it possible that the social problem novel is returning?

"These last years have largely severed intellectual relations between France and Portugal. From 1940 to 1945 Portuguese cultural contacts were largely with Brazil, and it is thanks to the exchanges between those two countries that Europe is now to enjoy the Portuguese-language literature of America. Brazilian novelists and poets are read and published in Lisbon and Porto. Notable among them is Lins do Rego, whose *Doidinho* is a replica of Alphonse Daudet's *Petit Chose* . . .

"Literary criticism and history appear to be gaining ground in Portugal. The review *Mundo Literario*, which is interested in all aspects of world literature, recently published a very interesting paper on Romain Rolland, by Alvaro Salema. In 1946 appeared Ruy Coelho's essay on Marcel Proust, which arrives at the conclusion that Proust's message is negative. 'His work is the refuge of an epoch of decadence.' This judgment may be a little extreme, but it is evidence that the young Portuguese critics are trying to climb out of the ruts which enslaved their predecessors. The current historical writing in Portugal is progressive, but it is interested particularly in the magnificent period when their country was at the zenith of her glory. . . ."

The New Hungarian Review

Magyarok (Hungarians), a Hungarian literary monthly. Published in Budapest. Edited by Géza Juhász and László Kéry.—In a world of political expediency, especially in a shattered country like Hungary, the publication of a new literary monthly is of paramount significance. The consciousness of a nation needs literary expression. *Magyarok* aims to serve primarily the clientèle of the younger generation of writers and poets, but it also contains articles, stories, and poems by representatives of the older generation such as Dezső Keresztury, the admirable scholar who is Minister of Education. While most of the material is related to the Hungarian cultural scene, the monthly has also translations, for instance, parts

from Shakespeare's *Othello*. It is to be hoped that there will be no official interference regarding the choice of the material, and that the editors will develop a Western orientation, for example, an interest in American culture. —*Joseph Remenyi.*

The Literary Outlook in Poland

(Ryszard Matruszewski, in *Poland of Today*)

"Do the present (literary) achievements warrant an optimistic or rather a pessimistic outlook for the future of Polish literature? Two outstanding Polish literary reviews recently carried a heated debate on this topic. The prominent critic Jan Kott launched a violent attack on Poland's entire contemporary prose, blaming it for lack of vigor and expression, for straying in search of elaborate new forms and pre-war affec-

tations. In reply Stefan Zolkiewski, the editor of the weekly *Kuznica*, took up an equally heated defense of contemporary Polish literature. Analyzing its various trends and orientations, he reached the conclusion that 'what our Polish writers have to say about the war, about Hitlerism, Polish fascism, the emancipation of the peasants, the errors and shortcomings of the intelligentsia, and about the Jewish question, is ample proof of their having far surpassed the ideological limits of the period between the wars.'"

Back and Bac

(From *France-Amérique*)

The practice of naming shops for the titles of popular novels is very much in fashion. In Paris they name their bookstores *A la recherche du temps perdu* or *La porte étroite*. But the jeweler in the Rue du Bac who named his place for one of Fanny Hurst's novels showed unexpected originality. He christened his store "Bac Street."

Someone may object, of course, that the Rue du Bac is not a *rue de derrière*.

Russian Literary Periodicals

(By Lawrence S. Thompson)

The September 1947 issue of *Bokvännan* (Stockholm) contains some interesting notes on Russian literary magazines, some of which are almost unknown in America. The Swedish reviewer states that most Russian magazines have some 200 double-column pages (likely as not typographically uninviting) with reviews, trial editions of all genres of literary works, and departments on science and "publicity" (e.g., a speech or a letter by Stalin) containing unconcealed propaganda. *Oktjabr*, official organ of the Russian Writers' Union, is published by Pravda and edited by F. Panferov. Not only Great Russian but also Georgian, Armenian, Ukrainian, and other languages of the U.S.S.R. are admitted to its pages. *Novyj Mir* is a second organ of the writers' union and is distinguished chiefly by its editor, Constantine Si-



DON QUIXOTE,

from Louis Szalay's *Book of Drawings*, published by Uj Idök, Budapest, 1905.

monov. Each is in its twenty-fourth volume.

The sole Russian literary periodical which is even slightly distinguished by good typography and paper is *Zvezda*, a contemporary of *Oktyabr* and *Novyj Mir* in age. Until recently it was published in Leningrad under the editorship of A. M. Egorin. The December 1946 number contained an essay by Simonov, the last instalment of a novel by Vanda Vasilevska, poems by younger writers, a detailed analysis of Nikolai Ostrovski's poetry, reviews of books and plays, and a popular article on narcotics. *Znamja*, edited by Vs. Vischnevskij, is generally considered the best of the Russian literary periodicals. Critical analyses of Anglo-American literature since the eighteenth century, an analysis of Count Ciano's diaries, and translations from other Slavic and Baltic languages were in a recent number. *Sovjetskaja Kniga* is a bibliographical and critical monthly published by Pravda for the Academy of Sciences. Attention is directed to all branches of science by Editor P. F. Jodin.

In the English-language *Soviet Literature*, edited by Alexander Karaganov, there are translations of all types of Russian literature. This journal appears in German and French. Some librarians have been able to subscribe to it by writing directly to the publishers at Kuznetski Most 12, Moscow, but it can be bought in New York. An interesting Swedish journal of Russian literature is the new *Rysk Bokrevy* from the University of Stockholm's Russian Institute. It contains lists of Russian books received

by the Institute's library and bibliographical and critical articles by Swedish slavists.

A Great Publisher Has Left Us

Dr. Eugen Rentsch died in Erlenbach-Zürich on March 8. His publishing house, which he founded forty years ago, was one of the most important in Switzerland and was well known beyond the frontiers of that little country. He belonged to the rare and dwindling group of publishers who keep steady contact with their authors and do not content themselves with maintaining purely impersonal business relations with them.

Among the most distinguished of his publications have been works of specifically Swiss character, such as the famous 27-volume edition of the complete works of Jeremias Gotthelf and books on Swiss history, art, literature, and folklore by Anton von Castelmur, Gottfried Guggenbühl, Eduard Korrodi, Erwin Poeschel, and Richard Weiss. But his publications included many works of larger scope, by such writers as Octave Aubry, F. A. Hayek, Gotthard Jedlicka, Rudolf Kassner, Richard Katz, Annette Kolb, Max Picard, Wilhelm Roepke, Werner Richter, Arnold von Salis, Henry Valotton.

In outward appearance all the Rentsch books were superior. He gave his personal attention to type, paper, and illustrations, and he never put out careless work. Both without and within, the Rentsch publications ranked with the best. His passing is a serious loss to European publishing.

According to figures quoted by *Deutsche Gegenwart*, New York City, from the *Börsenblatt für den deutschen Buchhandel*, Frankfurt am Main, 38 German institutions of higher learning are again in operation, as follows: 21 Universities, 9 Technical Hochschulen, 2 Schools of Mines, 2 Agricultural Colleges, 1 Medical College, 1 Veterinary College, 1 Institute of Economics, 1 School of Philosophy and Theology. The

total college enrolment in 1947 was 77,507. The American Zone had 14 higher institutions with 33,736 students, the British Zone 12 schools with 24,597 students, the Russian Zone 9 schools with 9,803 students, the French Zone 3 schools with 9,371 students. München had the largest attendance, 7,000, and Rostock the smallest, 600, which is the maximum number allowed to matriculate at Rostock.

Head-Liners

✎ Johann Armbruster. *Lux perpetua*. München. Alber. 1947. 440 pages.—

Under a pen name well known to readers of the late *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Wilhelm Hausenstein has published the first section of his autobiography. By adopting the fiction that he is the biographer of his cousin Christian Hercynius, he is in a position to change his perspective at will and to create a complete, well rounded portrait.

This first volume covers more or less the period from 1890 to 1910, which Hercynius passed in Baden. This was the period when the two great forces began to crystallize in Germany which were destined jointly to destroy her: Bismarckian nationalism and rapidly and violently growing capitalism. Life was still relatively quiet and secure; human freedom and dignity were still guaranteed by law, especially in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which had salvaged a few remainders of its former non-Prussian independence. But all of Germany was living off the spiritual capital of former generations, and the doubtful solidity of German life had begun to be apparent to some sensitive minds. There were religious and political scruples; and many looked for escape where young Hercynius thought he could find it, by fleeing from nationalism and capitalism and joining international socialism. But all three movements were products of the same selfish struggle for personal well-being, with no differences of ethical valuation, as Hercynius was destined to learn later in his life—a transformation which will doubtless be developed in the volumes yet to appear.

Hercynius-Hausenstein's evolution is typical for the middle-class German intellectual at the beginning of the twentieth century. His generation was to carry the burden of the First World War, to return weakened and decimated and submit skeptically to the flimsy experiment of Weimar, which was to be

destroyed by Nazism. But his generation had its virtues. It left deep and only temporarily buried traces in the spiritual life of Germany, and whoever wishes to understand the Germany of today must study the Germany of Christian Hercynius.—*Werner Richter*. New York City.

✎ Princesse Bibesco. *Le voyageur voilé: Marcel Proust*. Genève. Palatine. 1947. 119 pages.—Ever since Guedalla prophesied "the passing of the Marcel wave," Proustiana have been at a premium. This contribution is a good footnote. At any rate, it comes out of Proust's own world, and its illustrations are of a high documentary value. The Princess herself was an admirable model for Bordini, and we are grateful to have her billowy portrait. Of the fabulous Countess Greffulhe, who was and was not Oriane de Guermantes, we have only a photograph, which does justice (severe, but richly deserved) to her gown.

The hero, a great friend of Marcel Proust, is Duc de Guiche, who has almost as many titles as Charlus (d'Aure, de Gramont, etc.): sportsman and scientist, a character of the Italian Renaissance. The testimony is valid, to show that the world of Marcel Proust was as real as St. Simon's, more real than Balzac's or Zola's, incongruous and incredible as it may appear in the third and fourth decades of the stodgy republic. A period piece: not *fin-de-siècle*, rather Nineteen Hundred and *Art Nouveau*. The book is arty and artless: appealing now as we catch glimpses of it beyond the Styx. I happened to read this handsomely printed little volume at the same time as Carco's *Verlaine*. A study in contrast. Out of squalor and out of banal elegance it is possible for masterpieces to bloom.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✱ Francis Carco. *Verlaine, poète maudit*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1948. 236 pages. 240 fr.—Francis Carco, a Goncourt Academician, specializes in the sordid. His characters are neither magnificent criminals nor colorful Bohemians. They are “washed out.” He paints—with great skill—*en grisaille*: dirty gray on dirty gray, relieved by streaks of dirtier brown. View of a slummy street, on a rainy evening, through a grimy pane. None of Céline’s truculence; none—fortunately—of the false sentiment with which Murger and Elliot Paul are reeking.

So he was well prepared to chronicle the lamentable later years of Verlaine (the earlier, through a Homeric technique, are brought in a flashback, but Homer managed the trick more skilfully). The trouble is that we see no connection between Verlaine’s crapulous dipsomania and the airy grace, the admirable simplicity, the spiritual ecstasy of his best poems. Carco does not show how the double curse—Rimbaud and absinthe—produced these masterpieces, either directly or in reverse. The book is not a psychological explanation and not literary criticism. Just a romanced life, which would be incredible if it were not true, and infinitely tedious in its protracted frustration if it were not that of a great poet.

Carco’s moral attitude is ambiguous; or, as Winston Churchill would put it, *triguous*. His virtuous reproof of Verlaine’s turpitude is as orthodox as that of any bourgeois. Yet he turns savagely against the bourgeois as if that miserable creature refused to admire Verlaine’s poetry because of his disreputable life. (As a matter of fact, the *Selected Poems* were a best-seller.) Carco does not quite state, but does not quite deny, that Verlaine’s grandeur arose from his abjection. At any rate, the book sent me back to the poems; for which I am truly thankful.—*Albert Guérard, Sr.* Stanford University.

✱ Henry Victor Carton de Wiart. *Souvenirs littéraires*. Bruxelles. Du-

rendal. 1939. 198 pages.—*Souvenirs politiques*. Vol. I (1878–1918). Bruxelles. Desclée de Brouwer. 1948. 407 pages, ill.—*Souvenirs littéraires* open with the first conception of the famous novel, *La cité ardente*. The bulk of the volume is concerned with personal friends of the author, laymen or prelates, to whom he brings generous praise in vivid portraits. Some, like Eugène Demolder and Maurice Maeterlinck, he met during his apprenticeship in the law office of *l’animateur national*, Edmond Picard, founder of *L’Art Moderne*; others, like l’Abbé Moeller, guiding spirit of the periodical *Durendal*, were fellow champions in the struggle for Christian democracy.

Souvenirs politiques offers a spirited chronicle of the battle for social reform in which the narrator played a prominent rôle, first as deputy, then as a member of the cabinet. A leader of the progressive Catholic party in Belgium, he began his work early with an evening class for manual workers. An *obiter dictum* reveals the open-mindedness which characterizes the whole volume: ‘Leur expérience journalière de la vie de travail éclairait tout à coup d’une information d’ordre technique ou d’un souvenir emprunté à l’existence de leur famille ou de celle de leurs camarades, tout un chapitre d’économie sociale que j’avais cru naïvement connaître beaucoup mieux qu’eux.’ He traveled widely, always with eyes open for possible suggestions for reform applicable in Belgium. A first visit to the United States in 1904 convinced him that in many ways America is a precursor of twentieth century European civilization. The last half of the volume deals with the period of the First World War, during which he served as Minister of Justice.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge.* Reed College.

✱ Benedetto Croce. *Quando l’Italia era tagliata in due*. Bari. Laterza. 1948. 600 l.—It was inevitable that errors and lacunae should appear in the historical accounts covering the nine-month period (September 1943–June 1944) when northern and southern Italy

were split into two segments. These circumstances have prompted Benedetto Croce to correct and integrate the information available with materials from his own diary. Following the landing of the Allied troops in the vicinity of Naples, he at once became the recognized leader and spokesman of liberated Italy and was instrumental in the shaping of important policies, some of which were of far-reaching importance. He worked hard towards cooperation and fusion of the anti-Fascist forces with the Allies; he insisted from the first upon the abdication of a king who, having by his actions lost his prestige, could no longer be counted on as a constructive factor in Italian politics; he tried to organize a strong liberal party to the left of center. Not only are contemporary events unfolded in the diary as they took place day by day; the impact of some of these events upon the future is also noted. For instance, when the Allies allowed the Communists to participate in the government as part of the united front against the Germans, he foresaw serious trouble ahead. These valuable source-materials are rendered additionally attractive by the warmth that is given them by Croce's fervent patriotism and his broad humanitarianism.—*Joseph G. Fucilla*. Northwestern University.

✱ Albert Guérard. *Personal Equation*. New York. Norton. 1948. 317 pages.

\$3.50. — Albert Guérard is one of France's best gifts to America. His scholarship and his gift of expression have made him an important asset in our academic and literary life, and his generous and zestful interest in all human activities, his outspoken frankness and absolute honesty, both ethical and intellectual, have been an influence both steadying and stimulating such as few "intellectuals" have wielded in a good-natured country which is rather generally suspicious of "intellectuals" or at best indifferent to them. Albert Guérard, born in the shadow of the Louvre and rather markedly French in several re-

spects in which the type Frenchman is different from the type American, became an American with his eyes wide open. He chose his country for better or for worse, and he has stood by her whole-heartedly even when he has found her slipping a little—not, we must hasten to add, because he has ever ceased to love, cultivate, and study the country of his birth and to speak the plain truth about her as ruthlessly and as gently as he speaks what he is convinced is the truth about all mankind. Mr. Guérard's two salient characteristics are his cautious frankness and his profound respect for every man because he is a man.

We shall not attempt to "brief" this spiritual autobiography. The book is the man, and we have tried to say something about the man. After well toward half a century of teaching in Williams College, Rice Institute, and Stanford University; of historical and critical writing, lecturing, war work of several sorts, traveling, sane and ever curious living, he records not so much his life as his reactions to life—never egotistically, occasionally but not often self-consciously, sometimes wittily, always readably and thoughtfully. If our reading public were a little more discriminating, this book would take its place with the autobiographical classics.—*R. T. H.*

✱ Gabriel Hanotaux. *Mon temps*. Vol. IV. Paris. Plon. 1947. 330 pages, ill.

—This fourth volume from the pen of the polished diplomat and historian covers the years 1885 to 1889. Making use of considerable notes which he was in the habit of making throughout his long life, and writing in the autumn of 1940, he analyzes subtly the motives for his personal actions, and his impression of the men of the Boulanger era. Exchanging in 1885 the life of a quiet scholar for a post in the French Embassy at Constantinople, he had his eyes opened by practical experience to subjects which he had known only from books: the Moslem world and the rivalries of the Great Powers in the Middle East. In 1886 he was persuaded to enter politics

and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies from his native Department of the Aisne. His thumbnail sketches of his contemporaries there and of the evils of French politics are highly interesting and diverting, though tinged with sadness at the troubles through which the Third Republic was passing — the Schnaebelé Affair, the corruption of the Press, and the Boulangist psychology of the masses. As deputy he tramped on foot through the French provinces in order to learn at first hand what the people of all classes were thinking. The descriptions of what he saw and heard are perhaps the most delightful parts of these recollections written down in the evening of his long life.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ Agnès de la Gorce. *Une vocation d'historien: Pierre de la Gorce*. Paris. Plon. 1948. 225 pages. 180 fr.—This illuminating biography, from the loving hand of a daughter, reveals the inner life of one of France's ablest and most delightful recent historians. Born in 1846, Pierre de la Gorce observed as a youth the momentous events which he was to relate later in his seven-volume *Histoire du Second Empire*, one of the few books which Theodore Roosevelt took with him to read while hunting lions in Africa. In temperament De la Gorce was a bit sombre and pessimistic, owing in part to parental influence, a strict Catholic and classical training, several family bereavements, and after 1870 the disapproval of anticlerics and noisy politicians. He was trained for the legal profession and served for a decade as a minor magistrate, but resigned his position in 1880 in protest against the law forbidding unauthorized Catholic Congregations to engage in teaching. This self-imposed leisure led him into his true vocation, the writing of history. In addition to the Second Empire, he wrote during the next fifty years more than a dozen solid volumes on France since 1789. They are characterized by moderation, intellectual honesty, sympathetic

imagination, and scrupulous care. He was "the most liberal of the Conservatives." His daughter, drawing upon his letters and her own personal recollections, has written, not a panegyric, but a simple and devoted record which accords with the fine photograph of her father which serves as frontispiece.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ A. de Lizarra. *Los Vascos y las cruzadas*. Buenos Aires. Ekin. 1946. 149 pages. \$2.50 m-n.—The Basques have been described as an ancient dwindling race, "un monde qui s'en va." The learned and enthusiastic author of this little volume would doubtless add that, like Marlborough-Malbrouk, it "s'en va t'en guerre." The Basques, he says, will always count, and even if they disappeared tomorrow the fame of the first circumnavigator of the globe (Juan Sebastián El Cano), of the founder of the Jesuit Order (St. Ignatius of Loyola), and of the Apostle to the Far East (St. Francis Xavier), would still fill the world. In the fourth, fifth, and seventh crusades the Basques took no part and only indirectly in the second; but to the first, third, sixth, and eighth they made a substantial contribution, which is here chronicled in detail. Eight pages are occupied with a transcription of the remarkable will of Theobald II, King of Navarre, who died on his way back from the eighth crusade. It was discovered nearly two hundred years ago in the archives of the Cathedral of Pamplona. It is wonderfully detailed; specific bequests, for instance, are made to "every blind man in my kingdom," to every walled-in penitent (*emparedado*), and every beggar (*mesyello*) and cripple. Although it is dated 1270, this will, written not in Latin or Basque but in Spanish, is easy to read; for medieval Spanish has fewer grey hairs than medieval English or medieval French, and readers who stumble over the *Chanson de Roland* find the *Poema del Cid* plain sailing.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Alfred von Martin. *Nietzsche und Burckhardt*. Basel. Reinhardt. 3rd ed., 1947. 296 pages. \$3.50 u.s.—In recent years the paramount importance of Jacob Burckhardt as fine spirit and thinker has been increasingly appreciated. Besides his immortal works on cultural history, his *Weltgeschichtliche Betrachtungen* and his letters have attracted attention through their unparalleled analysis of his own age and their uncanny forecast of the crises and catastrophes of the 20th century. Professor von Martin, one of Burckhardt's successors at the University of Basel, has crowned his earlier studies of him with this book, which appears exactly 50 years after his death. Although the author has a fine understanding of Nietzsche, his main theme is Burckhardt, who is shown as the great representative and defender of the Western tradition. Thus the book becomes the newest and best spiritual biography of Burckhardt, the protagonist of those who tried and still are trying to save the West from the interlocked evils of destructive radicalism and despotic totalitarianism. Each of these 23 chapters takes up an important field and question as seen by Burckhardt, usually in contrast to Nietzsche and other contemporaries. It is the main purpose of the book to present Burckhardt as the embodiment of Western civilization and tradition, whose breakdown in our day he was the first to foresee.—*F. M. Wassermann*. Southwestern College, Memphis.

✱ Silvio Rabelo. *Euclides da Cunha*.

Rio de Janeiro. Casa do Estudante. 1948. 463 pages.—No discussion of the authentic American novel would be complete without attention to the pioneer importance of *Os sertões*. The work of Euclides is enjoying well merited popularity in every part of America. It is a landmark in the literature of Brazil and of the entire continent. It is the "American novel" par excellence. *Os sertões* is built of rude reality. In powerful phrases it conveys the pain of the vast solitudes in which men struggle with a cruel Na-

ture and with the cruelty of human instincts. *Os sertões* is a classic which no American can neglect. When Euclides wrote it, he was not aiming at popularity or cultivating the art of fine writing. But his book does not age. Its public grows with the years, and the English and Spanish versions are helping spread its fame.

Silvio Rabelo's substantial work is the best biography of Euclides da Cunha, in wealth of information, excellence of construction, and delicate understanding of the ill-fated author. This well written study is generously illustrated and handsomely printed.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✱ E.-A. Strasen and Alfredo Gândara.

Oito séculos de historia luso-alemã. Berlim. Instituto Ibero-Americano. 1944. 554 pages.—This handsomely printed volume, with its 320 engravings, three colored prints, and two genealogical tables, is a documented record of the economic, political, and cultural relations between Portugal and Germany from the year 1147 in which German crusaders fought by the side of Affonso Henriques, first king of Portugal, for the recovery of Lisbon from the Moors. The book had a political purpose, namely, to undermine the friendship and influence of England by documented evidence of the friendly contacts of Germany and Portugal during many centuries and of the loyal and disinterested character of these relations. It is easy to explain the difference between the Lusitano-English interchange and that between Portugal and Germany, by recalling that the Anglo-Portuguese alliance, several times formally renewed by treaty but particularly effective after the Restoration of 1640, was a powerful bulwark of Portuguese autonomy in the face of Habsburg-Spanish covetousness and was, on the other hand, an aid to the growth of Great Britain's empire; whereas Germany had before the nineteenth century no international standing by which Portugal could profit and before 1871 cherished no maritime or colonial ambitions

in which Portugal could be of use to her. The German friendship was a much less difficult relation.

The book handles events and men very interestingly: warriors, travelers, men of affairs, and printers at a time when commerce and the typographic arts were closely allied to intellectual culture, geographers and cartographers, artists like Dürer and Liszt, scientists, princes, kings, and emperors. The index has 1,800 names of historical personages. And even with all this there are lacunae, for instance in the matter of information on German literature in Portugal, its influence and its translations, a subject which has been studied, for the Romantic period, by Professor Gerald M. Moser of the University of Illinois.

Even the specialist will find new information and much that is interesting in this book because of its German documentation and its iconography, never before brought together and doubtless in large measure destroyed in the bombings of German cities. Brazilians will find interesting data on their own intellectual history, since some of the Germans who were called to Portugal pushed on as far as Brazil or left descendants who acquired reputation in the new land. Notable examples are the Baron von Eschwege, architect of the Castello da Pena in Cintra, and Franz Varnhagen, father of the Brazilian historian Francisco Adolpho Varnhagen.

Although the book was originally planned with a purely political purpose, it will remain useful to the learned world for its historical data and its iconography, becoming thus one of the few permanently valuable products of war propaganda.—*Fidelino de Figueiredo*. University of São Paulo, Brazil.

✱ Mme Longworth Chambrun. *Shakespeare retrouvé. Sa vie, son oeuvre*. Paris. Larousse and Plon. 1947. 494 pages.—Countess Aldebert de Chambrun, American born and imbued with a half century of French culture, has produced a very sympathetic and critical evaluation of the greatest of English

writers. The twenty chapters of the book, nicely proportioned, treat Shakespeare's early life in Stratford; his arrival in London and the *Ioannes fac totum* period as handyman, reviser of plays, and actor in the employ of the Earl of Leicester and Lord Strange; his non-dramatic pieces; the writing of the plays; and finally his death and reputation.

The book is a gigantic, colorful panorama in which the Elizabethan age, portrayed with a masterful hand, serves as a background for the life portrait of Shakespeare. It would be hazardous to say that any one section of the book excels another, but those that deal with the knotty problems of the sonnets, the apocryphal plays, the first quarto of *Hamlet*, and the bringing out of the First Folio edition are deserving of special commendation. Also the author's erudite commentary on Shakespeare and Montaigne, the influence in general of French literature on Shakespeare, and Shakespeare's attitude toward France take on new implications when presented from a French point of view. Apropos of this, it might be recalled that some authorities are inclined to attribute Shakespeare's genius and versatility to the probability that the poet's father was a Frenchman.

Mme Chambrun's devotion to Shakespeare is not something recent. The absorbing interest of her life has been literary research. For many years she has been a student of the poet, and at least two of her publications on Shakespeare have merited awards from the French Academy.

England and France have been traditional rivals; at the same time they have shared the richest of experiences, owing largely to their geographical proximity. But as near as Dover is to Calais, Mme Chambrun's admirable book has, in many ways, brought the two great nations into a closer union. With the release of this book, adequately conceived and beautifully written, the reading public of France comes into possession of a great literary tradition—a tradition that is revered not only by the English-

speaking world but also by everyone who wills to worship at the shrine of Stratford-upon-Avon. — *Joseph H. Marshburn*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Fidelino de Figueiredo. *La lucha por la expresión*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 152 pages. \$2.25 m-arg.—Beneath profound disillusion Professor Figueiredo preserves a fervent energy and an unassailable faith in the power of literature and art and in the necessity and growing opportunity of literary criticism. Poetry may be our salvation and music can carry us into the seventh heaven. For the moment, art and literature and music go limping and fumbling among the ruins of a world in chaos; but it has at least become clear that literature, which for the last two hundred years has been one of the great disintegrating forces, can also be the principal factor in building a new world or restoring one that is old. Inevitably literature and criticism must become internationalized, but, as Dr. Figueiredo notes, they must also maintain a vigorously national character if they and the whole world of culture are not to perish. There is a close affinity between the local and the universal, and modern science inculcates the significance not only of the immense but of the infinitesimal. Dr. Figueiredo, well versed in all the literatures of Europe, is aware that the scientific criticism of the future must base itself on the great masterpieces and traditions of the past, "centuries and centuries of effort and suffering."—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✧ Guy Michaud. *Message poétique du symbolisme*. 3 vols. Paris. Nizet (Université de Paris). 1947. 703 pages.—This bulky doctoral thesis on Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, and their school is neither biography nor literary criticism. It is a study of the theory and practice of a group of writers who revolutionized the poetic art because they had gained a new conception of the purpose and function of poetry. When the unhappy ironist Jules Laforgue cried:

Aux armes, citoyens! Il n'y a plus de raison he was not indulging his passion for bitter playfulness. He was calling on the poets to end the tyranny of the old pseudo-poetry, which was rhetoric, preachifying, philosophizing, ratiocination masquerading as poetry, and set up a republic whose free citizens were bound only by the obligation to speak out, without fear of hoary conventions, what the Sibyl whispered to them of the great universal facts of life. The Sibyl speaks in metaphors, hence the name Symbolism. Half a century earlier than the Symbolists, the Romanticists had revolted against the rules; but there had been a good deal of charlatanry in the Romantic movement, and it soon weakened. The Symbolists were followed by the Surrealists, who are much saner and more profitable than many well-meaning versifiers suspect—but this takes us beyond our Grenoble professor's study, which is crammed with good matter, such as the inquiry into the cousinship of poetry and music. Music is the very essence of Symbolism; it is clear why Wagner was the patron saint of the Symbolist movement.

This well-informed and painstaking work has all the ear-marks of the doctoral thesis—notes and references, indexes of men and themes, bibliographies, a very detailed analytic table of contents. But it is happily different from most theses at some other points.—*R. T. H.*

✧ *Pamięci Cypriana Norwida*. Warszawa. National Museum. 1947. 177 pages, ill.—In his lifetime Norwid was grievously neglected, but since about 1900, when he was discovered by Zenon Przesmycki, a Warsaw editor and a student of symbolism, he has been the object of a cult. He has become the hero not of a single school, but of many, as some see in him the only romantic poet who looked down on the common herd, while others greet him as the poet of the proletariat.

The present volume is a labor of love, undertaken in happier days but carried through with scrupulous fidelity under

the most discouraging conditions and in the face of gigantic losses in Norwid material through bombing and fire. The critical essays are interesting, but the most valuable parts are (1) the chronological outline of Norwid's life, which is given in satisfying detail (now we know precisely when he was in touch with Mickiewicz, when in New York, and in what periods the lovely Marie Kalergis figured in his life; (2) the twelve illustrations of Norwid's work as an artist; (3) the bibliography of works by and about the poet. The world has been scoured for Norwidiana, and it seems ungrateful to raise even the tiniest voice against it, so absolutely exhaustive does it appear. Yet one item has been omitted: a translation into English of Norwid's most popular poem, appearing in the Klub Polski anthology, *The Polish Land* (New York, 1943).—*Marion M. Coleman*. New York City.

✱ Samuel Putnam. *Marvelous Journey. Four Centuries of Brazilian Literature*. New York. Knopf. 1948. 269+xii pages. \$4.—The appearance of this survey of Brazilian literature for American readers is something of an event. There was no other recent book of this scope in English, so that even a mediocre work would have been useful. And this book is anything but mediocre. Samuel Putnam is one of the ablest translators and historians of literature now living. He is zest and facility personified. Equipped with natural keenness and an excellent command of half a dozen languages, he can dictate a well phrased literary translation to a stenographer at a speed and with an accuracy which are amazing. His original writing is easy and vigorous. His command of information is extraordinary, but he can write for the layman with simplicity and charm. This book is a pure labor of love; he dedicates it, borrowing the words of the fine old Portuguese missionary Antônio de Vieira, to "... Brasil, a quem, pelo segundo nascimento, devo as obrigações de patria. . . ." But his personal affection for his "second fatherland" has not

blinded him to Brazil's weaknesses or inclined him to substitute dithyramb for solid information. His book is extensively and carefully documented. There are inaccuracies, but they are few and unimportant.

The fundamentally noteworthy feature of the book is its general plan. It is not merely, or mainly, a catalogue or a section of an encyclopedia. The author warns us in his Foreword that "it is . . . the story of a people as told in the pages of poets, novelists, essayists. . . ." A good book, John Milton declared, is the precious life-blood of a master spirit. A library is the generous, throbbing heart of a race. This biography of Brazil has organic unity and continuous interest because it has one consistent theme and purpose. Moreover, the author's wide literary background makes his technique of international comparison and contrast—Lins do Rego with Thomas Hardy, Gregório de Matos with François Villon—helpful to the reader who is meeting these Brazilian names for the first time. Mr. Putnam richly deserves the cordial reception which his books are enjoying in Brazil and his own country.—*R.T.H.*

✱ Jean-Jacques Rousseau. *Discours sur les sciences et les arts. Edition critique avec une introduction et un commentaire*. George R. Havens, ed. New York. Modern Language Association. 1946. xiii+278 pages, large format. \$3.—In the year 1749 an eccentric and unknown Swiss wanderer in his late thirties saw the announcement of a prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for a paper on the question: "Si le progrès des sciences et des arts a contribué à corrompre ou à épurer les moeurs." After some discussion with his fatherly friend Diderot and apparently some hesitation as to which way he should jump, the young man wrote an otrotund, illogical, badly organized, childish *déclamation de collègue* (Seillière, whose *Jean-Jacques Rousseau* does not appear in the bibliography to this edition) which won the prize. A frail piece of work indeed! Yet the thing has been reprinted, trans-

lated, edited, over and over, and men of the caliber of Professor Havens have spent months and years studying it. Why? Partly, of course, because everything connected with Rousseau has interest. But also, as Dr. Havens declares, because ". . . ce sont de vieilles vérités 'qui tiennent au bonheur du genre humain.' Rousseau avait donc raison d'y insister. Il nous serait dangereux de ne pas nous en souvenir." The passionate Rousseau who was soon to speak so movingly to the heart and conscience of the world was finding his voice.

Dr. Havens' omnibus edition is well-nigh definitive. The fruit of years of labor by the editor and his students, it has an 80-page introduction in French which is both authoritative and fascinating; reproductions of the more important documents; well toward a hundred pages of notes; extensive bibliographies and indexes. The French is a little stiff. The reviewer noticed only one misprint.—*H. K. L.*

✱ Henry J. Van Andel, ed. *Nederlandse Bloemlezing. Dutch and Flemish Anthology of Poetry and Prose*. Grand Rapids. Eerdmans. 1948. 288 pages. \$3.50.—Professor Van Andel, of Calvin College in Grand Rapids, has made a praiseworthy effort to remind Dutch-Americans that the country of their fathers has a literature which is full of beauty and nobility. Nearly 200 poets and prose writers are represented in his collection (Greshoff's plump anthology of Flemish writing in English translation, *Harvest of the Lowlands*, published in New York by Querido in 1945, had only a little more than 40, and confined itself to prose writing since 1880). He has thus limited himself to an average of a page for each author. Dutch poetry, which occupies nearly two-thirds of his book, is rather well treated. Beginning with the 13th century, Mr. Van Andel has reproduced a couple of hundred delightful poems in many keys, although patriotism and the characteristic Dutch piety and didacticism predominate. When he reaches his

prose section, however, he is in a bad way. This time he restricts himself to the 19th and 20th centuries, but he is still seriously cramped. What impression of the exuberant Timmermans, the charming Streuvels, the absorbing storyteller Cyriel Buysse, can one gain from a page-long scrap out of a novel? Mr. Van Andel ought to compile another volume, choosing from the wealth of excellent Dutch short stories, reproduced with little or no cutting. Dutch literature is almost completely neglected in this country, although the best of it ranks with the best in the major languages.—*H. K. L.*

✱ F. C. Weiskopf. *Unter fremden Himmeln*. Berlin. Dietz. 1947. 191 pages. 4.20 mk.—In *Books Abroad* for Summer 1940, Dr. Weiskopf published an article entitled *Bitter Bread*, with the subtitle *Exiled German Writers in the Belligerent Countries*. By the year 1948 he has become the leading authority on the fortunes and activities of the anti-Nazi writers who left Germany, and he has organized his knowledge into a dictionary of information on the *Verbanneten und Verbrannten* which is also a moving tribute to the courage and high-mindedness of many of them and a cry of indignation at the unmerited suffering of all. As a work of reference, his book belongs with the dictionaries and histories of literature in every well-equipped library. Nobody else could have made it so complete, and not many others could have written it so well.

Dr. Weiskopf begins with *Die Ahnenreihe* and furnishes a selected list of ante-Nazi anti-Nazis who were driven into exile, from Ulrich von Hutten to the advent of Hitler. He notes sadly that Germany never had a Magna Charta or a Déclaration des droits de l'homme, so that the man with an individual conscience has been powerless against tyranny all through German history. To cite only a few of the sections of the first importance, he lists significant books by exiles which appeared first, or only, in other languages than German; the out-

standing exile publications in German; the exile publishing houses; the most important books whose theme was the personal experience of exiles; books on the treatment of the Jews; the leading German writers who suffered violent death; the suicides; the writers who died in exile; writers who composed their first works in exile; sections from the exile writing of the Manns, Alfred Neumann, Bertolt Brecht, Anna Seghers, Franz Werfel, Lion Feuchtwanger, and a dozen others; indexes covering exile writers, publishers, and periodicals. Dr. Weiskopf himself is not a Reich German but a German Czech; he is nevertheless a German-language writer who for his own person preferred banishment to cowardly conformity, so that his book has the poignancy of personal experience.—R. T. H.

✱ Jean Anouilh. *Nouvelles pièces noires*. Paris. Table Ronde. 1946. 240 fr.—*Noires* is the word. Aphrodite, the destroyer, is the villain-heroine of three of the tragedies in this collection: *Jézabel*, (1932) *Roméo et Jeannette* (1945), and *Médée* (1946). The fourth play, *Antigone* (1942), recently noticed in *Books Abroad*, has been in print before; the others appear here for the first time.

Médée, like *Antigone*, is fairly close to its Greek original in plot, though written in prose and without a group chorus. The love-hate tension between Medea and Jason is powerfully expressed in entirely human terms. The gods are absent; Medea kills herself after murdering her children and fires the hut in which she dies, instead of escaping in the chariot of the sun—a fine theatrical climax, such as Euripides would have approved. Jason, however, is not the barbaric egoist of the old story; he is a middle-aged philosopher who accepts life as it is, "under the indifferent eye of the gods," and longs for a peaceful existence, ruling his people from a quiet home.

French critics have pointed out that Anouilh, whom one calls *poète de déses-*

poir, does not usually allow his characters to accept life or to struggle to change it. Not loving humanity, he sees little hope for it. Death seems to him, therefore, more desirable than life, and so he portrays it in his two dramas in modern settings, where irrational passion, incredibly swift and destructive, sweeps the principal figures away. Jézabel, the nymphomaniac mother of a weak but idealistic son, poisons her husband in order to steal his money for her latest lover, thereby destroying her son's chance of happiness with his beautiful and noble fiancée. The Roméo who deserts his Julia for her degenerate sister, Jeannette, drowns himself with his love of a day, off stage, like Ibsen's Rosmer and Rebecca.

Irresistible, instinctive passion, which, as Shakespeare long ago remarked, keeps little company with reason, fascinates Anouilh and seems to be the central theme of his work. *Vénus toute entière* is here more fury than angel, as Racine and Euripides and Strindberg in the past have also portrayed her. Anouilh is not of the stature of these great predecessors, but his sincerity of vision, his sense for dramatic climax, and his clarity of statement mark him as one of the strongest of modern playwrights, even though for the most part he disregards the main social and political movements of his time and strives to express a nostalgic longing for individual integrity which many of his contemporaries, like him, deem impossible of realization today.—Winifred Smith. Vassar College.

✱ Camilo Castelo Branco. *Amor de perdición*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 214 pages. \$2.25 m-arg.—When one has read an author more for the sake of his style than for his story, it is always curious to read him again in a translation, which can preserve the substance of a book without being able to express its individual style. The present version by Pedro Blanco of a novel published in Portuguese in 1862 and translated into Spanish ten years later is

a case in point, since many read Castelo Branco more for his delightfully pure Portuguese prose than for the plot of his novels. The publication of this novel in the Colección Austral will enable a large number of readers to judge for themselves whether, as Miguel de Unamuno held, this Portuguese novel is superior to the celebrated French novel *Manon Lescaut*. This is the only work of the great novelist of the Portuguese Romantic school to be included in this series, which has published Castilian translations of two novels by the head of the Realist school, Eça de Queiros—a writer, however, who perhaps loses even more of his native flavor in translation than does Castelo Branco.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✠ Ejlf Jørgensen. *Vejene Synger*.

København. Gyldendal. 1947. 244 pages. 12.75 kr.—There was a Danish film entitled *Sun over Denmark*. Ejlf Jørgensen's book might be called *Sun, Wind, Rain, and Sand over Jutland*. The reader accompanies a herd of cattle from Aalborg to Hjerting. It is the reign of King Christian (I or II?). Tobacco and printing are known but there is no talk of the Reformation nor of the war with Lübeck which ended in 1512. The work is less a novel than a hymn to the Danish road, changing weather, and landscape. The slight plot deals with the efforts of the Hanseatic merchants to monopolize Northern trade. If there is a hero, it is more the elderly pilgrim, Simon Andreas, who is on his way to Rome, than the doughty Svend Felding, who gets the cattle through and seems about to settle down with a young bride. Svend typifies Danish national feeling and Denmark's eventual democracy. Simon Andreas typifies the difficulties between Denmark and Norway and, above all, the will to Faith despite the call of the World.—*Leslie F. Smith*. University of Oklahoma.

✠ Thomas Mann. *Doktor Faustus*.
*Das Leben des deutschen Tonsetzers
Adrian Leverkühn, erzählt von einem*

Freunde. Stockholm and New York. Bermann-Fischer. 1947. 774 pages. 20.70 kr. \$6.50 u.s.—Ostensibly written near Munich during the last war, this account of the life, work, and end of a contemporary Dr. Faustus serves Thomas Mann as a medium for conveying his final thoughts concerning the decline of Germany.

Born in 1885, the brilliant, macabre young Leverkühn finds himself involved in a dying humanistic culture which is superimposed upon a groundwork of medieval superstition and barbarism. He strives to find the way to a mathematical music reflecting cosmic laws which would establish new values and guide later generations, and regards a venereal disease—not avoided—as a pact with the Devil which might grant him the depth of vision necessary to attain his goal. But he cannot find the creative formula he seeks. After twenty-four years of diabolical inspiration, of technically perfect yet soulless music, he writes his hopeless, discordant swansong, *Dr. Fausti Wehklag*. With its "Song to Despair" it is intended as a desperate counterpart to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and its "Song to Joy." Years of insanity follow.

The famulus-like reporter feels that Leverkühn's sufferings anticipate and symbolize Germany's political convulsions. He considers his friend's last song as fit to accompany the fall of the Third Reich after its vain attempt to cast off poverty with the help of Antichrist.

Doktor Faustus seems to round out Thomas Mann's artistic career. In his youth he traced the decay of his caste. Now he sings the dirge of his country, viewing the culture of Germany as having completed the circle around the globe and returned to its crude beginnings. Like Leverkühn's last music, the book is written with the ultra-sophistication of a genius in an epigonian world. Every modern means imaginable—language, psychology, picturization, critical comment, persiflage, and irony—is used to convey the impression of Germany as a Nietzschean paranoiac, in whom su-

preme genius is blended with insanity, whose noble aims are caught in a deadlock and cause hellish destruction. Masterfully drawn scenes from the life of the hero, brilliant discussions of musical composition, touching analysis of human despair; the subtlest blending of past and present, art and politics, life and fiction; all bear the marks of the greatest in Thomas Mann's art—yet—they lead nowhere.—*Elizabeth M. Mayer*. Stanford University.

✱ Adalbert Stifter. *Der Waldgänger*. 107 pages. 2.57 Sw. fr.—*Bunte Steine. Ein Festgeschenk*. Hermann Augustin, ed. 321 pages. 4.70 Sw. fr. Basel. Birkhäuser. 1944.—The two little volumes form a significant fragment of Stifter's work leading us straight to one of his central problems and opening for us a full view into his small but truly all-comprising world. The sentence often quoted from Stifter's preface to *Bunte Steine*: "We want to discover the gentle law by which the human species is being led," may serve as a motto to all his writings. *Der Waldgänger*, published exactly a hundred years ago, deals with one aspect of that "gentle law" repeated in varied forms in his stories: the problem of childlessness. The deep and genuine devoutness of the poet is reflected in the tragic and moving story which has its ultimate source in his own life; and the wood-man himself, one of those lonely creatures who have at last resigned and made their peace with God and man, is set into the Austrian poet's own homeland: the dense, dark-green fir-woods covering hill and dale, with patches of field or meadow in between, near sparse, thatched huts with their plain poor cottagers living a pure, simple, and hard life, far from the world's turmoil. "It has been said against me that I am forming only little things and that the human beings I am creating are always the common run of mankind," Stifter says in that same preface. And he does not deny it. The categories of great and small do not exist for his art. "To contribute a little grain of good to

the eternal edifice" is his only intention. A "Franciscan praise," the editor appropriately calls Stifter's poetry. The editor contributes competent and readable epilogues.—*Max Lederer*. Library of Congress.

✱ Giacomo Leopardi. *Poems*. John Heath-Stubbs, tr. London. Lehmann (New York. New Directions). 1947. 71 pages. \$3.—John Heath-Stubbs, who we are told has published original poetry, has assembled in this handsome volume his translations of seventeen of Leopardi's melancholy lyric poems, few of them much longer or shorter than two or three pages, with a discriminating informative and interpretative introduction. His translations are sympathetic and intelligent, and now and then there is a passage which is completely charming. Written, like the originals, in lines of varying length, and with practically no use of rime (there are some near-rimes), in skilfully varied iambs, they have almost always an agreeable variety of flow and a whimsical aptness of phrase that keep the reader gently excited. Taking the poet's distressing pessimism for granted, we should like to remark on one pleasant feature, the vivid and refreshing views of nature which open several poems, illustrated delightfully, almost humorously, by the first lines of *La quiete dopo la tempesta* (*The Calm after the Storm*):

Passata è la tempesta:
Odo augelli far festa, e la gallina,
Tornata in su la via,
Che ripete il suo verso. . . .

and

The storm has passed away;
I hear the birds rejoice, the barn-door hen
Gone back into the lane,
Reiterate her call. . . .

—R. T. H.

✱ Gertrude R. Jasper. *Adventure in the Theatre: Lugné-Poe and the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre to 1899*. New Brunswick. Rutgers University Press. 1947. xv+355 pages. \$4.50.—A thoroughly documented history, complete with notes, bibliography, and index, of

an important moment in the French theater. The author's use of a great variety of primary sources, her acquaintance with her hero and his wife, Suzanne Després, her knowledge of Paris and of French, all give her account authority. However Lugué-Poe's own memoirs, *La Parade*, 3 volumes published between 1930 and 1933, are a good deal more lively and entertaining reading. This history nevertheless is a valuable record of one moment in the eternal artistic ferment in Paris—the 90's were by no means unique in their restless vitality—and of the courage and persistence of the young iconoclasts who stormed the Conservatoire and the tradition-bound theaters of the period. Lugué and his colleagues starved and froze for years because they insisted on using *avant-garde* musicians and painters as aids in their productions and because of their determination to make their audiences aware of great foreign plays. Fortunately they survived the storms that often almost overwhelmed them long enough to make Parisian audiences receptive to experimental dramatic art. But few directors will ever have the courage to say with Lugué: "Je suivrai toujours les minorités."—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✠ Erich von Strohmmer. *Der Altdorferaltar in St. Florian*. 1946. 29 pages + 36 plates.—Bruno Grimschitz. *Das Belvedere in Wien*. 1946. 38 pages + 48 plates. — Strohmmer-Nowak. *Altwiener Porzellan*. 1946. 30 pages + 32 plates.—Alois Trost. *Canalettos wiener Ansichten*. 1947. 29 pages + 40 plates.—Bruno Thomas. *Harnische*. 1947. 30 pages + 48 plates.—Franz Kieslinger. *Glasmalerei in Oesterreich*. 1947. 30 pages + 48 plates.—Bruno Grimschitz. *Alte Meister*. 1947. 30 pages + 48 plates. Wien. Wolfsum.—This series is heartening evidence that the most lovable and most unfortunate of the great European capitals has gone through incredible suffering and humiliation without losing its courage. The admirable Vienna Kunstverlag Wolfsum has issued within two years 14

numbers of its *Wolfsumbücher* series, all of them discussing and reproducing art monuments produced or now located in Austria. Seven of them are before this reviewer.

Der Altdorferaltar in St. Florian presents the noblest work of the 16th century Regensburg painter, engraver, and architect Albrecht Altdorfer, bright particular luminary of the famous Donauschule, master of color and pioneer in the skillful exploitation of background. The Augustinian Monastery of St. Florian dates from the eleventh century, but its pride is the Altdorfer altar, with eight paintings of the Passion of Jesus and four depicting the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. They are all here, in exquisite color, with black-and-white reproductions of details.

Bruno Grimschitz's volume on Prince Eugene's Belvedere in Vienna, the handsomest structure of the Austrian baroque, is a 38-page essay followed by 48 plans and photographs of the building and environs.

The Strohmmer-Nowak work on old Vienna porcelains shows 32 examples, part of them in color and part in black and white, produced in the century from 1720 to 1820.

Alois Trost's study of Canaletto's paintings of Vienna is pure joy. The versatile and much traveled Venetian artist Bernardo Belotto, who called himself Canaletto after his uncle and teacher, spent the years 1759 and 1760 in Vienna, making cheerful paintings which caught the engaging spirit of the time and place, the plump, overdressed gentlemen and the helpless, hoop-skirted ladies, the funny little carriages, the easy-going market scenes, the solid, florid churches and palaces, as happily as any painter in Vienna's history has ever done it.

Bruno Thomas' *Harnische* offers 48 pages of armor now visible in Vienna—Austrian, German, Italian, Arabian, from the late 14th to the late 16th century.

Franz Kieslinger shows 48 pages of stained glass windows from 1150 to the early sixteen hundreds, nearly all of it

charming, perhaps especially notable for its evidence that the twelfth century window artists were already easy masters of their art.—When Bruno Grimschitz undertook to reproduce and analyze four dozen world masterpieces of painting to be found in the Vienna museums, his most difficult task must have been to say No. From Rueland Frueauf the Elder's delicate and lovable *Anbetung der Könige*, late 15th century, to Francesco de Guardi's sober 18th century portrayal of St. Mark's in Venice, we have here some of the finest work of Cranach, the younger Holbein, Van Eyck, Pieter Bruegel the Elder, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velásquez, Raphael, Titian, Coreggio—all in colors and all beautiful.—H. K. L.

✱ *The International Who's Who*. London. Europa. 12th ed., 1948. xx + 1,032 2-col. pages, 4to. \$16.—*Who's Whos* could be graded, as are movies, restaurants, and students in colleges. If this were done *The International* would certainly deserve an *A*. It undertakes the widest possible coverage, that of the planet, and the task of choosing the ten or twelve thousand most important personages in the world is much more delicate than that of selecting, for instance, the forty thousand most important Americans, which is the job of our leading American biographical manual. But the orbs of the first magnitude seem to be listed here very successfully, and when it comes to the near-notables it is easy to pick flaws in the wisest biographical dictionary ever concocted. The type of information furnished here is strictly limited: education, chief public activities, publications. Not a word about family, hobbies, or any other colorful personalia. None of the prefatory moralizing and exhaustive statistical tables of our American *Who's Who*. The *International* is quiet, sober, severely streamlined.

It has stood up well through the years of stress and confusion. The 11th edition had 960 pages. The volume for 1942 was practically as large as the present one is, but the intervening issues were considerably smaller. The world is still in such

disorder that the securing of this sort of data is very difficult. It is a tribute to the ingenuity, tenacity, and devotion to duty of many serious workers that such consistently good reference works are produced.—H. K. L.

✱ Ladislav Szabó. *L'Europe latine*.

Paris. Boivin. 1944. 243 pages.—The cultivated author of this volume of essays, admirably translated from the Magyar, has wandered widely through the towns and literature of many lands, pondering deeply on the meaning of things and drawing comparisons with his native Hungary and its writers. He has a particular love for French and Italian culture, for Roman Catholicism and the élite, and a distaste for Russia, Slav Orthodoxy, and Communism. The core of the book, which gives it its title, is a penetrating morphological analysis of Latin Europe, i.e., of the people who speak the Romance languages, as distinct from Latinized Europe, the wider spiritual reality which derives from the influence of Greece and Rome. This is preceded by a similar analysis of the national characteristics of the Magyars, as influenced by their nomadic origins, their permeation by Christianity, and their great historic rôle through five centuries as rulers and defenders of the frontier. His views are all the more interesting because they come from a country whose writers are relatively little known.

There are several other essays that are even more interesting: on the character and influence of the French Revolution; on Dante; on the streets and bridges and haunts of Paris which the author loves so well; on Montaigne in the quiet of his library in the midst of the violent disorders of the Religious Wars; on Montesquieu, "whose charm makes one forget his grandeur"; on Aldous Huxley, as an example of the British revolution after Victorian self-restraint; on the Big Powers of Europe, which have been tempted by Satan to egoism, domination, and selfish "missions"; and on the Small Powers, which, when liberated, have too

often fallen into the same mortal sins. Breadth of outlook, philosophic understanding, poetic imagination, and charm

of expression combine to make this a delightful book.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

Books in French

(For other Books in French, see "Head-Liners")

✧ Jean Babelon. *L'Amérique des conquistadores*. Paris. Hachette. 1947. 288 pages. 200 fr.—The panorama of conquest in the New World is not a pretty picture. Most of these explorers and conquerors were gold- and blood-thirsty, but they were tough and courageous. Although the Indians were guilty occasionally of atrocities, this study recognizes that they had some ethical advantages over the whites. They observed with amazement that Pizarro had his fellow-countryman Diego de Almagro strangled in prison, then publicly decapitated, given a high mass and an elaborate funeral. What strange people these Christians were! The Spaniards' individualism and jealousy of each other are here shown to have been stumbling-blocks in consolidating their conquests. Columbus is portrayed as a poet, an incompetent navigator (hence the crew's lack of respect), an avaricious soul; Magellan as a first-rate sailor; Balboa and Cortez as less cruel than many of the others.

The narrative is smoothly written but adds little that is new. (Its treatment of the communal life of the Incas might give the Russians some interesting pointers.) The book concludes with a discussion of the establishment of towns and a sketch of the development of an indigenous Hispanic-Indian architecture in Latin America.—*B. G. D.*

✧ Auguste Bailly. *La sérénissime république de Venise*. Paris. Fayard. 1946. 442 pages. 160 fr.—Using both original sources and the monumental works of Molmenti and others, the au-

thor gives a good, straightforward history of the Mistress of the Adriatic, who for so many centuries "held the gorgeous East in fee." He adds several interesting chapters on social and artistic life in Venice, including one on the inveterate habit of gambling. For centuries, the whole existence of the city had depended, as it were, on the hazard of pirates, Turks, storms, and shipwreck; and yet, if lucky, on fabulous gains from a single voyage. This begot an amazing gambling spirit which later corrupted morality and beggared some of the richest patrician families.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ Nina Berberova. *Alexandre Blok et son temps, suivi d'un choix de poèmes*. Paris. Chêne. 1947. 247 pages. 170 fr.—A conventional biography which takes up the thread two generations back, moving quickly to the poet's birth in 1880 and proceeding in orderly sequence—with digressions to justify the second half of the title—to 1921 when he died—as some have it, starved to death. That we must warmly welcome this study is less a reflection on its merits than on our ignorance. Heretofore we had some scattered articles in addition to Babette Deutsch's translation of *The Twelve*, and it was a little disturbing to be told that "the great symbolist" Blok had found it so easy to serve the Revolution with propagandistic enthusiasm. Now Klabund's assertion, "There is no propaganda here at all," becomes poignantly clear. Nina Berberova rises to an inspiring level of critical empathy when she interprets the nostalgia of

Blok's prophecy, "Russia will be no more," and of his explanation that he had written those "political" poems (as *The Scythians* and *The Twelve*) because he had to say good-by. The translations are middling. They represent no cross section of Blok's development but—apparently—all that happened to be available.—*A. Gode-von Aesch*. New York City.

✠ René Boylesve. *Feuilles tombées*.

Preface by Gérard-Gailly. Paris. Dumas. 1947. 340 pages.—This collection of delightful pages from Boylesve's diaries will disappoint scholars who expected new documents concerning his life and the genesis of his novels. Most of them had appeared in *La Touraine*, *Opinions sur le roman*, and the first edition of *Feuilles tombées* prefaced by Charles Du Bos in 1927. But there are a few captivating pages about his grandparents, Aunt Félicie, and exquisite notations about Louise Renaut, his first love.

Hitherto unpublished is a gallery of pungent contemporary portraits etched with the sharpest point: Verlaine, Mendès, Coppée, Schwob, Montesquiou, Rebell, Lavedan, Vandérem, Daudet, Mme Adam, D'Annunzio, and especially the Comtesse de Noailles and Barrès. Acid commentaries on Huysmans, Loti, Anatole France, Prévost, Ibsen. Several passages reveal in Boylesve a deep and original thinker on sociological problems; others bring out his classical discretion in the literary expression of his extreme sensitiveness. — *André Bourgeois*. The Rice Institute.

✠ Raymond Cartier. *Les secrets de la guerre, dévoilés par Nuremberg*.

Paris. Fayard. 1946. 318 pages. 150 fr.—The author tells us that he has studied the files of the Nuremberg trial thoroughly for many months. As a result of these investigations he presents a book which, in his own words, amounts to a history of World War II, written by the enemy himself. It is an interesting book

and, unlike other war histories, it is exciting and full of suspense and captivates the reader from beginning to end.

But I am afraid the American reader might disagree with the author as far as the revealing of secrets is concerned. The "secret order" of Hitler, for instance, to evacuate the Rhineland immediately if the French should order their troops to march was well known in the Rhineland and across the border and filled with hope the hearts of the Rhenish population. Unfortunately the Western Powers missed this opportunity to overthrow the Nazi Government.

The book contains extremely interesting conversations with such well known figures as Keitel, Jodl, von Blomberg, Goering, Hess, von Brauchitsch, and many others. The picture of Hitler himself is very enlightening. It is the inside story of the Nazi gang, told by its masters. This book should be published in America.—*Albert Lestoque*. Denver.

✠ Jean Chantavoine. *Camille Saint-Saëns*. Paris. Richard-Masse. 1946.

127 pages + 7 plates. 120 fr.—Jean Chantavoine's talents and experience—musician, music educator, critic, with a whole library of studies of music and musicians to his credit—equipped him admirably to prepare this lucid and authoritative little volume on the most *complet* of all French musicians. He even calls him "le plus grand musicien que la France ait eu, avec Berlioz auquel il ressemble si peu"—a ranking which will excite opposition, but which is certainly reasonable if we accept M. Chantavoine's implied definition of *grand*. After presenting the necessary information on the Master's life and work—readably, thoughtfully, with a skill at organization and integration which is impressive—he examines Saint-Saëns' mental constitution, stressing the part played by his "serene and impersonal conception of art," which squared perfectly with his natural temper and goes far to explain both his successes and the limitations to his accomplishment. This

is one of the most satisfactory books of the sort ever written.—*R. T. H.*

✎ Roland Dorgelès. *Bouquet de Bohème*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947 (New York. Cercle du Livre de France. 1948). 351 pages.—Another aging writer is casting into the wind a sheaf of youthful memories. The flowers of this bouquet have retained their bright colors and their pungent perfumes. One reads Dorgelès' book with pleasure, even eagerness. It brings back to life the Butte Montmartre such as it was in the beginning of this century, a village with the Lapin Agile as the meeting place of a bohemian crowd of young poets and painters.

In a stirring display of successes, failures, and even dramas, Dorgelès etches unforgettable characters: Van Dongen, Vlamink, Max Jacob, Suzanne Valadon, Modigliani, etc. We feel we know them personally, for he has caught their exact climate. We attend the launching of cubism; well chosen anecdotes illuminate Utrillo's calvary; others illustrate Picasso's peculiar moods; interesting revelations cast a new light on the inspiration behind Apollinaire's poems. the *bonne humeur* of Dorgelès' writing hides a deep emotion which permeates each page.—*André Bourgeois*. The Rice Institute.

✎ Jules Laroche. *Quinze ans à Rome avec Camille Barrère*. Paris. Plon. 1948. 345 pages+5 plates. 360 fr.—The author was an able and observing secretary at the French Embassy in Rome during the tense years before World War I. He gives delightful accounts of Leo XIII and Pius X, of Giolitti, Tittoni, D'Annunzio, and Luzatti, and of most of the foreign diplomats with whom he came in contact in Rome. He describes the many diplomatic receptions, the visits of Edward VII, Loubet, and the Kaiser, the Papal conclave, the Messina earthquake, and the gradual changes in Roman society. Besides this personal narrative in the lighter vein,

he has much to say, some of it new, about the diplomatic relations between France and Italy. For his chief he rightly has the greatest admiration and respect. It was Barrère who arranged the secret Franco-Italian Accords of 1900-02 which neutralized Italy's position in the Triple Alliance and thus strengthened the Triple Entente. He reveals the shrewd way in which the Accord of 1902, actually signed in June, was post-dated to November. His careful and modest record, with many amusing anecdotes, will interest all students of Italian life and politics as well as diplomatic historians.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✎ Marguerite-Yvonne Méléra. *Résonances autour de Rimbaud*. Paris. Myrte. 1946. 208 pages. 132 fr.—Some 500 volumes have appeared dealing with Rimbaud and, as Mme Méléra remarks, his biographers often *se mangent le nez*. She is not a newcomer and shows herself familiar with existing studies. An ardent admirer of the poet and a personal friend of his sister, she studies here primarily the man's personality as seen in his correspondence and in the accounts of those who knew him during his years as trader and explorer in Africa. Perhaps the real heroes of this volume are Isabelle and Paternine Berrichon, who consecrated their lives to defending Arthur's memory. Mme Méléra almost always maintains a judicious attitude and points to occasional errors in the judgments of the devoted sister and brother-in-law. "La vie de Rimbaud est aussi riche en interprétations et en contradictions que ses oeuvres. Tous ceux qui croient en connaître un chapitre s'apercevront par la suite qu'ils avaient vu seulement le recto des pages, et que le verso compliquait singulièrement l'histoire, ou la retournait." One of the merits of this book is the impartiality with which the author endeavors to study both sides of the page.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

✱ Pierre Minet. *La défaite: confessions*. Paris. Sagittaire. 1947. 274 pages. 230 fr.—Pierre Minet, one of the moving spirits of *Le Grand Jeu*, that little *surréaliste chapelle* which flourished briefly in the late twenties, writes of the movement and of the friends who were in it with him: René Daumal, Gilbert-Leconte, Roger Vailland. All of them except Vailland are dead, and the movement is pretty well dead too. Although the surrealist adventure is only a few years away in time, it already seems almost prehistoric today, when *poétique* has become a function of *politique*.

Obsessed by Rimbaud, young Minet resolved to relive his hero's life, break with all social restraints. He ran away from his home, a lower middle-class family in a small town in the Seine-et-Marne, to Paris. There he slept under bridges, cadged meals and drinks, slept for a fee with homosexual tourists in Paris on a fling. He knew Montparnasse *de la bonne époque*, came into contact with many of its literary and artistic celebrities. His reminiscences, however, are not rich in literary history. *La défaite* is most of all a touching, sometimes pretentious personal history of an ardent youth, an evocation of those days when adolescents spent their nights planning to remake the world by a Revolution of the World, a new *revue*, or a manifesto. It's all over now, and Minet, in his late thirties, lives "in a universal yawn."—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✱ Hermann Quéro. *Le dernier grand seigneur. Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly*. Paris. Flore. 1946. 285 pages. 120 fr.—If Barbey did not receive his meed of fame during his life, his own consciousness of worth has found echoes since: sympathetic studies are appearing constantly. His flamboyant musketeer style is often held a mark of genius, and even his most naïve efforts to singularize himself are attributed to a philosophic attitude of mind. Perhaps the admiration of his champions is as interesting as anything he himself wrote or did. M. Quéro,

a fellow-townsmen, presents along these lines a detailed analysis of his personality. His great love of his native Normandy—"la terre de mes premiers songes et de mes derniers rêves"—and the inspiration he drew from it are skilfully traced in his work. Herein lies the chief contribution of this volume. "Barbey . . . semble bien avoir pressenti l'importance du régionalisme avec son double courant: maintenir les valeurs traditionnelles d'un terroir: reconforter ceux que l'existence retient au loin dans le tourbillon des villes." Although convinced that Barbey's novels are masterpieces, our critic is not primarily concerned with their purely literary merit. Nor does he stress the contradictions and reversions in the essays, on which M. Seillière insisted so vigorously. The unbiased reader smiles when M. Quéro implies that his hero may compare favorably with Sainte-Beuve as a critic. Such a vagary inevitably arouses doubt as to the validity of others of his findings.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

✱ Firmin Roz and Gabriel Louis Jayray. *Tableau des Etats-Unis*. Paris. Spid. 1946. 423 pages. 225 fr.—This statistical and somewhat interpretative history explains to the French the salient events in American foreign and domestic relations during recent years. In the first of the three parts the authors describe our depression and the international activity leading up to our entrance into the war. With the exception of rather superficial observations, such as a comparison of the philosophy of F.D.R. (whom they admire greatly) with the social viewpoint of the Vatican, this portion of the book is largely factual and meager in interpretation.

The second and third parts are a more penetrating analysis of contemporary domestic and foreign life in this country. Some of it is sharp, some is witty, and most of it is well considered. In politics the authors see the Democratic party as a "companionate marriage between the ultra-conservative South and the indus-

trial workers of the North"; in religion we are much devoted to form and obedience to custom, less devoted to an inward spiritual life; internationally, isolationism is not dead—it is only sleeping. (It still does some rather dangerous kicking even in its sleep.) It is pointed out that the United States is now the rival of Great Britain in trade, although Britain seems to manage even at this date to get into position as seller, we as buyer. According to the authors this is due to our inexperience (we add, also to our heavy purse). Finally, they conclude that the future struggle between the U. S. and Russia will be focussed in China where few of us are looking, rather than in Berlin where most of us are looking.—*John Paul Duncan*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Louis F. Aubert. *Sécurité de l'Occident, Ruhr-Rhin*. Paris. Colin. 1946. 136 pages. 80 fr.—Writing shortly after the war, and impressed with the importance of preventing absolutely another resurgence of German military power, M. Aubert argues strongly, reasonably, and with many facts, for measures which will give satisfactory security to the West. By "West" he means not France alone, but France's allies, Great Britain, the United States, and of course Belgium and the Netherlands. The whole lower Rhine, with its strategic bridges, and the whole industrial Ruhr, with its vast war potential, must be taken out of German hands and placed under a separate administration—under a United Nations trusteeship. It should be a separate entity with its own currency and tariff system. With the Rhine frontier and the Ruhr heavy industry under United Nations trusteeship, security for the West would make a great stride forward. In addition, demilitarization should proceed, supervision of peace terms should be strict, and Germany should be limited in the amount of coal, aluminum, magnesium, petroleum and other raw materials of possible military value. Much of the thinking runs along much the

same lines as Moulton and Marlio's volume, *Le désarmement de l'Allemagne et du Japon*. He frequently refers to Leo Crowley and the *Kilgore Report*. He does not consider the possible Russian menace to the West.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✱ Maurice Constantin-Weyer. *L'âme allemande*. Paris. Grasset. 1945. 147 pages. 60 fr.—This attempted analysis of the German soul, written in 1944, motivated not so much by the desire to understand as by a call to hate, and not without inner contradictions, derives its material from four main fields: (1) the psychology of the German language; (2) the racial origins of the German people; (3) "les influences historiques qu'il a subies"; (4) environmental conditions produced by geography, climate, and economic factors. By a selective process the author finds it easy to prove that the German has always been and will always be untrustworthy, cruel, aggressive, and therefore dangerous. His solution for the German problem is (a) the permanent division of the Reich into a Catholic south and a Protestant north, and (b) the reduction of the German birth-rate. Just how this latter is to be achieved he does not say.

It seems to the reviewer that only German-haters will take this book seriously, and that it hardly adds substantially to the copious material which such persons can readily find in print. On the other hand, it fails to help with regard to two really vital questions which clamor insistently for answer: what remedy is there for the fearful sickness which developed Nazism, and what treatment of conquered Germany will promote the peace of Europe and the world? The author's claim to attention is not enhanced by the glaring errors which mar nearly all his German quotations.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✱ Robert Guillain. *Le peuple japonais et la guerre*. Paris. Julliard. 1947. 299 pages. 275 fr.—The author, a news-

paper man, conversant with the Japanese language and long interned, with all the fears and hardships that such an internment brings with it, gives a detailed account of what he experienced, what he heard, and what his interpretations of men and events in the period 1939-46 were. He discusses the psychology of the Japanese and their leaders and gives an account partly of events already known to U. S. audiences and partly news, especially in the secret diplomatic field. His discussion of Tojo is especially interesting in the light of that general's attitudes during his trial. The author does not like the Japanese; he finds them ugly in appearance, false in their politeness, not really intellectual, and completely devoid of ability to think metaphysically. He grants them numbers, industry, and the land. He is sure that the American occupation will not really change them and that their basic patterns will mould the occupation as the Japanese choose. The book needs an index.—*George H. Danton*. College of Mines, El Paso, Texas.

✧ *Almanach des Lettres* 1948. Paris. Flore and Gazette des Lettres. 1948. xxi+256 pages + 8 plates. 260 fr.—The *Almanach des Lettres* is an invaluable reference annual. Its directory of Paris publishers is up to the minute, it reports the French literary prizes for the past year and those which are due in the course of the current one, it has information on the academic and leading cultural organizations of Paris, it has a Who's Who of French and foreign writers who are in the eye of the French public, it prints a number of authoritative articles on the general drift of publishing in France and her colonies during the year, with a great deal more amusing and useful matter which can't be catalogued in our small space. The past twelvemonth was not a banner year for French letters (see in this connection Henry Muller's comment on the preference of the French public for translations from the English, in his report on *Petits et grands événements*), but what

has been done is here faithfully recorded.—*H. K. L.*

✧ John-A. Guischard. *Le conte fantastique au XIX^e siècle*. Montréal. Fides. 1946 (?). 182 pages.—This book furnishes some convenient elementary information about several of the most successful writers of fantastic tales during the nineteenth century, in Germany, the United States, France, England, and Russia. There is no evidence that the author knows either German or Russian. Even in French and English his material might all have been accumulated from the histories of literature and the anthologies. His generalizations are trite and unimportant, he quotes indiscriminately from thoughtful critics and mere compilers, and his French is less than mediocre. His bibliography, in French and English only, is limited to critics and anthologists and gives no aid to readers who want to go directly to the story-writers themselves.

The job was worth doing, and the book will be useful *faute de mieux*.—*H. K. L.*

✧ Mary-Carmel Therriault. *La littérature française de Nouvelle-Angleterre*. Montréal. Fides. 1946. 325 pages. \$2.25.—For this study Sister Mary-Carmel Therriault, a native of Maine, received a doctorate from Laval University. It is the first attempt to investigate thoroughly the French Canadian literature of New England.

The author sets out to prove that there *is* a Franco-American literature. She gives the history of the immigrant groups which moved from Eastern Canada into the mill towns of New England during the last two centuries. She describes their struggle to maintain their culture, the product of two countries even before it was brought to the United States. The Church, the school, the social club, and the French language newspapers were the agencies which enabled them to do this.

The chapter dealing with the press is excellent. There have been several well-

edited newspapers, of which *Le Travailleur*, of Worcester, Massachusetts, is outstanding. Most of the literary works of the Franco-Americans were published in their newspapers. The total significant amount is small. Noteworthy are the efforts of Rosaire Dion-Lévêque and Louis Dantin in poetry, Henri d'Arles in the short story, novel, and literary criticism, and Mme Rocheleau-Rouleau in the novel.

This book is written from the Catholic point of view. The author believes that the cultural agencies, by keeping the Franco-Americans faithful to the ancestral language and customs, will keep them within the Church. Her critical judgments of literature are, however, generally sound. There is an excellent bibliography.—*Willis H. Bowen*. University of Oklahoma.

✠ Francis Ambrière. *Le Solitaire de la Cervara*. Neuchâtel and Paris. Attinger. 1947. 235 pages.—Francis Ambrière's journal of his imprisonment in Germany, strikingly titled *Les grandes vacances*, received a Goncourt award. He has written studies of Joachim du Bellay and Gustave Flaubert, and his scholarly training gives a certain finish to all his writing. *Le Solitaire*, a little unexpectedly, is a bloody and ultra-sentimental melodrama, weak in motivation, but very cleverly constructed. There is some over-preparation at the beginning and some tedious prolonging of the emotional strain just before the dénouement, but few short novels have ever handled the trick of suspense more skilfully. The author informs us that *Le Solitaire* was written a good many years ago although it was not taken to the printer till last year. He has proved that he can build a thrilling story. Perhaps, ripened by his war experiences, he could write one now with more soul and substance.

The short stories that fill out the volume are negligible.—*H. K. L.*

✠ Alexandre Arnoux. *Hélène et les guerres*. Paris. Grasset. 1945. 203

pages. 81 fr.—This paralleling of World War I and World War II as they affected one individual, Jérôme Savrit, is not entirely successful. It was not an easy task to achieve the unity of integrating fast-moving world events, coupled with backflashes to World War I, with the spirit of Savrit's deceased wife. Hélène had died in 1938. "J'ai souvent pensé que la guerre l'avait tuée, d'avance. Notre amour, si imbriqué aux cataclysmes de son début à sa fin, de sa naissance à sa continuation posthume, je ne peux le dissocier du monde, ni notre anecdote particulière de la tragédie globale, ni nos moments de la durée européenne, universelle. Notre époque, plus que toute autre, broie l'individu, l'assujettit à ses péripéties, à ses courants de violence, à ses haltes sans sécurité." Neither morbid nor sentimental, the author on repeated occasions makes Hélène's spirit very much alive and admired for her power to keep her husband faithful to her and their ideals.—*Pierre Courtines*. Queens College.

✠ Colette Audry. *Aux yeux de souvenir*. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 235 pages. 205 fr.—Colette Audry's first published volume, a collection of short stories titled *On joue perdant*, came out last year in Albert Camus' collection *Espoir*. Brief, expertly-fashioned little tales, strongly tinged with Existentialist *angoisse*, they established their author's reputation. One of them was used in the Summer 1947 number of the *Kenyon Review*, as *The Gloves*. Her new "novel" (in reality a series of related sketches) concerns her childhood, her memories of life at Orange, at Nice, at Aigues-Vives. She avoids both sentimentality and exaggerated harshness and cynicism. She records the memories of a "normal, happy childhood" passed in a French middle-class family. The following paragraph from the first chapter sets the tone of these recollections: "Begin with fear: fear teaches that the world is strange and wonderful and—more mysteriously—that you are alone."—*John L. Brown*. Boston.

✧ Michel Bataille. *Patrick*. Paris. Laffont (New York. Cercle du Livre de France). 1947. 249 pages. 185 fr.—This unusual book, a Stendhal prize winner, was written by a nineteen-year-old author, whom one inevitably identifies with his creation, Patrick. Patrick is born under the watchful eye of the powers of evil in *l'autre royaume*, which systematically set out to destroy his soul. Patrick, however, is made of resilient stuff. His passion for beauty, purity, freedom, and happiness foil the plan. Nevertheless, the evil forces of life take up the challenge and war finally accomplishes, in part at least, the sinister design of the powers of the other kingdom.

In Patrick is revealed the powerful impulse of youth toward sanity and perfection in a mad and imperfect world. Michel Bataille registers a vehement protest against the pessimism, cynicism, and hopelessness of our time. While he writes with artistry and a compelling force beyond what anyone has a right to expect from so young an author, one wishes that he had kept Patrick, and himself, a little closer to the earth and the abodes of men.—*Elliott Dow Healy*. University of Texas.

✧ René Benjamin. *Les innocents dans la tempête*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 253 pages. 150 fr.—These "innocents" are a queer bourgeois family of Touraine who try to deaden the impact of World War II on themselves and on others. The most quixotic character is the father, who retires to his attic and writes letters to the heads of neutral governments, urging them to stand between the belligerents and stop the carnage. Being a humorist, Benjamin shows how such a noble idea is ridiculed by a realistic world headed for ruin. The novel is witty, poetical, sometimes sentimental and even maudlin; it is marred by the pro-Vichy coloring of its author who, despite his criticisms of all the belligerents, occasionally has a good word to say about Fascism and the occupying German armies, but never about the Americans who, at the time when M. Benja-

min was finishing his manuscript (July 1st, 1944) were dying by the thousands in the Normandy orchards and *bocages* for the liberation of France and for M. Benjamin's democratic right to be anti-American and say so freely.—*François Denoeu*. Dartmouth College.

✧ Olivier de Bouveignes. *Sur des lèvres congolaises*. Namur. "Grands Lacs." 203 pages. 30 Bel. fr.—M. de Bouveignes is the author of a series of tales dealing with the wilds of the Congo. Here we have 28 naïve little *fabliaux* in prose, with animals as actors. The *Avant-Propos* makes one of them say to men: "Nous sommes votre miroir et si vous nous connaissez par vous-mêmes, nous vous connaissons par nous." Sly asides are frequent: Here is one: "Ceci se passait au temps où les bêtes parlaient. Ce temps-là n'est pas tellement lointain. Et ma foi, ceux qui font aujourd'hui des commentaires sur les événements de la semaine ne sont guère différents."—*B. M. W.*

✧ Marcelle Crespelle. *Le cygne*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 373 pages. 240 fr.—Another triangle. The brittle quips of the husband during his leave of absence from somewhere behind the Maginot line at the beginning of the phony war irk his wife, Catherine, who decides to join her recently acquired lover, now a refugee in Italy. The latter has meanwhile been arrested there for lack of proper identification papers; none the less the Fascist authorities, always galling—up to a certain point—provide hotel accommodations for the couple. Unfortunately their bliss is of short duration, as Catherine is taken back to the train the next morning, Mussolini having just then declared war on France, while her non-Aryan lover is returned to his cell.

The story would be banal but for the clever build-up of its two main characters and its charmingly sketched background of Swiss and French scenery.—*Germaine A. Donogh*. Washington, D. C.

✱ Raymond Dumay. *Le raisin de maïs*. Montréal and New York. Cercle du Livre de France. 1947. 249 pages.—The rustic title prepares us for a regionalistic story. *Raisin de maïs* refers to a sheaf of corn stalks with the ears still attached. It seems to symbolize the strength of the peasant stock in France and brings a refreshing note of optimism. The scene is laid in the ancient region of Bresse, the time is our own. A common pitfall of regionalistic fiction is avoided: primary interest is in the characters, who are shaped to some extent by the environment but never swallowed by it. The hero is an orphan of talent without material resources, but with determination and a consuming thirst for knowledge.

We meet first his aged grandmother, who has slaved to permit him to attend the district school. After her death he goes to work on a farm, where he meets kindness and a robust encouragement to industry. He is not idealized; he passes through a period of storm and stress but emerges victorious. A cluster of minor characters are sketched so vividly that each lives in his own right. Here again the title is significant. "Back to the soil" may be a beneficent slogan in this time of turmoil.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

✱ Rodolphe Girard. *Marie Calumet*. Montréal. Serge. 1946. 284 pages. \$1.50.—First published in 1904, when the author was a young reporter on Montreal's *La Presse*, this book has been reprinted with a foreword by Albert La-berge, journalist and art critic. Rodolphe Girard has been called the founder of the naturalistic school in French-Canadian literature, but he does not seem to have made many disciples, for one looks in vain, in French-Canadian writings, for a novel as Rabelaisian in character and as frank in its delineations as *Marie Calumet*.

This unusual novel presents a picture of Canadian life of some eighty years ago. While we are somewhat surprised that the late regretted Louis Francoeur

wrote that this book was the funniest he had ever read, we feel that no one can question the authenticity of the author's picture of French-Canadian country life. Girard here reveals himself a master of those details which fall under the general heading of bad taste. If a volume cannot be left on library shelves without apologies, we must hesitate to recommend it to the general public. Since *Marie Calumet* was written for the general public, and not for specialists, it is doubtful whether it will achieve more popularity in French Canada today than it did upon its original publication more than forty years ago.—*Pierre Courtines*. Queens College, Flushing, N. Y.

✱ Alain Guel. *Martha du prisonnier*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 283 pages. 185 fr.—Selecting for his first novel the theme of a French prisoner in love with the wife of his German master, Alain Guel is another of the many post-war writers who have been inspired by the dramatic possibilities of the Romeo and Juliet situation amplified to national proportions. But M. Guel chooses not to depict what readers might expect: the soul conflict of two persons whose nations are at war. He dedicates his work to a study of liberty and captivity, which he develops with frequent Biblical references. Hervé's and Martha's dull peasant minds seem indifferent to patriotism, honor, loyalty, and exclusively concerned with questions of bondage and personal freedom. Even though the reader may be unmoved by the author's general preoccupations, his power in describing the hard life of an isolated German community will be keenly felt.—*L. LeSage*. University of Oregon.

✱ Paul Morand. *Montociel*. Genève. Cheval Ailé. 1947. 351 pages.—An Indian rajah, while taking the cure at Vichy in the period of Napoleon III, employs an obscure cryptographer to decipher a coded document left by his father, a Frenchman who had mysteriously disappeared from the symbolic kingdom of Oudore after ruling it wisely for many

years. The diary discloses the latter's intention to rejoin his childhood sweetheart in France, and the cryptographer's hopes soar upon discovering that he is the half-brother of the present rajah, who, however, coldly dismisses him with the aside—to an aide—that "these foreigners smell."

A fabulous story, reminiscent of Voltaire's *Candide*, and often as witty in its intimations.—*Germaine A. Donogh*. Washington, D. C.

✎ Emmanuel Roblès. *Travail d'homme*.

Paris. Charlot. 1942. 310 pages. 140 fr.—Running away from his drab life as a furniture vendor in an unnamed city of southern Spain, Rafael signs up for work on a dam across the Río Negro, in the Sierra Nevada. He makes friends and enemies among his work fellows, most of whom have a police record. A feud, reminiscent of that of Etienne and Chaval in *Germinal*, develops between him and Toni, a "tough" with heroic impulses. There are cowardly beatings, heads cracked, the murder of the sordid restaurant keeper, a cave-in in which Rafael unwillingly risks his life for Toni's rescue. The climax comes with a flood which threatens to carry away the dam. The two foes volunteer to blast some rocks to ease up the pressure of the water on the dam; they fail to save it and die in the mad but heroic venture.

Emmanuel Roblès has followed the best traditions of the French realistic school of fiction; his narrative swings along at a good pace, slackened here and there by poetic descriptions of the Sierra Nevada, its treacherous rivers, romantic caves, and colorful villages and people. The story is a manly one and shows that even thugs can get enthusiastic about a great piece of work like the Río Negro dam which was intended to bring safety and fertility to a whole region.—*François Denoeu*. Dartmouth College.

✎ Roger-Ferdinand. *Les derniers seigneurs*. Paris. Belle Fontaine. 1946. 62 pages. — Roger-Ferdinand's latest play expresses his admiration for the

good old days when life in the upper classes was lived with dignity and when the *vraie jeune fille*, in the provinces at least, devoted herself to work for others, instead of pining for the gilded youth she loved or seeking forgetfulness in dissipation. Honoré is the elderly *maitre d'hôtel* of an aristocratic family, the only surviving scions of which are a raucous brother and sister, whose drinking, promiscuity, and slang outrage their servants. Not a pretty picture of French life today, with its conflicts between old and new manners and morals, perhaps somewhat over-accented in the interests of the thesis, but not without significance. Unfortunately the happy ending, with the young people reformed, Honoré's efforts rewarded, the temptress exiled, the *jeune fille* made happy, is thoroughly unconvincing. However, spectators if not readers will be entertained and no more critical than they were of *You Can't Take It With You* some years ago, for Roger-Ferdinand, like Kaufman, is a clever playwright, though in the preface to this play he admits he is not a literary genius, like Cocteau, Giraudoux, and Claudel.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✎ Michel Seuphor. *Le visage de Senlis*.

Paris. Pavois. 1947. 195 pages. 117 fr.—The testament and *apologia pro vita sua* of a man defeated in his struggle to live by his pen, this novel is a severe indictment of the superficiality and brutal Philistine standards of a civilization tainted by cinematography. But Mézonges is not a victim of circumstances. Throughout his life he repeatedly turns his face away from prosperity. He is stubborn, like the martyrs: "Je ne peux plus, je ne veux plus, je veux crever comme un chien. J'aurai au moins cette liberté-là." But his heroism does not seem to stem from a conviction, a mission in life, so much as from a temperamental maladjustment. If the evil which is responsible for his death remains somewhat too vague to carry conviction, the account of his life is realistic and gripping. The sordid lodgings, the offices of

editors where he tries to peddle his articles, are faithful reproductions of bits of Paris. Scuphor's psychology carries the same conviction. There is living and moving reality in this stark tale of a man at bay.—*L. LeSage*. University of Oregon.

✧ André Thérive. *Comme un voleur*. Genève. Cheval Ailé. 1947. 305 pages.—This self-portrayal of an old dry-as-dust newspaper archivist is done in the superlatively realistic French manner. The gentleman's reminiscences and description of his dingy quarters overlooking the Père-Lachaise cemetery, his impressions of the people he has known and of those he meets, and his opinion of himself—all exude a bleakness and irony tempered only by his Gallic wit and his grudging sympathy for the misfortunes of others. When, however, godless cynic that he professes to be, he feels the sands of time running out, a chance remark of his charwoman (who believes him to be a renegade priest) causes him to become obsessed with religion and, as far as can be gathered from his rather incoherent last remarks, he, too, goes to Canossa. . . . A masterpiece of style, not for neurotics.—*Germaine A. Donogh*. Washington, D. C.

✧ Maurice Zermatten. *L'esprit des tempêtes*. Paris. Egloff (Fribourg. Université de Fribourg). 1947. 389 pages. 6.50 Sw. fr.—The inhabitants of a Swiss mountain village live in abject terror of one Jean-Pierre who, like his father before him, has obtained the supernatural powers with which he enslaves them, by selling his soul to the devil. Their muddled and fearsome thoughts crystallize into collective hysteria. Then a monk, born among them, returns from his cloister to free the terrorized villagers (including a girl he had forsaken before taking his vows) from their unholy bondage.

The author has brought nothing new to the oft-exploited Mephistophelian theme or to rustic psychology, but he excels in the description of superb moun-

tain and valley scenery and of a gaudy pagan ritual witnessed by the monk before exorcizing the Evil One.—*Germaine A. Donogh*. Washington, D. C.

✧ *Floriant et Florete*. Harry F. Williams, ed. Ann Arbor. University of Michigan Press. 1947. xv+316 pages + 7 plates. \$4.—Francisque Michel's limited edition of this pleasing thirteenth century Arthurian poem, published in 1873, was not a scholarly work. The present volume is completely adequate. The introduction has chapters on previous studies of the poem, on the manuscript, the constitution of the critical text, language and versification, structure and style. The text is followed by notes, a rimarium, a glossary, and an index of proper names.

The editor has made skilful use of previous studies, while adding much of his own. In a convincing yet cautious manner he studies the language of the scribe and the poet, concluding that the poem was composed in northeastern France in the late thirteenth century. The poet was well acquainted with his predecessors. He borrowed from the *romans bretons*, the *romans d'aventures*, the *romans d'antiquité*, the *chansons de geste*, and used the materials which he appropriated with considerable skill, not telling a new story entirely, but weaving together fascinatingly many old themes. The Sicilian background, Williams believes, may be accounted for by the fact that the island had recently been conquered by the Normans and was a natural stopping-place for Crusaders.

The well printed book has seven photostatic plates of manuscript pages. It is a credit to American scholarship.—*Willis H. Bowen*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Blanche Katz, ed. *La prise d'Orenge*. New York. King's Crown. 1947. xxxv+209 pages. \$2.75.—A useful, timely edition which makes the reading of this twelfth century *chanson* of the Guillaume cycle easy and pleasant. The

poem has hitherto been available only in the faulty Jonckloet version (1854) based on a single manuscript. The present edition takes into account all the known manuscripts. The editor adheres closely to the original poem and shows skill in handling problems of language. One wishes that there were literary comment. The volume is a good example of lithoprinting.—*Willis H. Bowen*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Jean-Arthur Rimbaud. *Oeuvres*.

Montréal. Valiquette. 1943. 199 pages. \$1.10.—Here, paper bound, but clearly and attractively printed, are the works of a sometimes savage but always original poet, who in his art united the tenets of decadence, symbolism, and free verse. Here are the youthful poems—Rimbaud was only thirty-seven years old at his tragic death; the psychological autobiography, *Une saison en Enfer*; the earlier pellucid and moving *Illuminations*, now verse, now prose; and the later visions, in which the rebellious spirit becomes more evident, both in the verse and in the poet's dedication of himself "to a new disorder." Here too are the well-known *Bateau ivre* and the *Sonnet des voyelles*, so rich in tone color, A noir, E blanc, I rouge, U vert, O bleu, voyelles, . . .

—*Jewel Wurtzbaugh*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Guy Sylvestre. *Anthologie de la poésie canadienne d'expression française*. Montréal. Valiquette. 1943. 141 pages.—The appearance of several anthologies within the last few years has aroused considerable interest in Canadian poetry, particularly in Canada's neighbor, the United States. Unhappily, these volumes have been concerned chiefly with Canadian poetry written in English, that in French being slighted or neglected entirely. The present anthology helps restore the balance. The selections are apparently representative and wisely chosen to show the trend from imitativeness of French poetry—this is very marked in the early pages

of the volume—to definite and sometimes moving originality. Compiled and edited by the author of the *Situation de la poésie canadienne*, the volume includes an admirable historical and critical account of Canadian verse in French, as well as a valuable bibliography of the French-writing poets.—*Jewel Wurtzbaugh*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Georges Marçais. *L'art de l'Islam*.

Paris. Larousse. 1946. 199 pages + 64 plates.—This small handbook is one in the series *Arts, styles et techniques*, under the general editorship of Norbert Dufourcq. It is a chronological treatment of Islamic art, showing the main geographic areas in which the spell of Allah has asserted itself. The author introduces us to the factors reflected in the artistic productions of Islam: the Koran, the great dynasties, the religious leaders, and the political developments of the Mussulman world. The unity of this strange art is explained in terms of climate, history, religion, and language. The reader is left with a vivid impression of the scope and effectiveness of the Islamic Law and of the depth to which Islam penetrates every aspect of Moslem life.—*J. William Schmidley*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ *Masques* 2. Raymond Cogniat. *Esquisse pour une étude sur l'esthétique du théâtre*. 60 pages, large format. 21 plates.—*Masques* 6. *La mode au théâtre*. 56 pages, large format, ill. 150 fr.

—Paris. Société Générale d'Éditions "Masques." 1947.—These magnificently executed monographs on aspects of the recent and contemporary theater are, in their refinement, their good taste, their restraint, their flawless and relentless rationalizing, uniquely Parisian. Raymond Cogniat's sketch of the part which the artist has come to play in the theater (not the scene-painter merely, but the professional artist, Braque, Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Chirico), and, more generally, of the process by which the whole stage, and even the whole theater, has been utilized for the production of at-

mosphere and theatrical effects, is a rapid and modest but very skilful presentation of progress and achievement. *La mode au théâtre* is a fascinating accumulation of information on actresses' attire. Each one of a score and more of these queens of the contemporary stage here discusses her favorite toilette, and the discussions are charmingly and helpfully supplemented by full-page crayon portraits. A historical sketch of actress-garb through the ages, by Lucien François, cannily opening with the phrase, "Rien de plus relatif que la beauté féminine," is one of several additional contributions to this group of useful documents.—H. K. L.

✱ Marius Barbeau. *Alouette!* Montréal.

Lumen. 1946. 216 pages. \$1.50.—The folk songs of French Canadian woodsmen, rivermen, habitants, and fisher folk have long interested the eminent folklorist Marius Barbeau, and it is due to his diligence and energy over a period of thirty years that the National Museum at Ottawa now contains 9,000 texts and 5,000 melodies of these folk songs. Out of this great quantity of material M. Barbeau has chosen 55 items for presentation in this little volume, with melody and text, historical notes, variant texts, and musical analyses by Mme Marguerite Beclard d'Harcourt.

To the folklorist these songs are an important addition, since some are here published for the first time; to those who love to sing folk songs they will provide many an hour of enjoyment and relaxation; to many they will offer cultural information on a large ethnic group of North Americans.—Wilfred Laurier Morin. Cornell University Library.

✱ Jérôme et Jean Tharaud. *Vieille Perse et jeune Iran*. Paris. Plon. 1947.

245 pages.—A trip which the authors took to the land of the Shahs in 1940 was the inspiration for this volume of delightful episodes and descriptions. They doubtless saw strange and curious things, but we suspect their poetic imagination considerably embellished what

they saw. With their classical erudition they easily transport the reader back and forth from the ancient days of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus the Great, and the Roman Empire to the modern times and reform efforts of Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlavi.—Sidney B. Fay. Harvard University.

✱ Jean Cocteau. *La difficulté d'être*. Paris. Morigien. 1947. 276 pages.—

Those literary conservatives who have always been repelled by what they call Cocteau's *fumisterie*, should read *La difficulté d'être*. Here is Cocteau deprived of his cockiness by a doctor-baffling skin disease which endangered his life for over a year; the book is an unsophisticated, rambling confession à la Montaigne. Interspersed with memories of his pirouetting life, of his associations with his "only two masters," Erik Satie and Raymond Radiguet, of his friends of the *ballets russes* Diaghilev and Nijinsky, of the world of letters and art, Proust, Apollinaire, Giraudoux, Maritain, Gide, Picasso, Juan Gris, etc., are original disquisitions on pain, death, youth, laughter, love, friendship, dreams, and the supernatural; the best one is on style, in which he advocates simplicity: "*Salammbô* est un bric-à-brac, *Le rouge et le noir* un trésor." Here is an unusually modest and sincere Cocteau, likable, even charming, and, of course, still brilliant and Cocteauesque.—François Denoeu. Dartmouth College.

✱ Pierre Humbert. *L'oeuvre scientifique de Blaise Pascal*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 263 pages + 16 plates. 200 fr.—Professor Humbert of the University of Montpellier, one of the outstanding historians of scientific activity in the important period following the Renaissance, here gives his complete lecture course for 1941-42 on Pascal's significance for science. He begins his lectures with the warning that a study of the history of science must make the student conversant with the prejudices, religious and philosophical, of the period under study. Pascal's famous experiment on

the Puy-de-Dôme to prove that the atmosphere has measurable weight may seem childish in the light of present-day knowledge; yet in 1648 it required more original thinking and more mental and physical courage than the recent Bikini experiment with the atomic bomb.

The book presents Pascal's work in the fields of geometry, arithmetic, physics (the vacuum, and as a result the proof of the ponderability of air), calculation of chance (to help out a noble gambler who liked to win at dice all the time rather than only occasionally), the arithmetical triangle, and magic squares. Finally, after Pascal's retirement into a Jansenist retreat in 1658, came the famous problem sent out by him under the name A. Dettonville to all

mathematicians and physicists of his acquaintance—the problem of the shape, surface, and volume of the cycloid (or *roulette* as it was first called). No one solved it; but Pascal had found the solution with the aid of what would be known now as integral calculus. The discovery of this useful mathematical language is usually credited to Leibniz or Newton; but in a letter to Tschirnhaus, Leibniz admits that a thorough study of Pascal's *Traité de la roulette* gave him his "flash of genius."

A bibliography and a chronological table of Pascal's scientific work close the clear, concise, and thoroughly enjoyable volume.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

Die Bücherschau is a well edited book review monthly published from Suttnerplatz 8, Vienna.

The Library of Congress now issues a *Monthly List of Russian Accessions*. The following statement accompanied the first issue, dated April 1948: "... It is proposed to include in the list the titles of all Russian monographs printed since 1945 and all periodicals printed since January 1, 1947, which are currently received by the Library of Congress and such other libraries as agree to cooperate in supplying data on their receipts. Part A of the List will include monographic publications. Part B will register not only single lists of periodicals as soon as they are accessioned, but will also list their contents in detail. Titles will not be printed in Cyrillic, but will be transliterated into Roman type. All titles will be arranged into groups by subject, alphabetically within each group. There will be in each issue a list of all Russian periodicals currently being received in the libraries cooperating in this plan. The subscription price is \$2.00 per year."

Realidad is a new bimonthly "revista de ideas" published from Defensa 119, Buenos Aires, by Francisco Romero. On his advisory staff are such men as Eduar-

do Mallea, Amado Alonso, Francisco Ayala, E. Martínez Estrada, and Lorenzo Luzuriaga. The first number has contributions from Bertrand Russell, Guillermo de Torre, Hans Kohn, et al.

"No nation has owed its preservation to the various forms of its literary art so much as has the Ukraine. In the blackest hours of serfdom, persecution, her entire people sought refuge in the songs and poetry which seemed to rise out of their hearts extemporaneously. Kotlyarevsky revealed to them the beauty and melody of the Ukrainian language; Shevchenko inspired it with his prophetic fervor, and Franko made it a medium whereby Shevchenko's idealism might become a reality, flowering in peace, freedom, and happiness after centuries of toil and struggle. Without the benefit of the theater, however, their efforts would have been much more difficult and their influence less pronounced. To use a metaphor, Kotlyarevsky plowed the field, Shevchenko sowed it, and Franko harrowed it; but it was the Ukrainian drama which, although humble in itself, proved like a soft rain that fell on the literary field of the Ukraine to make the seed grow."—C. M. Andrusyshen, in *The Ukrainian Quarterly*.

Books in Spanish

(For other Books in Spanish, see "Head-Liners")

✠ Melchor de Almagro San Martín. *Crónica de Alfonso XIII y su linaje*. Vol. I. Madrid. Atlas. 1946. 15+322 pages. 35 ptas.—The author of this society chronicle has an exceptional knowledge of the genealogies of the great Spanish families and was personally acquainted with most of the persons who figure in it, which gives a lively and convincing impression to his anecdotes. There is of course an inner reality that may be hidden from the best informed pages of the Almanach de Gotha, and this reality the author, sympathetic and human as he is, has not always succeeded in capturing. The account of the Queen of Spain is one-sided and superficial; that of King Alfonso and that of his mother Queen María Cristina are more adequate, although the last sentence concerning the King (who used to complain that people saw him playing polo and believed that he did nothing else), which is also the last sentence of the book, seems to be equally devoid of grammar and of sense. Some of the foreign names have been sadly transmogrified: Fouborough (Farnborough) for instance and Pfand (Pfandl) and the Isle of Weigth (Wight). In the copy of the book sent for review seven or eight pages of the text have been left blank. Especially attractive are the chapters devoted to the King's aunt, the popular Infanta Isabel, like Alfonso XIII himself possessed of a most Spanish charm, and of the Duke of Alba, one of the few survivors of a prosperous and fruitful epoch in Spanish history, in which he played an important part. It is of good omen for Spain's future that he is now rebuilding his Madrid palace of Liria, sacked by the Reds but still enriched by a gallery of magnificent pictures.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✠ Teresa Arévalo. *Gente menuda*. Guatemala. Centro Editorial. 1948. 231 pages.—When the Guatemalan novelist Rafael Arévalo Martínez visited the United States in 1945, his young daughter accompanied him. She kept an account of her year's experiences, in her own language, interlarded with English and with Guatemalan slang which in the printed version require constant footnoting. It is a delightful and sympathetic account of the North American way of life, full of descriptions of her classmates in the sixth grade, her visits to their homes, and her misadventures with a foreign language.

Though planned for Latin Americans, the book gives us a chance to see what visitors think of our Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other celebrations, and of the social life of Washington, where Teresa spent most of her time. Written with no idea of publication, its appearance in book form, with a preface by her father, will show our southern neighbors the life of youngsters in the United States.—*Willis Knapp Jones*. Miami University.

✠ Edison Carneiro. *Guerras de Los Palmares*. Tomás Muñoz Molina, tr. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1946. 183 pages.—During the seventeenth century thousands of Negro slaves fled into the rich and impenetrable *sertão* of northeastern Brazil. Their most important settlement was that at Los Palmares, which arrived at a population of about 6,000.

This author agrees with the noted ethnologist Nina Rodríguez that Los Palmares was not a Negro republic but a typical African village transplanted to South America, in which the best warriors became chiefs and leaders and were not selected by any democratic process. Farming and cattle-raising were

easy in that rich and fertile region. Religion was an adaptation of Catholicism, and chapels were common. For most of the fifty years of its existence the ruler was Ganga-Zumba, who was followed by his son Ganga-Zumbí, a true warrior king.

Los Palmares was subjected to 16 attacks by Dutch and Portuguese troops from 1644 to 1694, when it was finally destroyed by the Paulista *bandeirantes* of Domingo Jorge Velho. This book portrays the life of the refugees, particularly at Los Palmares, outlines the various campaigns against them, and examines the dispute between Domingo Jorge Velho and the Royal officials over the division of the spoils. There is a short bibliography. — *John M. Weidman*. Oklahoma A. and M. College.

✧ Cristóbal Colón. *Los cuatro viajes del Almirante y su testamento*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 228 pages. \$2.25 m-arg.—The preface to this edition of the memoirs and last will and testament of Columbus is written by Ignacio B. Anzoátegui, who according to the title page is also the editor of the text. Certainly the *Collección Austral*, of which this book is an item, has gained nothing by the use of his name. He has contributed nothing in his prologue and somewhat less in his notes to the text. Due credit should be given the publishers, however, for making this source material available in a popular edition.—*Lowell Dunham*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Carlos A. Echánove Trujillo. *Juan Crisóstomo Cano, héroe de Chapultepec*. México. Cultura. 1947. 246 pages.—Carlos A. Echánove Trujillo is a professor of sociology in the University of Mexico, but he is ever faithful to his native Yucatán. His magnum opus is the eight-volume *Enciclopedia Yucatesca* (1944-47), which is indispensable for the study of any aspect of the peninsula. Like the author of this review, he is convinced of the importance of biographical studies, and in particular he has devoted

several works to Manuel Crecensio Rejón, a Yucateco who made an important contribution to the legislation of the young Mexican republic. Echánove Trujillo's interest in the Mexico of the first half of the nineteenth century led in 1945 to the publication of his biography of Leona Vicario. Now we have from his pen a biography of a Yucateco who was one of the heroes of Chapultepec. It is sponsored by the Zamna association, a Yucatán group founded in Mexico City in 1946, which publishes about once every three months a book about Yucatán. This organization is centralist in orientation, and the biography glories in Cano's Mexican patriotism, while giving us an abundance of concrete facts about him.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Lucio V. Mansilla. *Una excursión a los indios ranqueles*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. xxxvi+407 pages + map.—Mexico's distinguished Fondo de Cultura Económica aspires to become a leading intellectual center, not only of Mexico, but of the whole of Latin America. This ambition is evident in the planning of the *Biblioteca Americana*, of which volume four has just appeared. The collection will contain the classics of all the Latin American countries, and Mansilla's account of the dangerous trip he made into the territory of the rebellious Ranquel Indians of southern Argentina is a classic account of the frontier life of the River Plate area. The edition reproduces the text of the 1890 edition, the best one to appear in Mansilla's lifetime. There is an informative preface by Julio Caillet-Bois. The sturdy binding of this series makes it excellent for reference purposes. Were Pedro Henríquez Ureña alive, he would be well satisfied with the way his great project is being carried out.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Jorge Máximo Rohde. *Diario de un testigo de la guerra*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1947. 569 pages. \$10 m-n.—Jorge Max Rohde has combined uni-

versity teaching as professor in the University of Buenos Aires with service for the Argentine Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Among his numerous works, the most substantial is the four-volume study *Las ideas estéticas en la literatura argentina*, which won a prize from the government. When World War II broke out, Rohde was in Paris as a staff-member of the Argentine embassy, and until the end of the conflict he moved from one European capital to another. From 1941 to 1945 he was stationed in Rome; as a devout Catholic, Rohde felt at home in the Eternal City. During these critical years he kept a diary, the 1939-1945 section of which he now publishes in book form. It is facile, anecdotic reading, with entertaining allusions to the social world of France and Italy, which Rohde was proud to frequent. However, the tragedy of war is kept well in the background, and Rohde seems to be insensitive to much of the drama he was caught in.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✱ *María Teresa de Rojas. Índice y extractos del Archivo de Protocolos de la Habana, 1578-1585*. La Habana. Ucar, García. 1947. xvi+473 pages, large format.—Much as the humble and unprepossessing toad of the fairy tale turned out to be a captivating and important personage in disguise, this arid-appearing compilation by María Teresa de Rojas is a book to take off your hat to. Learning from the old archivist Dr. Manuel Pérez-Beato that the Archivo de Protocolos had much priceless old material which was rapidly disintegrating, Señora de Rojas set about equipping herself to save as much as possible of it. Taking advantage of the arrival in Havana of the exiled Spanish paleographer Dr. Jenaro Artiles, she spent years in learning to decipher the sixteenth century documents, then more years in securing the government's permission to modernize and publish (at her own expense!) the most important of the material which has not yet rotted beyond legibility—notarial records of the impor-

tation of merchandise; transfer of real estate, slaves, *calzones de jergueta*; indentures of apprentices, records of wills and weddings, of the freeing of slaves and the purchase by freedmen of slaves of their own. Some of the precious woods here listed went into the Escorial; some of these papers are signed by the Calvo de la Puerta, the Manrique, the Soto, the Rojas, the Recio—Cuba's great ones—but more by little people who were important because they were representative. The historians could not read these fading fragments; most of them, probably, were unaware of their existence. Now, thanks to Señora de Rojas, they will be called to the witness stand by the scholars of the future.—*H. K. L.*

✱ *R. E. Silva. Biogénesis de Santiago de Guayaquil*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1947. 266 pages.—Professor Rafael Euclides Silva, who gave up his classes in history to run the University of Guayaquil Press, returns to his first interests in this study of the birth of Santiago de la Culata, as Guayaquil was originally called, and reprints in book form an article that formerly appeared in the *Anales* of the University.

He gives a confessedly imaginative report of the official founding on July 25, 1535. All historical accounts have been lost in the many conflagrations that have plagued this tropical city on the Guayas River, since Orellana refounded it. The historian follows its ups and downs for the first few years of its life, listing its original settlers and its governors. With the help of a document on women in Asunción in 1558, he imagines the life of women in colonial Ecuador. Then, again the historian, he studies the operation of *repartimiento* and *encomiendas* and records the taxes demanded of each Huancavilca Indian. He concludes with a 19-page bibliography, with comment, of source material on the early history of Guayaquil. This is only part of a contemplated history of the author's adopted city.—*Willis Knapp Jones*. Miami University.

✧ Marino Abadía Valencia. *La Sociedad de las Naciones de América*. Bogotá. Kelly. 1947. 351 pages.—This reviewer is a Walter Lippmanite who views the old-fashioned water-tight Pan Americanism with suspicion and believes it may be a danger unless it is fitted into the broader picture of the Atlantic community, or, to phrase it more historically, Western civilization. It is therefore difficult for him to applaud this return to the old idea of an American League of Nations. This book is clearly written in the spirit of enthusiasm which filled Bogotá in the months preceding the recent conference of American states. It is indeed written for this event, since the writer draws up a suggested treaty for the consideration of the conference. Whether the recent Colombian troubles were of local or one-world origin, books such as this appear as songs in the night. It is in retrospect rather ironical that the author seems to rejoice in the misfortunes of Europe. Some Latin Americans wish to follow the injunctions of Bolívar too literally, just as we sometimes fail to put into historical perspective the ideas of our great ancestors.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Julio Navarro Monzó. *El destino de América*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1946. 213 pages. \$4 m-n.—The title of this book is also that of its opening essay, which deals with the salient differences marking the larger and more influential nations of this continent. Somewhat striking—and somewhat embarrassing to the North American—is the discussion of what these countries have done with their native Indian populations. An examination of the great differences between Latin American Catholicism and English-Dutch Puritanism leads the author to conclusions which are not kind to the northern half of the hemisphere. Politically, Sr. Navarro Monzó distinguishes between the “democracy” of the United States from 1933, and what he considers the true liberalism of the Latin American countries.

The twenty other essays all have food

for thought. The collection is the work of a writer of culture and intelligence, and a translation might make wholesome reading for North Americans. But it is not likely that a translation would find a publisher.—*Pieter H. Kollewijn*. Berkeley, California.

✧ *La revolución venezolana ante la opinión de América*. *Publicaciones del Gobierno Revolucionario de Venezuela*. Caracas. Imprenta Nacional. 1946. 148 pages, ill.—The new Venezuelan régime, now with novelist Rómulo Gallegos as president, seems to be one of the stabler governments of Latin America. In 1946, however, the *junta* headed by 38-year-old President Betancourt was in need of recognition and prestige, and in order to gain these he undertook, with an impressive retinue, a tour involving official visits to Cuba, Mexico, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama, and Colombia. “Unfriendly” countries, such as the Dominican Republic, Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, were conspicuously omitted. On the cover of this volume there is a map in which these countries are mere hollow outlines. This book is the official record of the ceremonies and the speeches exchanged. After reviewing the hours and hours of official ceremonies and formal addresses, this writer is glad that he is a mere professor and can lead an enjoyable, natural life. As a piece of printing, this volume leaves much to be desired; in particular, the captions of the photographs are printed on the back of the page, where one would scarcely expect them.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Francisco Javier A. Belgodere. *Retorno a la lógica clásica. Síntesis total contra el subjetivismo*. México. Jus. 1947. 384 pages. \$12 m-n.—Pascal warned against two dangers to which philosophy has succumbed again and again: dogmatism and pyrrhonism. Belgodere enters a passionate plea for the return of philosophy to the perennial principles of classical (i.e., Aristotelico-Thomistic) logic, but his pretentious

book merely offers a "classical" example of the abuses to which an overdose of traditionalism may lead. The reader who is unfamiliar with the genuine spirit of the *philosophia perennis* may gain the impression that it is the main business of the *lógica clásica* to find fault with others and to hurl condemnations. Both Aristotle and St. Thomas did exactly the opposite: they looked everywhere for the sheen of the *Logos* and gratefully acknowledged and appropriated truths wherever they found them.

Belgodere puts an unduly heavy strain on logic. By proclaiming it as *regina scientiarum* or *scientia reatrix* he makes metaphysics, cosmology, axiology, ethics, sociology, political philosophy, and even the philosophy of history subservient to it. This, of course, cannot be done without gross oversimplifications and some astounding *tours de force*. He rightly inveighs against subjectivism, the "scandalous multitude of systems," the striving for originality at any price, and he sensibly distinguishes between true and false originality. But when, as in the case of Bergson and Heidegger, he meets with true originality, his incomplete and third-hand knowledge of the subject matter prevents him from recognizing it as such. The book's usefulness is further reduced by an abundance of lengthy quotations from secondary sources, which are not even specified.—*Kurt F. Reinhardt*. Stanford University.

✠ Mariano Azuela. *Cien años de novela mexicana*. México. Botas. 1947. 227 pages. \$1.50 u.s.—The revolution set in motion in Mexico in 1910 loosed a force that ultimately brought about a vast disruption of the pattern of life which had prevailed during the preceding half-century. Of all the writers inspired by that great social upheaval, the one of greatest breadth and scope is Mariano Azuela. His novels and other writings have pictured the revolution as it approached; when it reached the zenith of its fury; and they have found, when the sky had cleared, that little of the gigantic force of the movement had

been expended for the betterment of those who most needed help—those referred to by the title of his masterpiece *Los de abajo*. The warmest welcome should greet the appearance of this book of college lectures, written in an intimate and often a very personal vein, for they become something of a hundred-year survey of Mexican fiction as represented by a dozen Mexican novelists and as reported by one of their countrymen, who is himself a later colleague in their craft.—*Gaston Litton*. University of Oklahoma.

✠ Arturo Berenguer Carisomo. *La prosa de Bécquer*. Buenos Aires. Hachette. 1947. 100 pages.—The author of *Las máscaras de García Lorca* had already demonstrated his talent as an investigator and interpreter. His new book is renewed evidence of his culture and his keen and delicate critical endowment. He declares that though Bécquer was a great poet, the best of his work is in prose. In an excursion into the subject of the prose of the poets, the author demonstrates his wide knowledge of Spanish literature. He studies in detail the Bécquer legends, also the poet's letters; he devotes a chapter to a confrontation of Bécquer with Larra; he calls attention to Bécquer's influence on Hispano-American literature, and he remarks, strikingly, that "Bécquer died in 1870, and it was twenty years before Spanish prose attained again to the enchantingly novel and agile brilliancy which this poet gave it out of his obscurity and misery." The physical make-up of this book is very modest and sober.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✠ Alfonso Reyes. *Grata compañía*. México. Tezontle. 1948. 224 pages.—In this book Alfonso Reyes has gathered together essays, chiefly of a literary character, which appeared at intervals between 1912 and 1946. If it be a true sampling of the interests of the Mexican master, it is clear that he was, and is, cosmopolitan and open-minded, with no trace of provincial nationalism. The

death of the Mexican philosopher Antonio Caso moved him to write the only pieces on Mexico. Likewise, the passing of Pedro Henríquez Ureña was the occasion of an address in his memory during the official homage with which Mexico honored the Dominican humanist. Still in the New World and in the necrological mood, Alfonso Reyes published in the journal *Monterrey* which he edited in Rio de Janeiro a eulogy of Graça Aranha. Argentina receives rather more attention; there are essays on Keyserling in Buenos Aires, on San Martín, and on Leopoldo Lugones. Mother Spain receives her due homage: an interesting essay, *Recuerdos de Unamuno*. France and Germany are not forgotten, but the author who receives most attention is England's Chesterton. It is interesting that this paradoxical writer should have charmed the Mexican classicist.—*Ronald Hilton*. Stanford University.

✧ Manuel Freire Arrázola. *Historia de un péndulo y una aguja*. Guatemala. Unión Tipográfica. 1948. 151 pages.—In this collection of parables, the reader is led painlessly into realms of religion and speculation. In the title story, for instance, Intuition, symbolized by the pendulum, talks with the *pequeña intelectual*, the needle, about its desire to become enormous. The story concludes on a *Vida es sueño* note.

Other parables bear such titles as *Historia de un cirio y un teclado*, *de un corazón y una llave*, *de una vida y una muerte*, etc. They are all thought-provoking essays. The Guatemalan novelist Rafael Arévalo Martínez provides an interpretative foreword and a prefatory poem.—*W. K. J.*

✧ Ana María Garasino. *Historia de una expresión*. Paraná. (Argentina). Nueva Impresora. 1947. 244 pages.—This beautiful book marks the culmination of the literary career of the high-minded Argentine novelist whose earlier books (more especially *El estanque de Siloé*) showed so conclusively the delicacy of her esthetic taste, the breadth and

depth of her culture, and her extraordinary narrative skill. *Historia de una expresión*, couched in a very personal style, is a work of psychological profundity. Penetrating into the mists of yesterday, somewhat *à la recherche du temps perdu*, she paints for us pictures which are subtly poetical and powerfully appealing. Every reader who is prone to spiritual inquietude, who has the habit of giving wings to his imagination, will enter into the spirit of this confessional prose, dignified but deeply intimate, in all its richness of detail. It is a book to ponder over, a book which brings the heart refreshment from the past.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Manuel González Zeledón. (Magón). *Cuentos*. San José. Universidad de Costa Rica. 1947. xlvii+333 pages.—Short stories and sketches, several critical evaluations, a short history of Costa Rica, and a glossary of unusual Costa Rican terms. The stories are of unequal merit, but *Cal de Concha* and some others are profoundly appealing. There is justice in the comment that González Zeledón's folktales "dan más idea de Costa Rica que veinte tomos de estadística." A biography and notes by José M. Arce add to the value of the book.—*R. Tyson Wyckoff*. Springfield, Missouri.

✧ Gloria Moreno. *La última victoria*. Santiago de Chile. Zig-Zag. 1945. 142 pages.—These "scenes from the life of O'Higgins," the founder of the Republic of Chile, have been awarded prizes and much commendation in several South American countries, and it is easy to see the reasons for such recognition. Gloria Moreno has not only a sound knowledge of her continent's history, but she can express in vivid theatrical terms her passionate patriotism and her liberal sympathies. The "final victory" is the one her hero gains over himself; instead of yielding to his ambition to be a dictator, he gives way to the wishes of the democratically elected assembly and withdraws into private

life, to the benefit of his people and the joy of his gentle mother, who figures prominently throughout the play.

If South American theaters can produce, as they have done, plays as gorgeously picturesque as this one, using all resources of sound and sight, New York will have to look to her laurels. That Señora Moreno is no novice in the theater the publisher's note assures us and her play amply proves. She understands the appeal of heroism and of domestic affection as well as of religious feeling underlined by music. The off-stage noises, bells, barking dogs, choric songs, and cries, prelude and punctuate certain scenes in a way easier to realize in the theater than by a reader, yet imaginative readers cannot fail to notice a good deal of this rich background. To Anglo-Saxons, of course, some of the dialogue will seem slow and even pompous, but allowance will have to be made for early 19th century Spanish manners, more formal and dignified than our country has ever known. More important to North Americans than any other element in the play, however, is the evidence it gives of democratic faith and of opposition to dictatorship today through its picture of the struggle against it a century ago.—*Winifred Smith*. Vassar College.

✱ José Ramón Orozco. *Cosmapa*. Buenos Aires. Lautaro. 1946. 236 pages. \$4 m-n.—Although there is no indication that this is a new edition of a book which must have puzzled its readers, we have surely met before the egregious ancestor of one of the characters: that Sir Esmé Davis who is also Sir Davis and Earl of Jamaica, Lord of the Admiralty, Knight of the Garter, slave-trader, pirate, poet, and lover of Queen Elizabeth. The page devoted to his titles and qualities is typical of the exuberant accumulation of names which emblems almost every page of this strange account of life on a Nicaraguan banana plantation. It is also so lavishly besprinkled with native words and idioms that in any future edition a glossary should be provided for the uninitiated.

We are informed on the cover of the book that it is "one of the most serious realities in the sphere of the American novel." We do not think the claim unfounded: the book is as serious as Sir Davis himself and must have cost its author, as it will cost its readers, a serious effort.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Pedro Jorge Vera. *Los animales puros*. Buenos Aires. Futuro. 1947. 239 pages. \$4.50 m-n.—To get his novel printed, this Ecuadorian poet, dramatist, and bookseller had to turn to Argentina, but his picture of student life in Guayaquil during the depression of the 30's is a decided addition to the already excellent list of novels produced by the Guayaquil writers and a vast advance over the formless episodic books of so many would-be Latin American novelists.

All the characters, men and women alike, fail in their efforts, whether to do something to advance their country or, less generously, to turn Ecuador into a Communistic state, but as one says: "Even if we know our efforts are futile, we still go on fighting." Suicide, tuberculosis, and exile remove one after another from the scene. The hero goes crazy, his best friends are sent to the penal colony on Galápagos, and the spiritual structure collapses. Not merely Ecuador, but the world, is out of joint.

Though overburdened with rambling conversations and transcribed essays, this is a moving novel, characterized by thoughtful and beautiful writing.—*Willis Knapp Jones*. Miami University.

✱ Horacio J. Becco. *Paisano en el tiempo*. Buenos Aires. "Sed." 1947. 46 pages.—This is the third book of an already widely known Argentine poet. His earlier verse collections, *Huelén* and *El valle de la luna azul*, appeared last year. His clean, ductile verses are an effort to free nativism from superficiality and abuse of the anecdote, to give it breadth and depth. Becco's poetry is especially notable for its purity of tone, for its freedom from the geographical and

historical gangue which is likely to mar the purity of "close-to-earth" lyric poetry. This Argentine poet has the instinct for forms of expression which open his poetic experiences to others. Above the reality of country life he lights the bright, deathless star of his dream. Symbolic, incisive, Becco's poems are alive with elusive, beckoning horizons, with magic and music.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

- ✧ Hildamar Escalante. *Breve informe de poesía norteamericana*. Caracas. Nación. 1947. 134 pages.—From Walt Whitman to Muriel Rukeyser, Señorita Escalante has provided her own translations from 19 North American poets. For each author she has supplied a brief biographical and critical introduction, with bibliography.

In a foreword, Lloyd Mallan declares that rimed verse in one language can be reproduced in rime in another, provided the translator is a poet. Señorita Escalante, in these charming verses, proves the truth of this assertion.—*W. K. J.*

- ✧ Luis Hierro Gambardella. *Desnuda voz*. Montevideo. Florensa & Lafón. 1946. 96 pages.—This is the first work of a young poet who has received one of the annual prizes awarded by the Ministry of Public Instruction. It consists mostly of sonnets, although there are poems in other traditional stanza forms, and a few which belong almost with free verse. The sonnets are especially notable for their richness of symbolism, their musical suggestiveness, and their masterful synthetic structure. Witness this marvel of intensity:

¿Quién se clava en el tiempo, gris pantera,
huyente gris pantera clamadora?
¿Quién le clava la flecha sangradora?
¿Quién le hace clamar con voz entera?
¿En dónde está la hora verdadera
en que gris pantera vengadora
desciende su rudez aterradora
y dice su palabra plañidera?
¿En dónde está la flecha que detiene
la fuga milagrosa y sobreviene
en musicales triunfos temporales?
¿I en dónde está la mano que levanta
tan humano poder, y luego canta
sobre la muerte, glorias inmortales?

Desnuda voz possesses a great unity of spirit. It has captured the nostalgia and the heroism of life.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

- ✧ Pedro Salinas. *Zero*. Eleanor L. Turnbull, tr. Baltimore. Contemporary Poetry. 1947. 35 pages. \$2.—Professor Salinas' long unrhymed poem of swiftness and light appeared in the Mexican review *Cuadernos Americanos* for October 1944. Three years later it was beautifully printed, with English translation on the opposite page, by *Contemporary Poetry*. It is perhaps needless to say that the well-known skill of Miss Turnbull has proved adequate to the occasion. The exact word seems ever at hand, ready to express the starriness of the original Spanish; and if the swiftness is sometimes lost in translation, this was perhaps unavoidable in the heavier English. "What a weightless corpse, a tomorrow/ That dies on the edge of its certain dawn"; "In the safe celestial inlet/ Which is secure back of time"; "Invitation to weeping. This is a weeping" (This last quotation gives the first line of the poem). That is what the Spanish says, word for word and line for line but in the English version it has become tame, with cut wings.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

- ✧ Edgardo Ubaldo Genta. *Los Mayas*. Montevideo. Florensa & Lafón. New ed., 1948. 213 pages.—Ubaldo Genta, soldier-poet and prolific writer, concluded his dramatic epic *La epopeya del espíritu* (see *Books Abroad*, Winter 1943, Winter 1944) with this volume containing the two books, *Los Mayas* and *El epílogo de Dios*. This epic, whose theme is Perfection, is part of *Los poemas américos*, a trilogy allegorically interpreting the plan of the universe in its principles of Unity, Perfection, and Liberty. The other two are *La epopeya de América* (*Books Abroad*, Winter 1941) and *La epopeya de Bolívar* (*Books Abroad*, Winter 1946).

The hero of *Los Mayas*, Kulkulcán, is a New World redeemer who, with

others of his people, arrived on the shores of Mexico long before Columbus came. These Océánidas have left a decadent civilization:

Pertenecemos
a civilización maravillosa
pero infeliz y triste y decadente,
del otro lado de la mar. . . .

(The allusion can be to Europe.) They will establish a new order by fusion of their race with Aztecs and Mayas, and will found the new city of Mayapán. The old cult of barbarism dies and the new fraternal culture is born.

El epílogo de Dios is pure symbolism; its personages are the Spirit of America, Flesh, the Angel of Divine Law, Blue Instincts, Red Appetites, White Passions, Black Passions, etc. Man's ascent to God is portrayed in scenes of weird beauty. The creed of life is:

La ciencia de vivir, el arte de vivir,
el culto de vivir es amar y servir;
hacer naves y cunas con el Arbol del Mal;
ser claro, alegre, libre, gentil, original;
ver las cosas con ojos infantiles, de modo
que surja de las sombras la faz bella de todo,
porque la más abyecta, infeliz creatura
tiene una luz, Dios mío, que por ser tuya,
es pura.

Even the stage directions are in verse. Following old epic tradition, assonance (for instance, stressed "i" followed by unstressed "o") is sometimes carried for as much as forty lines, but it is not monotonous. These works have dramatic intensity and grandeur of theme blended with ardent New World patriotism and considerable naiveté.—B. G. D.

✱ Néstor R. Ortiz Oderigo. *Panorama de la música afroamericana*. Buenos Aires. Claridad. 1944. 298 pages.—An extremely interesting book. Ortiz Oderigo comes to grips with the prevailing confusion in the matter of what is called "Negro music." He declares that the chief reason for this disorientation is the wide popularity of jazz. He begins by conceding the legitimacy of the traditional types, the Negro spirituals, the "work songs," the epic and narrative ballads, and the "shouts." All this he classifies as "the people's music," which was followed by "music for the people," includ-

ing the compositions of James Allen Bland, J. Rosamund Johnson, John Macy, the famous Stephen Foster, as well as the blues of Handy, Richard Jones, Spencer Williams. Ortiz Oderigo distinguishes a third musical type, closely related to the second, which he calls classical music inspired by the *cancionero*, but more stylized and more "serious" than his second type. He places here the work of Harry Thacker Burleigh, Edmund Dedé, Coleridge-Taylor, Richard Lambert. In his eleven rich and subtle chapters, he studies the authenticity of Negro music, the work songs, spirituals, blues, older Negro musicians, minstrel shows, musical comedy, ragtime, jazz, the influence of Negro music and jazz on the pretentious composers; then he presents a series of well informed and well organized profiles of the contemporary Negro musician.—Gastón Figueira. Montevideo.

✱ Julio E. Payró. *Grabadores franceses, siglos XVII y XVIII*. Rosario. Rosario. 1946. 145 pages + 120 engravings. \$10 m-n.—Julio Payró secured his art education in Europe and knows all the important European art collections at first hand. A distinguished artist himself, he is also widely known as critic and historian of art. As general editor of the Rosario series of popular illustrated manuals *Espejo del arte*, he has launched his series personally with a book on the seventeenth and eighteenth century engravers which is exactly like a lecture with lantern slides. All real art is life, and our vivacious lecturer sets in his historical background with an artist's eye for effect. "El siglo XVII se inaugura en Francia con el asesinato de un rey. Enrique IV muere bajo las feroces cuchilladas del fanático Ravaillac. El siglo XVIII termina con el ajusticiamiento de otro rey." We are not, however, admitted to a chamber of horrors, but to two centuries of intense, excited, varied, and brilliant living, warmly presented both in word and with the works of the French masters of the burin from ingenious old Jacques Callot to the deli-

cate book illustrator Moreau le Jeune, who lived and incised well into the nineteenth century.—H. K. L.

✕ Celia Leyton Vidal. *Araucania. Rostro de una raza altiva*. Santiago. Zig-Zag. 1945. 48 pages, large format, + 26 plates.—The Araucanians of southern Chile, the toughest and stubbornest of all the American Indians, who fought to a standstill first the Incas and then the Spaniards, have a unique and fascinating civilization which will some day be the theme of a brilliant regionalist literature. The Chilean artist Celia Leyton Vidal, who might be termed the Helen Hunt Jackson of the paintbrush, admires and loves the Araucanians and urges sympathetic study of them in the Chilean schools and more intelligent and generous treatment of them by the government. This volume consists of photographs of paintings showing characteristic individuals and activities—animal sacrifices to the God Nynhan, treatment of patients by a *machi* or medicine-woman, spinning, weaving, feast-day ceremonials, the eerie *rehue* or vertical ladder on which the *machi* climbs nearer Heaven when she prays. . . . The four or five photographs in color come out beautifully, but not all the monochromes are reproduced distinctly.—H. K. L.

✕ Calixto Bustamante Carlos Inca (Concolorcorvo). *El Lazurillo de ciegos caminantes*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1946. 255 pages. \$2.25 m-arg.—This guide for mule merchants and travelers between Buenos Aires and Peru in the eighteenth century turned out to be a valuable document of the geography, customs, and history of Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, and Peru in those days. Its author was a native Peruvian who abominated history and felt that historians are blind, for they must select, relate, and interpret (and sometimes distort) the facts, and therefore travelers can guide them as Lazarillo did his master in the book attributed to Mendoza. Bustamante was not uncultured. He knew Latin and French and

referred frequently to the classics. For a time he lived in Spain, which may explain why on many points he defends the Spaniards and criticizes the Indians.

In this entertaining guide book, Bustamante supplies an overwhelming number of details like these: In Montevideo there was a wasteful killing of cattle, perhaps merely because someone had a taste for tongue that day; the women of Salta had extremely long hair; in Cuzco people sometimes lived to be 140 years old.

On the serious side, in addition to a discussion of mules, he enumerates the posts and gives tables of distances between them, discusses the conditions of travel; describes Buenos Aires, La Paz, Cuzco, Lima, and other principal cities; examines climate and products; indicates where there is good pasture and where it is arid; relates customs; gives an objective account of Pizarro's doings in Peru; and analyzes the Indian character, making comparison with the Negro.

Information is interspersed with humorous anecdotes and witty comments on a wide variety of subjects. The reviewer found the first part of this early Baedeker with its wealth of detail and incident more appealing than the last part which deals with history and ethnology.—B. G. D.

✕ Isaac López Mendizabal. *Breve historia del país vasco*. Buenos Aires. Ekin. 1945. 185 pages. \$2.50 m-n.—Although not exempt from guidebook jargon ("Following the coast, the beautiful church. . .") which transfers the traveller's movements to inanimate things, this description of the Basque Provinces on either side of the frontier is comprehensive and accurate. Criticism of a few details must not be taken to imply that a plentiful feast has not been provided in this little book which slips so easily into the traveller's pocket. The illustrations are not always very clear, the very fine photograph of a Basque house contrasts with the mere blur of Fuenterrabía. Queen Victoria did not visit Sare, but the octogenarian Glad-

stone was there on a visit to the Rev. Wentworth Webster. Mention is made of the painter Zuloaga but not of Baroja nor Unamuno; there is a reference to Huarte, whose book Schopenhauer enthusiastically praised, but none to Fray Francisco de Vitoria. Instead of the chapter on neighboring Pau and Lourdes we should have welcomed a description of the different kinds of *pelota*, of the Basque dances and *pastorales* and mention of the interesting inscriptions (at Sare, Urrugne and elsewhere). The spelling of Basque names is not wholly satisfactory. We may allow the form Azkain for Ascaín, but there seems no reason why Kanbo (for Cambo) and St. Jean Pied de Port (which in Basque should be Donibane Garazi) should figure on the same map, or that if a ninth-century king is called Inigo, St. Ignatius of Loyola should be saddled with the name Eneko. The author notices as a paradox the adventurous Basque attachment to the soil. We find the same combination of the universal and local (science and applied science) in the *Conquistadores* of Extremadura and the Portuguese navigators. The total number of Basques is given as 1,367,500; but a quarter of this population belongs to Navarre, where little Basque is now spoken. Yet this handful of men has filled the world with its fame. Their enterprise was not confined to early shipbuilding and whale-fishing: Basque El Cano first sailed round the world in 1521-1522 and Basque names figure prominently in the history of every nation of South America.—*Aubrey F. G. Bell*. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Pablo Carlos Etchart. *Apología de la bibliofilia y vituperio de la errata*. Buenos Aires. Pequeño Bibliófilo. 1945. 122 pages.—For amusement and instruction this amiable volume by an Argentine lover of books is to be recommended. His compilation of misprints in Spanish provides many a laugh. He has collected from many languages instances in which a twisted letter or two produced results irreverent, sacrilegious,

scandalous, or merely upsetting to law and dignity. He even cites examples of printers' errors that brought death to the perpetrator. In addition, the volume treats whimsically various phases of book collecting, cites some famous collectors, male and female, and discusses briefly some problems of book production in Argentina.

The reviewer searched vainly for an unintentional misprint made by the author in presenting his material. The book is attractively produced, with a bibliography of sources and an encouraging promise on the last page that this is merely the first volume of a proposed collection *La laucha sonriente* (Typesetter: don't leave out the "a" in that noun).—*Willis Knapp Jones*. Miami University.

✱ Joaquín Ospina. *Diccionario biográfico y bibliográfico de Colombia*. 3 vols. Bogotá. Aguila. 1927, 1937, and 1939. 831, 839, and 1,026 pages, large format.—This is not a new publication, but the third and final volume has just reached us, and we felt that we ought to remind scholars that such a reference work exists.

It was a worthy undertaking and was carried through with courage and a good deal of wisdom, although this man, with all his industry, was not able to correlate all this mountain of information accurately and evenly. He explains that he has been inclined to give the great names short shrift and expatiate on the second-raters because information about the latter is not easily obtainable elsewhere, but this criterion seems to us more than a little dangerous. It is interesting that the talented and unfortunate Spanish poet Francisco Villaspesa fathered the idea of this dictionary, in a letter to Señor Ospina dated October 1923 and here reproduced in facsimile, with all its engaging blots and erasures.

This mass of data on thousands of more or less important Colombians from the Conquest to the present (some 60 of them are Restrepos, which stands up bravely with the Smith's in *Who's Who*

in America) is valuable, and some Pan American philanthropist ought to contribute ten or fifteen thousand dollars toward the production of a well-printed and solidly bound new edition.—R.T.H.

✱ *Seneca. Tratados Morales. II: De la ira. De la providencia. De la constancia del sabio. De la clemencia. Del ocio.* Introduction, Spanish version, and notes by José M. Gallegos Rocafull. México. Universidad Nacional Autónoma. 1946. 468 pages.—Professor Gallegos works from the Hermes edition of Seneca, with the modifications introduced by Basore in his edition of the Loeb Classical Library. For his notes he acknowledges the use of the *apparatus criticus* of Basore and that of the scholars who edited Seneca for the Collection Budé. Apparently the edition is faithful to both languages. Professor Gallegos is not only an accurate translator but a gifted writer; his translation is a true re-creation of the old thought in lively modern prose. Also remarkable for their style and their philosophical value are the essays which, under the title *Introducción*, guide the reader who meets the dialogues for the first time.—*Manuel Olgún*. University of California at Los Angeles.

✱ Oscar Rabasa. *El derecho anglo-americano*. México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1944. 668 pages.—I am sure this work has enjoyed deserved popularity in the land of its origin. With the increasing solidarity of the Americas, those trained in one of the two great systems of law in force therein must be curious concerning the structure and operation of the other system. Each system certainly may be improved by comparison with the other.

Licenciado Rabasa has essayed the difficult task of portraying to Mexican readers the Anglo-American system. He has done a remarkably able job, for which he was well prepared by his training in both systems. He has been mindful of the benefits to be derived from a wide use of the comparative study of

law, and he frequently suggests the wisdom of borrowing for Mexican law some parts of the North American procedure. He is particularly impressed by two aspects of our equitable jurisdiction—trusts and the injunction, especially in constitutional cases. With respect to the latter, we have to set against this encomium from abroad the rather severe criticism that has sprung up at home concerning some aspects of it.

The general standard of this work is extremely high. It is only natural that a few inaccuracies should appear. Señor Rabasa's suggestion that treaties are subordinate to the Constitution in our system must be questioned in view of *Missouri v. Holland*, 252 U.S. 416. It is doubtful whether the institution of title guaranty fulfills the function of the notary in land transfers under the civil law. It is not correct to say that a unilateral contract needs no consideration. And our author does not notice the demise of the "federal common law" as the result of *Erie Railroad v. Tompkins*, 304 U.S. 64. But these minor inaccuracies are no more frequent or serious than would probably be found in a similar opus on Mexican law by a North American scholar.—*Maurice Merrill*. University of Oklahoma.

✱ *La universidad y el pueblo. Conferencias de extensión cultural*. 3 vols. Lima. Universidad de San Marcos. 1946–48. 244, 292, and 240 pages.—The oldest university on the American continent is carrying on a series of extension lectures which the youngest of them might be proud of. In operation since 1931, the series has passed the hundred mark, and many of the speakers have been distinguished leaders of thought from England, France, Spain, North America, and other far-away regions, in addition to the most capable of the Peruvian scholars. Since 1936 the lectures have been published in neat annual volumes, which is one of the most interesting features of the plan. Dealing with every sort of scientific, political, and cultural problem, the lectures usually have the double

merit of simplicity and substance. It is invidious to single out a few of them, but the reviewer was rather especially interested in the thoughtful and touching lecture on Unamuno by Dr. John A. Mackay, late of the Universidad Mayor but now of the Princeton Theological Seminary; the lively evaluation of Peruvian architecture by the always entertaining and stimulating scholar, builder,

and master of irony Héctor Velarde; the characteristically positive discussion of post-war horizons by Carleton Beals; the summary of the legal aspects of the Quixote by Dr. José León Barandiarán of the law school of the Universidad Mayor; and the painfully timely paper on the Hebrew University of Jerusalem by Dr. David Elneceve of that institution.—H. K. L.

“While previously the general university spirit and orientation were liberal and democratic with an eminently civilian outlook, Perón has supplanted this with clerical fascism and a strong militaristic orientation. The universities now exalt nationalism and military power. Academic freedom no longer exists and the qualifications of teachers are now determined purely by political considerations rather than by ability, experience, and academic training. Teachers who refuse to teach ‘religion’ are dismissed without any hearing. Teachers of foreign extraction, particularly Jews, are also dismissed. Physical education in the schools has been taken over by the army. The libraries have been purged of books which express points of view contrary to the government; for example, the reading of most of the works of Domingo Sarmiento, the father of liberal public education in Argentina, is forbidden in the schools. . . .”—William L. Munger in *The Antioch Review*.

Martin Turnell in *Horizon*, London: “Stendhal was much more alive in his time, more conscious of its problems than his contemporaries and successors, and his vision has greater depth and greater breadth than theirs. When we compare him with Balzac, we see that Balzac’s ‘vitality’ was no more than a surface bustle which concealed a profoundly immature view of life. He was not, like Constant, an intellectual who happened to write a great novel, a solitary like Flaubert battling with problems of syntax while his sensibility atrophied or a recluse who surveyed the

world from a cork-lined prison like Proust. He was a man of action and a contemplative, an intellectual who was also a born novelist. The originality of his vision and the discovery of a new psychological type have altered the whole perspective of European psychology and given him his immense stature. He seems to me to be the greatest French novelist as he is certainly the most civilized.”

“If Russia remains closed to us,” Professor Mazon (of the Paris Institut des Etudes Slaves) went on (in a letter to the American Association of Teachers of Slavic and East European Languages), “and if contact with our colleagues in the Slavic countries becomes impossible, we shall have to think . . . about a get-together in Paris or London in a sort of Slavist Congress of non-Slavs. This would, of course, be a makeshift measure, and far from satisfactory, but extremely useful nevertheless. Slavic studies can not become a kind of monopoly for Slavs. . . .”

From the masthead of the *Revue d'Histoire Comparée* (Paris. Presses Universitaires): “La *Revue d'Histoire Comparée* s'occupe de l'histoire comparée des peuples danubiens. Débarrassés des préjugés des anciennes écoles nationalistes, les collaborateurs de cette Revue cherchent à appliquer la méthode comparée, et s'efforcent d'examiner d'un point de vue plus élevé, plus objectif et plus humain, la position et le rôle de la région danubienne dans l'histoire de la civilisation européenne.”

Books in German

(For other Books in German, see "Head-Liners")

✂ Heinrich Conrad Bierwirth. *Aus dem Leben eines Deutsch-Amerikaners*. Yarmouth Port, Mass. Register. 1947. 103 pages.—This small volume contains reminiscences and other writings of a German peasant who sailed before the mast for several years between Hamburg and New York. He then worked in an uncle's store in Chicago, earned enough to put himself through Andover Academy and Harvard, and then taught for forty years at Harvard as instructor and professor of German. It is an interesting story of the immigrant in the Land of Opportunity, written with much humor and modesty. As the title indicates, he was always warmly attached to the land of his birth, yet at the same time very loyal to, and proud of, his American citizenship. The papers were collected and published after his death by two of his former colleagues at Harvard: William G. Howard and Henry H. Stevens.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✂ Olof Gigon. *Sokrates. Sein Bild in Dichtung und Geschichte*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 320 pages. 11.50 Sw. fr.—Professor Gigon attacks the problem of determining the nature of the historical Socrates in his significant period for Greek philosophy. He admits that we know little about his personality and teaching except through their imaginative presentation by his friends and enemies; and his thesis is that we apprehend "not Socrates the historical teacher of his pupils but Socrates the central object of a philosophical poem." He endeavors to trace the development of this saga of Socrates. Aristophanes, Xenophon, and Plato furnish his most copious materials, but he has industriously gathered hints of other accounts and cautiously attempts their reconstruction. These earlier representations, he believes, showed

a more fantastic, legendary Socrates than the restrained portrait by Plato. The contradictory accounts of Socrates's attitude toward political activity are acceptably explained. Gigon attempts to distinguish three components of the developed Socratic dialogue: popular tales about earlier "wise men," sophistic manuals, and the patriotic desire to represent philosophy as native to Athens which led to the employment of Athenian citizens as *dramatis personae*. Throughout, the author has carefully sifted the evidence and consistently refuses to force his conclusions. He shows strong analytical powers in evaluating his material. His style is attractive and perspicuous. It is a scholarly, readable handbook.—*John Paul Pritchard*. University of Oklahoma.

✂ Joachim Kirchner. *Das deutsche Zeitschriftenwesen, seine Geschichte und seine Probleme. I: Von den Anfängen des Zeitschriftenwesens bis zum Ausbruch der Französischen Revolution*. Leipzig. Harrassowitz. 1942. 329 pages.—If Part Two of this significant work ever appeared, no copies seem to have reached these shores. Kirchner, formerly director of the University of Munich Library, has done an important piece of work in both literary and bibliographical history by tracing the periodical from its beginnings in the late seventeenth century down to the end of the following century. No medium of publication can better reflect the ferment of eighteenth century intellectual life, and even if Part Two never appears, we have here a valuable monograph on one of the most significant aspects of the Enlightenment. While Kirchner intended his work to be only a narrative history, it is hoped that a checklist with exact collations and locations may supplement the present volume as soon as German research libraries are reorganized.—*Law-*

rence S. Thompson. University of Kentucky Library.

✧ Karl Privat. *Adalbert Stifter. Sein Leben in Selbstzeugnissen, Briefen und Berichten*. Berlin. Tempelhof. 1946. 446 pages + 63 plates.—As the subtitle indicates, the author does not present the story of the poet's life entirely in his words. He combines his own contributions—biographical and historical comments (in Latin print)—with appropriate illustrative quotations from the poet's works, letters, and documents (in Gothic print). Thus the reader gets a comprehensive account of the author of the purest poetry in prose that ever bloomed in the German language. The tragic fate which can be traced in many of his writings overshadowed the life of the painter and poet. After giving up painting, convinced that he never could express in colors what language offered him to say in words, he painted in words those unsurpassed miniatures, the fragrant impressions of his *Studien* and *Bunte Steine*, as well as the elaborate panels of his master novels *Nachsommer* and *Witiko*. Strangely, Stifter has as yet not been translated into English, with the exception of *Bergkristall* (New York. Pantheon. 1945); otherwise he would probably have long been accepted among the great of world literature. Reproductions of some of Stifter's pictures, partly in color, of the poet's handwriting, and numerous photos form a continuous impressive comment.—*Max Lederer*. Library of Congress.

✧ Leonhard von Muralt. *Schriften zur Zeit. Der Friede von Versailles und die Gegenwart*. Zürich. Artemis. 108 pages.—The famous historian's analysis of the treaty of Versailles is both a historical analysis in the broad perspective of the whole European political set-up and a warning for the present. The treaty was never a treaty. The peace was dictated. This is its fundamental fault, because it prevented from the beginning a fair treatment of Germany, by which is meant an enabling act to reintegrate

her in the European system of viable political communities. It was rather a continuation of war by political means, which is a perverse reversal of the Clausewitz dictum that war is a continuation of politics by different means. The author demonstrates this initial fallacy from various political as well as economic standpoints. The underlying cause of the confusion was the lack of a broad philosophical conception which should have understood Europe as a civilized unity, as had been the case at the Conference of Vienna terminating the Napoleonic wars. Instead there was the rootless idealism of President Wilson, rootless both in the sense that he was not backed by an enlightened American public opinion, and in that he was ignorant and misinformed concerning European history; and there were various petty, vengeful, and greedy nationalisms. The warning for the immediate future amounts to this: that unless a new peace, terminating the last war, avoids the spirit and mistakes of Versailles, a new war is inevitable. The solution, according to Von Muralt, lies in the creation of a confederation of small European states, to act as a buffer and neutralizer between the two centralized systems of the United States and Russia.—*Gustav Mueller*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Karl Ernst Newole. *Weg aus dem Zusammenbruch. Der europäische Bürgerkrieg*. Wien. Jedermann. 1946. 112 pages.—All over the world the thoughtful men, who are not always the influential men, continue their efforts to reason the race out of the morass into which blind unreason has plunged it. This earnest Austrian publicist emphasizes the interdependence of the various countries of Europe since about the period of the French Revolution, when Europe became embroiled in a war which was not, as previous wars had been, a struggle between sovereign states, but an international struggle between interests, or to put it into the terms of the author's sub-title, the first

of the great European civil wars. He draws comfort from the recollection that the American Civil War of 1861 to 1865 cleared the air and ended by cementing the States together more firmly than they had been united before. The analogy is interesting and may have value. The author's central contention is that tolerance must be internationalized. "Die Kunst des Vertragens soll nicht nur im Umgang von Mensch zu Mensch geübt werden, sie muss sich von Volk zu Volk erstrecken." This is the kernel of the whole matter. The panacea for the world's ills is world good will. But what pharmacist has found the formula for its manufacture?—H. K. L.

✱ Otto Dibelius. *Ruf zum Gebet*. Berlin. Wichern. 1947. 39 pages.—Extremity has always driven men to prayer. Dr. Dibelius, Bishop of Berlin, whose churches lie in the Russian zone of Germany, had not waited for such compulsion to arrive at faith in prayer. But the man-made hell which covers his area has illuminated the truth of God's omnipotence over man's ultimate impotence.

The apocalyptic is nothing new. Various shades of belief are arriving at the conclusion that there is no other refuge from the failure of man's "civilization." The life of prayer, won by devotion to its spirit, brings safety even when the unbearable shocks of life's cruelty stun the praying person into inability to pray. Then the Spirit continues, for him, in prayer, "with groanings that cannot be uttered," and the man prays vicariously until, beneath the Cross, he recovers the power of prayer. This is the Hope. There is no other.—John F. C. Green. McKeesport, Pa.

✱ Federico Federici. *Der deutsche Liberalismus*. Zürich. Artemis. 1947. 550 pages. 25 Sw. fr.—Federico Federici is an Italian student of German philosophy who taught at the Universities of Freiburg, Tübingen, and Königsberg. In this impressive volume he has assembled some of the characteristic evidences of German liberal thinking, accompa-

nied by an excellent preface and thorough explanations of the historical situation in which he found himself. Thus the book is no mere anthology, but a history—incidentally tragic—of German liberalism. The index shows the editor's thoroughness: here are the names of Kant, Humboldt, Hegel, Fichte, Feuerbach, Heine, Rathenau, Fr. Naumann, Max Weber, Thomas Mann. We are pleased that H. von Treitschke is represented; in his early years this exponent of German-Prussian nationalism was a liberal. But it is regrettable that eminent Austrian scholars and writers have been omitted. Excellent scholars like Hans Kohn, Veit Valentin, and many others are not mentioned, neither are the greater liberals Heinrich Mann and the Nobel prize-winner Hermann Hesse—men who time and again have courageously and consistently fought the German *Geist*—or rather *Ungeist*—since World War I.

In spite of these shortcomings this remains a remarkable book, useful in the study of European history and German civilization.—Robert Rie. Bradley University.

✱ Leopold von Wiese. *Ethik. In der Schauweise der Wissenschaften vom Menschen und von der Gesellschaft*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 443 pages. 35 and 39 Sw. fr.—This ponderous volume by the well known Cologne sociologist lays claim to four important additions to traditional ethics: (1) demonstration of the significance of "collective egotism"; (2) demonstration of the limited validity of all ethical absolutes and moral imperatives; (3) consideration of "concrete situations" as a frame of reference; (4) establishment of the reduction of suffering and "the progressive ennoblement of man" as the ultimate aims of ethics.

Although the author states in his concluding paragraph that "the tasks that lie ahead are so difficult, distress and suffering so great, the available means to the healing of wounds so few that we can exist only if the force of our love

and our will to truth are strong," the critical reader will find it hard to square this pronouncement with the contents of the work. What is offered are at best half-truths, and the claimed "innovations" are integral parts of many traditional systems of ethics. If there be any novelty, it might be found in the departure from the sound and scholarly sociological approach and terminology of Simmel, Weber, Troeltsch, Scheler, and Sorokin and in the adoption of the jargon of a "scientific sociology" that is neither scientific nor sociology.

The work abounds in personal bias and arbitrary distortions of historical data. A few instances: Christian ethics is not *Gefühlsethik*, but *Liebesethik*, in the precise sense in which Max Scheler uses this term. It is grotesque to assert that Augustine taught *das Gute sei kein Problem*. Paul, long before Augustine, taught that the *Gesetz der Sittlichkeit* is of divine origin and inscribed in the human heart. Only in the frame of Neo-Hegelianism (from which "ethics" is logically and consistently excluded) could state, church, clan, and family be described as "ideas." No one even remotely familiar with scholastic and neo-scholastic moral philosophy or with the Social Encyclicals of the Popes could make the statement that the Church acted "as an impediment to the development of social ethics." In short: what is true in Wiese's book is not new, and what is new can hardly be called true. —Kurt F. Reinhardt. Stanford University.

✱ Max Lüthi. *Das europäische Volksmärchen*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 127 pages. 7.80 Sw. fr.—An analysis of the form and nature of the European fairy tale, dealing in particular with its literary aspects. Lüthi sheds new light on the nature of the fairy tale by showing how the various motifs are used, rather than by trying to trace their origin. He believes that the solution of the mystery of the fairy tale's origin lies in analyzing its form. From the highly artistic form of the fairy tale he concludes that it is

"the child of a highly developed culture" while the saga is a primitive, earlier form. The chapters on one-dimensionality, presentation of objects, on the abstract style, and on the isolation of characters and episodes in the fairy tale are clear and convincing. Of greatest interest is the concluding chapter on the function and meaning of the fairy tale. The discussion of the different motifs found in fairy tales and the comparison with the *Sage* and *Legende* are excellent. The style is clear and the findings are stated cautiously. The book can be highly recommended.—J. Malthaner. University of Oklahoma.

✱ G. van den Bergh. *Der Pessimismus bei Thomas Hardy, George Crabbe und Jonathan Swift*. Menziken. Kolumbus. 1947. 247 pages.—Van den Bergh presents Hardy, Crabbe, and Swift as fearless seekers after truth who suffered disappointment. But these pessimists are no mere muck-rakers, destroying illusions to no end. All have reform as their purpose in writing, dim though the road to reform may be.

The author is interested chiefly in Hardy, whose views of man's misery and of the callous inattention of the Immanent Will to human suffering he presents with admirable force and clarity. But Swift and the pedestrian Crabbe are drawn in rather awkwardly. As pessimists of lesser range, they have not received the same careful treatment. The book is of value to anyone who is interested in Hardy, but it adds little to our knowledge of the others. There are an extraordinary number of typographical errors.—Rudolph C. Bambas. University of Oklahoma.

✱ Hans Fallada. *Geschichten aus der Murkelei*. Berlin. Aufbau. 1947. 205 pages. 8.40 mk.—When Hans Fallada died in Berlin on February 6, 1947, the Communist Aufbau-Verlag had for some time announced the publication of his first new book since 1945. The author of *Little Man, What Now?* who in the thirties had turned Nazi, also knew

how to get himself accepted by the Soviet occupation authorities. But this new book of his contains no politics at all. It is a collection of eleven fairy-tales which Fallada invented for his own children. They are unsophisticated, lively, full of imagination, with the peculiar Fallada twist of realism into fantasy (*Altes Herz* or *Stadtschreiber*), recalling E. T. A. Hoffmann and Andersen. It is not impossible that Fallada will be remembered longer for this children's book than for his bestsellers. Illustrations are by Conrad Neubauer.—*Harry Bergholz*. Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.

✧ Hans Fallada. *Jeder stirbt für sich allein*. 542 pages. 8.50 mk.—*Der Alpdruck*. 242 pages. 6.50 mk. Berlin. Aufbau. 1947.—Hans Fallada won renown in the later years of the Weimar Republic with two remarkable novels dealing with symptoms of deadly illnesses that had befallen German democracy—*Bauern, Bomben, Bonzen* and *Kleiner Mann, was nun?* When Hitler came to power, Fallada remained in Germany and made peace with the Nazis. This did something to his talent as well as to his character. The books he published in the Third Reich were shadows of his earlier works. He survived the Nazi régime, but his strength was sapped. Still, he set to work in a feverish race with death. When he died, two years after the end of the war, he left two new novels which have appeared posthumously.

Jeder stirbt allein is based on actual files of the Berlin Gestapo referring to a worker and his wife who tried to work against the régime in the first years of the war. It is a gloomy story. Herr Quangel and his wife were good Germans who obeyed every authority, who believed in Hitler's mission as a savior, but who gradually drifted away from their faith, and who awakened to the harsh truth that they were being used as tools for a ruthless barbarism and made an effort to fight evil. They were eventually caught in the net of the Gestapo. *Der Alpdruck* deals with life in

Germany immediately after the end of the war. The author states in his preface that he had wanted to write about "the defeats of daily life, the depressions, the illnesses, the despair, but also—of deeds of high courage, hours of hope." But he could not carry out his plan. "Thus this novel has remained, on the whole, a report of an illness, the story of that apathy which struck the larger and especially the better part of the German people in April 1945 and from which they have not yet recovered."

Hans Fallada's natural gift as a teller of tales shines out in his last two novels although its light is often dim and flickering. The language is sloppy (perhaps a heritage from the Nazi time), and the naturalist manner is at times very crude.

J. R. Becher's speech at Hans Fallada's tomb is added to the second novel as a sort of post-face.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York City.

✧ Lion Feuchtwanger. *Waffen für Amerika*. Vol. I. Amsterdam. Querido. 1947. 460 pages. \$4.25 u.s.—In a facile style, drawing heavily on his knowledge of France, especially Paris, his familiarity with European history, and his general insight into human nature, Feuchtwanger tells the story of Benjamin Franklin and the other Americans who, seeking aid for the struggling revolutionaries, tried to enlist the sympathy and the active assistance of the French court and aristocracy. This volume has one good scene: the one in which Beaumarchais, who is given major credit for French intervention, reads to a gay company of Frenchmen the Declaration of Independence—of course translated into German! It is difficult to tell for whom this work is intended. Germans won't be interested, and Americans won't be able to read it, and perhaps not even willing to do so. For it must be admitted that this is, in the main, Hollywooded history.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✧ Gerhart Hauptmann. *Die Finsternisse. Requiem*. With an Essay by Walter A. Reichart. Aurora, New York.

Hammer. 1947. 28 pages, large format.—Professor Walter Reichart of the University of Michigan, Hauptmann's admirer and loyal friend who in *Books Abroad* (Winter, 1946, page 125) and elsewhere has defended the great Silesian poet against his adverse critics, appends to this hitherto unpublished dialogue of Hauptmann's an account of the occasion of its writing and the vicissitudes which delayed but did not prevent his eventually receiving a copy of it, in 1942. The dialogue is a memorial to Hauptmann's generous Jewish friend, the cloth manufacturer and bibliophile Max Pinkus of Neustadt, Upper Silesia. It ends sadly and strikingly. Says the old Jew's son:

"Mein Vater hat seine Jahre erreicht. Das müssen wir alle. Das müssen auch die, die im Sprechchor 'Juda, verrecke!' schreiben. . . ."—R. T. H.

✧ Esther Landolt. *Namenlos*. Zürich.

Humanitas. 1947. 445 pages.—I get the impression that when Esther Landolt began to write this book—the MS of which was found among her posthumous papers—she paged back through her files or her memory and picked out a number of odd characters or case-histories which she had planned to use at some time or other. For in the first 265 pages she presents no less than 26 full-length portraits, at least fifteen of them on the "queer" side. Although they are well told, the effect is somewhat kaleidoscopic, and it is almost as if one were reading a volume of short stories. Then when the "nameless" Jakob Armkind and his wife Anna Fröhlich emigrate from Switzerland to Australia, the story focuses more definitely on them, but it thins out, and the ending seems sketched in rather than shaped. Taken as a gallery of portraits, the book has both interest and charm. Esther Landolt knew people and was a master of the swift vignette, and I found it no effort to follow her rapid zigzagging. But as a whole the work is not a well-knit and unified novel.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✧ *Phantastische Erzählungen*. Friedrich-Carl Kobbe, ed. • München. Desch. 1946. 522 pages.—Viewing this book and its companion piece, *Liebesnovellen der italienischen Renaissance*, one cannot restrain a slight impulse to envy: what does the American reader get in comparison? Hoffmann, Barbey d'Aureville, Poe, Gerstäcker, Turgenev, Lesskov, Bécquer, Villiers, Stevenson, Bang, Doyle, Schnitzler, Pirandello, Meyrink: these furnish the rich feast provided by this excellent anthology. Brief introductions contain biographical and bibliographical data, and the short but admirable general introduction presents a point of view and the basis of selection. The translations are either made by the editor or, in most cases, revised by him. Judging by the selection from Poe, the translation is somewhat free but essentially faithful in sense and quite so in style. A thoroughly workmanlike affair.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✧ Georg Schaeffner. *Ende in Venedig*. Bern. Scherz. 1946. 344 pages.

12.40 Sw. fr.—This well-written novel displays a number of unusual features. To begin with, it is a sort of double *Entwicklungsroman*, the two partners to an interesting marriage being traced, each in a separate "book," from childhood up to the eve of their acquaintance. United after a very unconventional courtship, which however is made to appear wholly understandable and plausible, the couple continue in marriage the traits with which the author has progressively endowed them in their formative years. The husband is a concert pianist and conductor, and there is much sympathetic matter about music in general, and Mozart in particular. The naturally and inescapably seductive wife has an essentially coquettish nature, is fully aware of her charm, and is by no means averse to enjoying its effect upon men. They visit Venice together, and, in the end, fatefully. Here Barbara becomes strangely involved with the gondolier Beppino, for whom she has a

more than casual fascination, and at no point does the author show his psychological mastery more effectively than in his analyses of this involved relationship, which eventually brings about Barbara's sudden and violent death. Georg Schaeffner has the ability to create genuine human beings; it is to be hoped that he will apply his skill to a more substantial plot.—*Bayard Q. Morgan*. Stanford University.

✧ Hans Demel. *Aegyptische Kunst*. Wien. Wolfrum. 1947. 29 pages + 40 plates.—This book provides a brief

summary of the history of Egyptian art from the 4th Dynasty to the Greco-Roman period, as illustrated in the extensive Egyptian collections of the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. The text covers the material adequately, granted the limited scope of the work; architecture receives only passing mention, the principal emphasis being laid upon sculpture and painting. The illustrations, of which eight are in color, are well selected and reproduced. A useful chronological table is added at the close of the text.—*Henry S. Robinson*. University of Oklahoma.

Books in Various Languages

(For other Books in Various Languages, see "Head-Liners")

✧ A. C. Nor. *Příšel Den*. Praha. Hynek. 1946. 350 pages. 141 Kč.—Some twenty years ago a young Silesian student startled the Czech literary world with an extraordinarily mature and skillfully done novel, *Bůrkental*. Since then A. C. Nor's name has appeared almost every year on the jacket of a new book. And though he never again reached the high literary standard which he attained in his first story, he has maintained a respectable level of conventional, entertaining novel-writing.

This novel, written during the fateful year 1938, had to be literally buried by the author during the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia. In May 1945, after the Liberation, he unearthed the bottles in which he had hidden the manuscript, and it appears at last in print. It is the story of the penetration of Henleinism—the Sudeten brand of Nazism—into the author's Silesian homeland. The dramatic events culminating in the German occupation are told with an extraordinary narrative gift. His intimate knowledge of Silesia and the Silesians lends color and realism to the book. A certain melodramatic quality which characterizes Nor's work in general is

present here, but more discreetly than usual.—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York City.

✧ Carl Jørgensen. *Danske Biblioteksbygninger*. København. Folkebibliotekernes Bibliografiske Kontor. 1946. 136 pages.—It is difficult for a Scandinavophile to speak dispassionately of the Danish system of popular libraries. Not to mention Copenhagen (which has its magnificent Royal and University Libraries), nearly every Danish community can boast of a collection of books for the use of the people which will rival any comparable institution in cities in the English-speaking world. The Danes have done an especially good job with their library architecture; and, while available resources have been limited, they have managed to erect popular library buildings which are functionally adapted to their purpose and also serve the broader rôle of a community intellectual center. Jørgensen's work in its presentation of thirty-nine Danish public library buildings resembles closely Wheeler and Githens' somewhat larger *The American Public Library Building*. Photographs of the exterior and interior of each building as well as floor

plans in most cases provide a graphic idea of just what has been accomplished. Each set of illustrations is accompanied by explanatory text, and the entire book is prefaced by an essay on Danish public library buildings by Carl Thomsen.—*Lawrence S. Thompson*. University of Kentucky Library.

✎ Cola Debrot. *Bid voor Camille Willocq*. Amsterdam. Meulenhoff. 1946. 86 pages. 3 fl.—A much overrated short novel about a psychological and religious conflict in a not very interesting person. This author certainly is not guilty of overproduction, publishing only now and then a short story or novelle on which evidently a huge amount of time has been expended. He is one of those unhappy persons who think that to write queerly about queer people is the same as to write brilliantly about fascinating people, and it is sadly surprising how many Dutch critics are deluded by this practice.—*J. J. Strating*. Amsterdam.

✎ Max Dendermonde. *God in den Toren*. Amsterdam. Querido. 1942. 114 pages. 1.75 fl.—This brilliantly conceived short novel about a few troubled days in a small-town boy's life suffers from the author's inability to maintain the level of his difficult plot and beautifully written first pages. The first half of the book is a masterful account of a few days in the life of sensitive, lonely little Chris and his relations with the old, half-blind organist of his church. When the plot begins to move, the results are disappointing. The little boy's murder of the organist by psychological means was a brilliant idea, but it is not carried out convincingly. In his effort to avoid soap-opera melodrama the author falls into the opposite error, and his terrifying climax falls curiously flat. But the book has merit.—*J. J. Strating*. Amsterdam.

✎ A. Den Doolaard. *Het verjaagde water*. Amsterdam. Querido. 1947. 526 pages, ill.—No event, perhaps, has

given the Dutch people a better opportunity to show their stamina than the bombing of Walcheren's dykes and the resultant flooding of their fertile and prosperous island. Den Doolaard was not under the necessity of depending greatly on his imagination in constructing his novel. He witnessed on the spot the island's recovery from the terrific disaster which had befallen it. In order to make his account authoritative, he studied hydraulic engineering.

The book deserves to become a classic. It is not only accurately documented, but is written with zest, with psychological keenness, and with fine human sympathy. In powerful and often beautiful language its author dramatizes the struggle between the sea and its ingenious human antagonist. The elements of the story were too disparate to be blended into perfect unity, but the author has solved the problem by cutting his narrative up into completely separate sections.

The book would not be easy to translate, but it is worth the attention of readers in other countries than Holland.—*T. W. L. Scheltema*. Library of Congress.

✎ Simon Vestdijk. *Puriteinen en Piraten*. Amsterdam. Salm. 1947. 343 pages. 8.50 fl.—One of nearly a dozen novels published since the liberation, together with half a dozen volumes of poetry and essays, by the man who is probably Europe's most prolific writer and one of the most versatile. This novel about pirates and Puritans in 18th century England was written in a few months, and yet an amazing amount of research and industry seems to have gone into it. This reviewer finds no pleasure in reading Vestdijk but is compelled to admit his talent. Notwithstanding his enormous productiveness he has remained true to his standards, and he knows how to make his characters come alive. This book is regarded in Holland as one of his less important works, but it is the easiest of his works

to read and more likely than the others to interest foreign readers.

The author's bulkiest and most highly praised recent novel, *De Vuuraanbidders* (The Fire Worshipers) is an almost indigestible story of Germany's Thirty Years War.—J. J. Strating. Amsterdam.

✎ B. Aafjes. *Een voetreis naar Rome*. Amsterdam. Meulenhoff. 1946. 3.50 fl.—A modern epic by the well-known young Dutch poet describing a journey to Rome made on foot a few years before the war. Distinguished in language and versification, it is far too long for the not very significant message the poet has to convey, sometimes bordering on the ridiculous. It is chiefly interesting because of the enormous public response, which required several large printings in a comparatively short time notwithstanding the notorious indifference of the Dutch to poetry, and for the very beautiful ending. The last hundred lines belong to the finest in the Dutch language and have earned the poet a high reputation among all lovers of Dutch poetry, a reputation he is endangering by publishing far too much and far too early. His use of the Dutch language is still beautiful, but it becomes more artificial with each new poem.—J. J. Strating. Amsterdam.

✎ J. Cauberghe. *Nederlandsche taalschat*. I: *Spreuken en spreekwoorden*. II: *Spreekwijzen*. III: *Synoniemen*. IV: *Citaten*. Turnhout, Belgium. Brepols. 1947.—A manual of Dutch idioms and proverbs and of widely-used citations from Dutch and Flemish authors as well as Dutch versions of such citations from German, French, English, and Latin writers. The compiler has collected a surprising amount of material, particularly of idioms and proverbs current in Belgium. His work would have been much more useful if he had, where possible, indicated sources.

His proverbs (Vols. I and II) are arranged by topics. His third volume has synonyms (we know of no such list in

Dutch since J. Hendrik's *Handwoordenboek von Nederlandsche synoniemen*, (Tiel, 1883), antonyms, homonyms, and paronyms. This third volume has its own index.

These volumes will be very useful to students of Dutch, and particularly to readers of the voluminous Flemish literature.—T. W. L. Scheltema. Library of Congress.

✎ Van Meter Ames. *André Gide*. New York. New Directions. 1947. 302 pages. \$2.—Gide's works are always difficult to understand, even if he holds "that the best explanation of a work is to be found in the following work." After reading this study the reader is so intellectually gorged that he is unable to digest what he has read. The trouble lies in the fact that, in less than 300 pages, the author undertakes to enlighten us on every angle of Gide's multifaceted personality: the immoralist married to a saint; the puritan striving to acquire a pagan's freedom; the acrobat balancing himself on the tight-rope stretched between the attraction and the repulsion that the Catholic doctrine has for him; the Christian who imagines Communism as the door to salvation, but who realizes how *étroite* and inadequate that door is; the scientific mind which wishes to reconcile industrial technology with religious and artistic concepts. The author vainly endeavors to define accurately Gide's position in every field of human thought; he only succeeds in leaving his reader more in the dark than ever.—*André Bourgeois*. The Rice Institute.

✎ Grigore Gafencu. *The Last Days of Europe*. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1948. viii+239 pages + 12 plates. \$3.50.—In 1939 Gafencu, Rumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a dramatic and historic trip around Europe in a last effort to preserve peace for his country. He talked intimately with all the leading actors—Hitler, Ribbentrop, Colonel Beck, Chamberlain, Churchill, Bonnet, Daladier, Mussolini,

Ciano. His charmingly written record of these remarkable conversations testifies to his unusual insight and clarity of mind both as a diplomat and as a historian. They form a valuable and well informed survey of the heavy clouds over Europe in the tragic "last days" before the breaking of the storm. This reviewer discussed the German version of this book in *Books Abroad* for Autumn 1947, at p. 451.—*Sidney B. Fay*. Harvard University.

✧ Elsie Pell. *François Mauriac*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1947. 93 pages. \$2.75.—As is indicated by the subtitle—*In Search of the Infinite*—this is primarily a study of the spiritual beliefs and psychological theories expressed in Mauriac's work. It contains also an analysis of his life, with one chapter devoted to his position during the Second World War. An evaluation is made of his contributions to literature as psychologist, novelist, and regional writer. This is a clear and thoughtful study, a contribution to our better understanding of Mauriac.—*Besse A. Clement*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Giovanni Ermenegildo Schiavo. *Italian-American History*. Vol. I. New York. Vigo. 1947. 604 + xxxv pages. \$10.—This work is to be complete in three large volumes, divided into "books" or sections, of which three are in Volume I. The 15 "books" treat, respectively, music and musicians, public officials, religious leaders, soldiers, artists, entertainers, writers, educators, scientists, professional men, fraternal and social organizations, travelers, the myth of Italian crime, the sociology of the Italians in America.

The 205-page history of Italian music in this country accumulates a mass of information of uneven importance. The 260-page biographical dictionary of musicians, with bibliography, is interesting and useful. The 126-page section on public officials, from the early 1600's on, also has value. The book is the product of zeal, industry, and race pride. It is

regrettable that Mr. Schiavo has been inclined, in his eulogy of the Italian-American, to belittle the contribution of other races in the making of America. When he adds to his admirable tribute "... there were scores of [Italian] missionaries who sacrificed themselves to bring Christianity and Light among the natives of Asia, Africa and the two Americas" the unfortunate thrust "We do not know of any English Protestants among the American Indians in the 17th century" (What about John Eliot and the five generations of Mahews?), he is convicting himself of lack of candor, lack of elementary information, or both. A man can't make a good reference book of this sort with a chip on his shoulder.

The book is sloppily written and carelessly proof read.—*R. T. H.*

✧ *Preliminary Draft of a World Constitution. Common Cause: A Monthly Report of the Committee to Frame a World Constitution*. Chicago 37. March, 1948. 40 pages, large format. \$1.—This proposal of President Hutchins and others envisages a true world government, with power to enforce peace and to intervene in the internal affairs of its component nations in matters affecting the general welfare. It provides for world-wide civil rights, the abolition of racial discrimination, and the allotment of mineral and other resources according to need. To a considerable extent it sanctions collectivism, but with a positive emphasis on democracy.

For purposes of governmental organization it suggests a division of the world into nine great regions. The scheme follows our national Constitution to a considerable extent, but with interesting variations. For instance, there must be a geographical rotation of the highest executive offices. The judicial branch consists of a large body, the Grand Tribunal, divided into five sections on the basis of jurisdiction, with appeal to a smaller Supreme Court. Borrowing from ancient Rome, the plan provides a Tribune of the People to protect minorities and enforce civil rights.

This is an extremely ingenious scheme worthy of wide study. Securing its adoption is, of course, another matter.—J. H. Leek. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Stanley Walker. *Journey Toward the Sunlight*. New York. Caribbean Library. 1947. iv+226 pages + 32 plates. \$2.75.—The widely known journalist here presents the Dominican Republic from many points of view. The various chapters deal with the predominantly and proudly Spanish culture, the general Dominican character, history, chief problems, politics, and prospects. The journalistic style makes for easy reading, and the material is well organized. An inside-cover map and a selection of well chosen photographs add vividness to the presentation.

One gets the impression that Mr. Walker is writing fairly and objectively, but some readers will differ with certain of his inferences. It must be conceded the Trujillo régime has from many angles been constructive and helpful. But it is not certain that a policy of governmental paternalism is in the long run the best way of handling even the most backward of peoples.—Elizabeth Oakes. Norman, Oklahoma.

✧ Louis-Ferdinand Céline. *Death on the Installment Plan*. John H. P. Marks, tr. New York. New Directions. n.d. (Little, Brown. 1938). xi + 593 pages. \$3.75.—This new issue of Céline's sardonic and nauseating portrayal of the human animal was planned to coincide with his effort to make a literary comeback after nearly two years in a Danish prison, charged with Nazi collaboration, says Milton Hindus in his biographical preface. Although Céline (Dr. Destouches) claims that his attitude was "abstentionist," his writings contain a nihilism and hatred of humanity which allied him ideologically with Nazism and resulted in the banning of all his books in France today. Yet this one and his earlier *Journey to the End of the Night* have been lauded and condemned by different exponents of the same na-

tional and political complexion.

This reviewer suggests that behind his apparent hatred Céline may suffer an acute sympathy for the pitiable victims of a rotten social and economic order. Mention should be made also of the occasional beautiful flights of imagination. The translator is to be commended for his mastery of gutter vocabulary and his faithful reproduction of the book's ironic flavor.—B. G. D.

✧ Federico García Lorca. *Three Tragedies*. New York. New Directions. 1947. 378 pages. \$3.75.—The publication of *The House of Bernarda Alba*, still in manuscript at the time of García Lorca's death, completes his trilogy of rural tragedies of which the first two are *Blood Wedding* and *Yerma*. *The House of Bernarda Alba* is a house of women without men, ruled by a woman tyrant. As the author's brother Francisco points out in his preface to this volume, in all of Federico's plays there are hidden players, and the tendency to make female characters most important increases from the first to the last play in which all the characters are women. In the works of García Lorca, reality and illusion are so fused that there is scarcely any demarcation between the real world and the dream world. The plot of *Blood Wedding* is based on reality—a newspaper account of an incident—and its characters are fictitious; in *Yerma* there is a nice balance between reality and illusion; and in *The House of Bernarda Alba* the characters are real while the plot is the inevitable outcome of such natures. From *Blood Wedding*, concerning a feud between two families and the concept of human fatality, through *Yerma*, a drama of frustrated motherhood (this theme recurs in all three), to the last drama the author grows steadily maturer. The charm of make-believe and masques which has captivated him is prominent in the first drama, less so in the second, absent in the third. *Blood Wedding* is a young play of headlong emotions and unrestrained lyrical quality; *Yerma* finds the poet controlling

the lyric element to create an even balance with the dramatic element, and in *The House of Bernarda Alba* he has attained a severe mastery over the use of the lyric by restraining and subduing it. This poet who integrated so well the lyric and the drama finally allowed the dramatic to dominate in a play that is powerful and of solid texture than the other two, but a little less beautiful.—*B. G. D.*

✧ Gunhild Tegen. *The Road to Santa Fe*. Llewellyn Jones, tr. Chicago. Dierkes. 1947. 126 pages. \$2.—During the past war Gunhild Tegen spent several years in this country under a Rockefeller Fellowship. This little novel shows that she took back to Sweden a store of information that did not go to waste. Her book is especially evocative of the southwestern desert country near Santa Fe, where the landscape is never drab and the clarity of the high atmosphere makes a mesa twenty miles distant seem no farther away than a half-hour's stroll. Her Indian lore is sympathetically and accurately presented and her characterizations are excellent. But the switches in viewpoint are sometimes disturbing, and the New York setting is not as genuine as the southwestern one. The author evidently prefers wide desert country to urban constriction. She uses some striking metaphors, and the brief patches of dialog are among the best features of the book. But the tone is pessimistic—a man, significantly named Jan Pqrstuv, quits in the face of his problem. It is a story of escape, first from war-torn Europe, then from New York to the Southwest, finally from life itself. In this country of optimists, such a theme may not find many sympathetic readers.—*Elizabeth Oakes*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✧ Fritz von Unruh. *The End Is Not Yet*. New York. Storm. 1947. 540 pages. \$3.50.—[As we have done several times before when the justice of a reviewer's evaluation was questioned, we are printing another critic's comment on a book which has been reviewed before (Winter 1948, p. 90)—*The Editors*].—

Fritz von Unruh is a literary figure to command attention and respect. Originally an officer (like Ludwig Renn), then a playwright (like Ernst Toller), he earned in the period after the First World War the nickname "the eternal chairman," which testifies to his courage and liberalism in championing unpopular causes.

The End Is Not Yet is not a great work of art, but it is an important document. If a novelist deals with a social subject such as Fascism, his work must be viewed not only in a purely esthetic but also in a social frame of reference. This book takes the Hitler era out of its historical, political, and economic context and treats its most obvious protagonist allegorically. The tenor of the book is one of theological moralizing and exalted hope. The problem of guilt is so diffuse that you can hardly find those really guilty, and the problem of responsibility so universal that you can easily overlook those really responsible. I doubt whether this book in German would be of any use to the German youth who are striving to make the transition from exaltation to reality. Von Unruh's mind, geared to understand the anachronistic evil that was Kaiser Wilhelm II, is unprepared to meet the evil represented (not symbolized) by Hitler. That difference is profound, and much more than a difference in style of moustache. Fritz von Unruh, who was a voice of clarity when issues were confused, is confused when issues become too clear. Despite its sincerity, this book as a result is artistically unsuccessful. A typical scene of the novel illustrates this. Hitler and his cronies look on while a young girl is overpowered by a chimpanzee in a cage and the chimpanzee "encircles her hips with his enormous arms." Such a fantasy has nothing to do with the machine-like precision mass murders of the Nazis. As a whole, *The End Is Not Yet* causes neither terror nor catharsis. But it stimulates the reader to ponder all the reasons why it isn't a better book.—*Fredric Wertham*. New York City.

✧ Claudia de Lys. *A Treasury of American Superstitions*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1948. xxii+494 pages. \$5.—This book needs a new title. Claudia de Lys has assembled here not merely a collection of American superstitions but a compilation of scientific, historical, and folkloric information from all over the world. Under 24 chapter headings are grouped nearly 400 fascinating and well written little articles which are the fruit of an amazingly thorough and careful job of research. This is one of the rare reference books which are so entertaining that they can be read continuously, like a novel.

Here is information on an unbelievable variety of subjects, from canaries to Christmas, from twins to tobacco. The popular form of each superstition is quoted at the beginning of each article; this is followed by references to its possible primitive or mythological origins and its variations in other cultures; and finally we find corroboration or denial of the belief from the viewpoint of modern science. The bibliography is impressive but embraces English titles only. A larger index would be helpful.—*Elizabeth Oakes*. Norman, Oklahoma.

✧ Gustav Schwab. *Gods and Heroes. Myths and Epics of Ancient Greece*. Olga Marx and Ernst Morwitz, trs. New York. Pantheon. 1946. 764 pages. \$6.—We are much indebted to the Pantheon publishers for their efforts to preserve the finest European cultural publications in their beautiful editions. A masterly introduction by Ernst Jaeger expresses exactly what the reviewer has felt for a long time: There are many books in English telling these Greek myths, but none of them equal Gustav Schwab's, a classic in its own way, which has delighted and educated generations of German readers. He tells the tales from the sources, and he does not tell them for children. He rather tells them in the same serious and yet simple and poetic spirit in which the original authors told them to the Greek people. It is a great cause for rejoicing to see him reappear

in this new and exquisite form. Dr. Hans Nachob has collected an ample selection from Greek vase pictures to adorn the text. An index enhances the value of the book for learned uses.—*Gustav Mueller*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Ctésias. *La Perse, l'Inde*. R. Henry, ed. Bruxelles. Office de Publicité. 1947. 99 pages + map. 25 Bel. fr.—Need has long been felt for a modern, critical text of Ctésias, Greek geographer and historian of the 5th century B.C.; the remains of his work have not yet appeared in Jacoby's great corpus, *Fragmente der griechischen Historiker*. The present volume comprises only those parts of the *Persika* and *Indika* which are included in the abridgement of Photius. The text has been carefully edited, with ample *apparatus criticus*; the French translation and brief notes add greatly to the usefulness of this valuable edition.—*Henry S. Robinson*. University of Oklahoma.

✧ Károly A. Berczeli. *Két pásztor*. Budapest. Egyetemi Nyomda. 1947. 285 pages.—This Hungarian poet, translator, novelist, and playwright has always seemed conscious of the magic spell of human destiny. He concentrates on imponderables, and while he is aware of timeliness, it is essentially the relation of timeliness to timelessness that seems to stimulate him creatively. *Két pásztor* is not a miracle of literary expertness, but it proves him an authentic story teller. It is a symbolic novel of the efforts, aims, and frustrations of two types of "shepherd" in a Transdanubian environment. The contrasts and similarities between the old warrener and the young school-teacher are graphically portrayed. Both fail, but both justify our faith in the purposefulness of life.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✧ Géza Képes. *A Sziget Enekel*. Budapest. Parnasszus. 1947. 155 pages.—The excellent Hungarian poet and trans-

lator rejects the idea that the contemporary stage of Hungarian life is not set for the appreciation of poetry. His new book is a translation of English poets; it contains works of Shakespeare, Donne, Milton, as well as of Auden and Spender. He has chosen the representative poets of the various cultural epochs of England and has accomplished his task beautifully. Considering the immense organic differences of the two languages, it would have been quite natural to lapse into errors at the expense of the original. But Képes' taste and technical efficiency helped him surmount the usual difficulties of a poetic translator. The parallel English and Hungarian text of the poems enables the bilingual reader to compare the translation with the original.—*Joseph Remenyi*. Western Reserve University.

✱ Michael A. Musmanno. *La guerra non l'ho voluta io*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 418 pages. 350 l.—An American of Italian extraction, the author was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Pennsylvania when the United States entered the war. Judge Musmanno enlisted in the Navy, and his book carries us through the Italian campaign and the first months of peace till his departure from Italy. He has a very good knowledge of the Italian language and the customs of Italy, where he had studied in 1924-25, a knowledge which he increased during his wartime service there. His description of wartime and post-war Italy is vivid and readable; and in its concern for the much-tried country which Musmanno admires and loves so ardently, it is a warm plea for better peace conditions and increased and more effective aid.—*Albert Roland*. Lawrence, Kansas.

✱ Vincenzo Terenzio. *Chopin. Saggio biografico-critico*. Bari. Laterza. 1948. 500 l.—This is not a complete biography detailing meticulously the facts of Chopin's life in chronological sequence. Nor does the evaluation of the artist lean with excessive heaviness on

an analysis of his works. Our author's procedure is to steer midway between these two extremes. Through the life story of the man he explains the nature of his art, which is essentially tragicoloural in its inspiration. Chopin's nostalgic love for the unfortunate country he left behind him at an early age, never to return to it, reappears in his music over and over again, at times interwoven with his own sufferings, producing a deep and indelible mark that distinguishes his genius from that of other fellow artists. Vincenzo Terenzio, with deft touches and persuasive confidence in his esthetic reactions, has presented us with a most illuminating study. In helping us understand the motives behind Chopin's compositions he has opened the door to a greater appreciation of his music than has been possible heretofore.—*Joseph G. Fucilla*. Northwestern University.

✱ Bruno Cicognani. *Barucca*. Firenze. Vallecchi. 1947. 195 pages. 250 l.—This volume, which contains five short stories, is the first post-war publication of the author; and it is a pleasure to observe that it is of the same high level as his earlier work. Cicognani's strength has always lain in the combination of almost photographic realism in the depiction of Florentine types and a poetic and mystical perception of the ways of the human soul which gives depth and significance to the realism. In this collection the combination is best exemplified in the title story, a sharp and yet sympathetic study of a simple-minded son of the people, too innocent to be aware of his own strength—or indeed of his own moral weakness—and too trustful to be able to cope with even the appearance of deceit. The other tales are of simpler design: *Il carabiniere e la bimba* and *Il dono* are brief sketches with deliberately symbolic overtones. *Il caffèino* is a sharply sketched little drama in which the sordid atmosphere is alleviated by a sense of sympathy and comprehension. Cicognani is approaching seventy, but his pen is as skilful and

his understanding of the human heart as warm and deep as ever.—*Thomas G. Bergin*. Yale University.

✧ Carlo Rudino. *Il Dramma di Margherita, Interpretazione dal Goethe*. Milano. Ceschina. 1947. 95 pages. 180 l. —As Rudino himself declares, this is a free translation of *Faust*, but free only where deemed necessary to be faithful to the original. It does not include the whole of *Faust* but only the part that most pleases the general public. Publication of the entire work, which will be of interest to the studious, is promised at a more propitious time.

Rudino does not agree with Croce that translations are "*impossibili*," that they cannot be both beautiful and faithful. For Rudino, to understand a masterpiece of poetry is to be able to translate it; for him, what is impossible is not a beautiful and faithful translation, but rather one that is beautiful and literal. This translation of Rudino's, which is also an interpretation, opens with Faust's first words addressed to the innocent girl who has just left the confessional and ends with the prison scene in which Faust proves powerless to free her from her fate. The work includes both prose and verse, and they both read very well in idiomatic Italian. This short version of the famous drama can be read with profit and interest by the busy public that cannot spare the time to read the entire work.—*Donato Internoscia*. University of Akron.

✧ Władysław Szpilman. *Śmierć miasta*. Warszawa. Wiedza. 1946. 204 pages.—This account of the German occupation of Poland is the work of a well known Warsaw pianist. It is, moreover, the work of an artist. The terse story pictures better than any other Polish narrative read by this reviewer the first year of common struggle against the invader and the subsequent separation of racial elements by the walls of the ghetto. The author, without sociological digressions, succeeds in conveying the indestructible organic unity of Poland's

cultural élite, its inviolable solidarity.

Against the background of the ghetto prison, whose ultimate annihilation slowly approaches amidst a whirl of misery and corruption, appear, like meteors, men and women of international renown: Roman Kramsztyi, famous painter, who left his residence in Paris to stand by his country in her time of trial; Janusz Korczak, the greatest Polish educator, who devoted his Franciscan life to orphaned children and died with them a martyr's death in the gas-chambers of Treblinka.

Saved by "Aryan" friends and fed by them at the risk of their lives, Szpilman hid for almost two years in attics and closets, until the uprising of 1944 left him alone to starve in a wretched house on the outskirts of burned and evacuated Warsaw. The last pages, with the story of his rescue by an anti-Nazi Austrian officer and his final liberation by a Polish detachment, soberly written as they are, would put to shame any Hollywood melodrama.

Szpilman's book ought to be translated. Despite its good workmanship it represents no more than source material. Yet just such material must be made accessible to the whole civilized world if the experience of those who returned from Hell is not to be lost forever to the thinker and writer of the future.—*Felicia Turyn*. Urbana, Illinois.

✧ Sylvester Mora and Piotr Zwierniak. *Sprawiedliwość Sowietcka*. Published by the Polish Army in Italy. 1945. 275 pages.—The principles of Soviet justice are entirely different from those accepted in other states. Justice in the U.S.S.R. is conceived of as an instrument of the class struggle in accordance with Lenin's pronouncement that "law is an instrument of the proletariat and the laboring peasantry." Some of the essentials of the Soviet legal system are: Collective responsibility; judgment by analogy; presumption of guilt, as in the Middle Ages; and the assumption of the Soviet jurists that they have the right to punish citizens of any other state for deeds com-

mitted in the culprit's own country if directed against the "interest of the working class." Soviet law operates retroactively and it becomes effective without being published and brought to the cognizance of the citizens of the Union. The administrative apparatus of justice is based on secret codes and instructions, and there is no definite line of demarcation between a voted law and an administrative decree.

Following their general presentation of Soviet justice, the authors describe judicial procedure, the organization of the courts, the technique of arrests and investigations, conditions in prisons and concentration camps. Some of the chapters of their book read like a thrilling detective novel, especially those on the "North Belt of Siberia," where huge armies of prisoners are at work on various mysterious projects, and from which not one of them has ever returned. There are a score of excellent drawings depicting life in Soviet concentration camps, as well as photographs of released prisoners which vividly remind one of photographs taken in Buchenwald.—*Andrew Corvin-Románski*. Polish Red Cross, Beirut, Lebanon.

✧ J. P. Coelho de Souza. *O sentido e o espírito da revolução farroupilha*. Pôrto Alegre. Globo. 1945. 101 pages.—A discourse, filibuster size, "pronunciado na sessão solene da Assambléia Legislativa, em 20 de setembro de 1935, perante o Presidente da República, os Representantes das Nações Estrangeiras, o Governador do Estado, o Governador da Bahia e outras autoridades." The study so often lapses into mere oratory that one wonders at the unconditional praise accorded it by Darcy Azambuja in his preface.

Coelho de Souza's thesis is that the rebellion and secession of Rio Grande do Sul during the Regency was not essentially a separatist movement. It was a revolt against injustice, and if the riograndenses did eventually seek actual separation it was never from Brazil but only from their reactionary government.

The author's argument is well documented and persuasive enough. It has no need of his sonorous challenges to all potential detractors of the honor of Rio Grande do Sul. The book also contains an oration delivered at the tomb of General Neto for the centenary of the proclamation of the República Rio-Grandense.—*Consuelo Howatt*. Tucson, Arizona.

✧ Mario Sette. *Arruar*. Rio de Janeiro. Casa do Estudante. 1948. 407 pages.

—Mario Sette, who was born in the beautiful city of Recife in 1886 and who knows its history well, dedicates this voluminous work to Recife's past. From the early days to yesterday, here are Recife and Olinda, with their criers, their lively streets, their beaches, their fashions, their *cadheirinhas de arruar*, their hotels, their diligences, their newspapers, their book stores, their poets, their furniture auctions in private houses, their first photographers with their promises that pretty little birds would hop out of their heavy machines, their theaters, their pioneer telephones, their lanterns, their advertising devices, their romantic lovemaking. . . . What a wealth of bright and perfumed memories! Memories that were fading fast, but which have been caught for all time in the agile and familiar prose of this scholarly writer, interspersed with photographs and delightful sketches which have skilfully captured scraps of the easy, ingenuous past.—*Gastón Figueira*. Montevideo.

✧ Nuno Fidelino de Figueiredo, ed.

O sistema de segurança colectiva. 127 pages.—*O problema da energia atômica*. 153 pages. Lisboa. Cosmos. 1947. 7\$50 ea.—The Biblioteca Cosmos is a series of excellent monographs in every field of human activity, science, art, religion, economics, politics, and—which is especially to the point at present—on the acute contemporary problems. Of the 129 booklets which constitute the series to date, the majority are the work of Portuguese writers or compilers, although a few are translations from

French, English, or Italian authorities. Of the score of volumes which make up the sub-series *Problemas do nosso tempo*, three, *O problema da Alemanha*, *O sistema de segurança colectiva*, and *O problema da energia atómica*, have been prepared by the young publicist Dr. Nuno Fidelino de Figueiredo, son of one of *Books Abroad's* Contributing Editors who is also one of the most eminent living Portuguese critics and historians. These contributions to the *Problemas* series are merely Portuguese versions of the pertinent documents, preceded by helpful introductions which supply the factual background but carefully refrain from personal judgments. It is likely that a man cannot write as negligently in Lisbon, Portugal, as he can in Lisbon, Ohio.—H. K. L.

✱ Ferreira de Castro. *A lã e a neve*.

Lisboa. Guimarães. 1947. 373 pages.—Two or three of Ferreira de Castro's novels have been translated into a dozen languages in all. It is not very likely that his new novel will find a translator. It is not that it is too local but that it is too dull, although those who are acquainted with the magnificent scenery of Beira Alta, the country about Covilhan and Manteigas, the Serra da Estrela, the winding defiles of the river Zezere, and with that fine peasantry will be able to read their own enchantment into these pages. But there is here no concentration of interest, either of circumstance or character. Scraps of the dialogue linger wickedly in one's memory ("Have you any matches? No, you know that I do not smoke—Do you like the city? I do not know, I have only just arrived—Were there many people at the funeral? Yes there were many.") One can remember a thousand peasant conversations in Portugal with far more wit and substance than any here recorded.

The life of Horacio, shepherd and factory hand, ambles on like one of his sheep nibbling the scant pasturage. His attempts to obtain work in a woollen factory are at first unsuccessful: there are "a thousand dogs for one bone," but

halfway through the novel he has the satisfaction of throwing away his shepherd's crook and is able to marry and live a frugal but independent life. The author evidently has a wide knowledge of the country and peasantry of Beira Alta; but, deliberately perhaps, he has cast a superficial note of drab monotony over the life portrayed and seems to have no realization of the deeper enthusiasms, the traditional beliefs and superstitions, the store of dance, song, and legend, the simple but heartfelt joys and griefs of the genuine peasant.—Aubrey F. G. Bell. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Alphonsus de Guimaraens Filho.

Poesias. Rio de Janeiro. Globo. 1946. 174 pages.—The author of *Lume de estrelas*, distinguished son of a distinguished Brazilian poet, was little over twenty when he published his first volume of verse. The present volume appeared when he was twenty-eight. It consists of forty-five sonnets and about as many short poems in various meter. The pliant verse and introspective although not morbid melancholy remind one occasionally of the Portuguese poet Antonio Nobre. There are a few apparent lapses. A subtler ear may be able to scan the line in question (*Que a tua ausencia aos poucos fixou*). The *Lusiadas* certainly contains many a dry stick of verse, but they are carried away in the rapid flow and transparent current of the poem. It is impossible, said Hazlitt, to persuade an editor that he is nobody, and it is difficult to convince a critic that he has no ear; but the stiffness of this line may be deliberate. As a rule the versification, whether it be of six, eight, ten, or twelve syllables, is above reproach.—Aubrey F. G. Bell. Victoria, B. C., Canada.

✱ Boris Panteleymonoff. *Zverinyi*

Znach. Paris. Podorojnick (New York 25. International Book Service). 1948. 230 pages. \$1.50 u.s.—This second volume of stories by Panteleymonoff within a year is the work of an émigré who is still Russian to the core, and

whose vision of life is clear, wholesome, and radiant. It is a sequel to its immediate predecessor, *Zelenyi Shoom*, continuing a boy's adventures in his native Siberia, in the company of his beloved "Uncle Volodia." The theme broadens in the section called *Maklaevo Bratstvo*, in which the author, affectionately observing his tiny pet monkey, turns philosopher for the nonce. He takes the reader to New Guinea with the Russian pioneer and scientist Maklai, to study the natives as natural phenomena and as human beings. Against the rich texture of the exotic story looms the vision of man without the scars and the veneer of civilization. The reader is brought face to face with his historical past to discover that there is more longing for the brotherhood of man among the primitive peoples than among civilized men. The author has been unanimously acclaimed for the terseness and elegance of his style.—*Alexandra Mazurova*. New Smyrna Beach, Florida.

✧ Theo H. Florin. *Predjarie*. 52 pages.

—*V nezvučnu hodinu*. 48 pages.—London. Czechoslovak. 1945-46. — In these two slender volumes a young Slovak author known already as essayist and reporter makes his début as poet. It is interesting that the sources from which he draws his poetic heritage are the French sophisticated authors à la Valéry and—Slovak popular songs. His poems sometimes tend to be a bit precious, but they are always filled with rich imagery and their rhythm has a peculiar charm.

A few lines from one of his poems, translated by Walter Morrison, may give some idea of the qualities immanent in one type of his verses:

On my forehead sits a black-petalled raven
I gulp down scorching feverish rhymes
no one has poured me any wine into a sunny
glass. . . .

which it may be interesting to contrast with another type:

Sticky with outlaw-sweat of disgust may I die
in the world of maggots scum sets forth on
its journey
the race-enslaver mingles his seed with vermin
vaunting his lordship yells a usurer-yell

while my people dazed by the shouting drips
bloody teardrops

Sticky with outlaw-sweat of disgust may I die
overweening cads hold the race in chains
pals of oppression and treachery push the levers
of power
lucre-fed louts laugh loud and long in their
glory

led by a killer who bolted the Word behind bars

Sticky with outlaw-sweat of disgust may I die.
like the sun I have set Each day I have bled
till I fainted

I know not why they wasted the linden-leaves
of the race

why slave-chains congealed while no one
twitches an eyebrow

as my people robot-like rattled its agony sweaty
and welted.

—*F. C. Weiskopf*. New York City.

✧ Ivan J. Kramoris, tr. and ed. *An Anthology of Slovak Poetry. A Selection of Lyric and Narrative Poems and Folk Ballads in Slovak and English*. Scranton. Obrana. 1947. xiv+146 pages.

—This is to date the most extensive collection of Slovak poems in English translation. There are 60 poems, half of them of folk origin and the remainder chosen from the work of 16 poets, of whom one, M. K. Mlynarovič, is an American. They are almost always very simple, charmingly naïve and sincere. There have been popular poets in Slovakia who will bear comparison with the Robert Burns and the Stephen Fosters.

The translator deserves considerable credit. His translations are loving, literate, and show wide reading in the old English ballad and lyric. But his ear for poetic phrase is not perfect, and much of his work could be improved. If he could have maintained the poetic level of *Pod zelenú horú*:

Let not green jealousy
Disrupt sweet harmony:
A pretty thing it is
To see such love as this

or of *Vtedy sa mi prisnijú*:

My dreams are always sweetest when
I make my dreams a song,
And when I sing myself to sleep
I dream the whole night long

his book would have been a poetic and not merely an editorial achievement.—*H. K. L.*

✠ Milos K. Mlynarovič. *Boha hľ'adám*. Trnava, Slovakia. Spolok sv. Vojtech. 1948. 64 pages.—A Slovak-American poet sets forth his spiritual autobiography in short lyrico-narrative poems. Dedicating his volume to Fr. Damian (the longest poem in the volume concerns that heroic priest's life and suffering), the poet confesses his own inborn love for the stricken, the weak, the downtrodden, for red men, black men, white men alike. Love is what he would give and what he would seek from man. God is preëminently present in His crowning work, in man. Through man God speaks to the poet. If the poet offends man, he offends God. To hate man is to hate God. God yearns to be loved in us—in men. . . .

Msgr. Mlynarovič lives in East Chicago, Indiana, and has published in America several volumes and a book of short stories based on Slovak-American life. He has in preparation two novels and a book of literary criticism with translations from a group of contemporary poets—Robinson, Frost, Sandburg, Amy Lowell, T. S. Eliot, etc.—*Ivan J. Kramoris*. Marquette University High School.

✠ Hugo Kamras. *Poeter på hästryggen*. Stockholm. Geber. 1947. 175 pages. 8 kr.—The title of this book, Poets on Horseback, is not quite adequate. The author has rather made a fast ride through all the world's literature, poetry, saga, and history, picking up the best pieces about horses which he has found on his way. He is himself not only a good rider and a lover of horses but also a well-known book reviewer and historian of literature; and therefore he has had extensive opportu-

ity to compare and appreciate the many different tales and books about the winged or real quadrupeds from Homer and Xenophon to Borrow, Kipling, and Tolstoi, Johannes V. Jensen and John Steinbeck. He quotes and retells the most outstanding ones, and the charmingly illustrated little volume serves as a miniature history of the culture of some periods. — *Thure Nyman*. Edsviken, Sweden.

✠ Ella Byström. *Genom stark eld. Roman från det gamla Rörstrand*. Stockholm. Natur & Kultur. 1946. 244 pages. 13.50 kr.—In the eighteenth century Rörstrand was a great center of porcelain manufacturing, and Ella Byström uses this milieu effectively and accurately in her novel. The career of a young apprentice is traced from the time of his appointment to a minor position until he achieves mastery of his art. The craft of porcelain making dominates the entire book and is handled as effectively in the fictional parts as in the purely descriptive sections.—*Laurence S. Thompson*. University of Kentucky Library.

✠ Erik Ask Lund. *Ensamma lyktor. Studier och skisser*. Stockholm. KF:s Förlag. Nordisk Rotogravyr. 1947. 166 pages. 7.50 kr.—These delightfully elegiac essays were inspired by the author's walks through the streets of Stockholm. Companions on his strolls were the famous personalities who have portrayed Stockholm in literature. The drawings by Charles G. Behrens reflect the spirit of the book admirably, and the design and typography place the volume high on Nordisk Rotogravyr's already long and distinguished list.—*L. S. T.*

A report from Bucharest states: "Although our new building is located a little off the beaten track, it is encouraging to find that 4,404 readers and visitors found their way to the door of the American library this month. On many occasions, their unbounded enthusiasm and sincere interest in the library were well

demonstrated by the fact that, when the lighting system failed (as it does all too frequently) our readers remained quietly seated in the library and when the candles for which we had hurriedly sent arrived, continued reading as absorbedly as before."—*The Record*, Department of State.

The Editor Parenthesizes

The decease of the "rasende Reporter" Egon Erwin Kisch, in Prague last April, seems to have passed unnoticed in this country. We read of it in a propaganda leaflet of the new government of Czechoslovakia, several weeks after it had occurred; we infer from the fact that the Up-and-at-'em Reporter was given an official funeral, that he was better reconciled to Soviet overlordship than most Americans would probably have been. It was not long ago that most of us were applauding the anti-Nazi activities of Kisch, the French Communists, and for that matter, of the Russians themselves. This is an age when men live rapidly, and our cordial allies of yesterday can be our bitter foes by the day after tomorrow. This writer had known nothing of Kisch since he was helping publish *El Libro Libre* in Mexico during the War (his part in that dauntless enterprise is mentioned by Bodo Uhse in an article in this issue of *Books Abroad*). But the Kisch whom the writer remembers with a sort of half-amused daze-ment was the young super-reporter who began his career, some 45 years ago, by uncovering a ghastly Austrian state secret (the reason for the suicide of the traitorous Colonel Alfred Redl), which might otherwise have remained a secret forever to everybody but a handful of Austrian oligarchs sworn to eternal silence.

"Der rasende Reporter" shot like a rocket from one continent to another, and when he landed in Middletown or Madagascar he always came out with a story, a good story that people read with their eyes bulging out. And it was always a true story—at least fairly true. Egon Kisch didn't need to manufacture news. He knew that truth is stranger than fiction. His articles are crammed with information, even statistical information. He was interested in every phase of human activity; and applying everywhere his amazing faculty of observa-

tion, he managed to dig into the subject of the moment and acquire first-hand knowledge about it. Kisch was always in a hurry, but he always stopped long enough to see things with his own eyes.

Kisch was a purveyor of thrills, but he had a heart as well as a restless intelligence. In his famous piece "The Murderer's Mother," the reporter talks to the ignorant mother of a young scapegrace who has been accused of killing a man. Met with fear and hostility, he explains to her that if she will speak out freely about the boy's life and hers, they may be able to find extenuating circumstances which may help the boy. The poor creature catches the idea that she can shoulder the blame for her son's crime, and she pours out a distressing confession of the sins and sufferings of a guileless young girl in a wicked big city, a confession which she has kept locked in her poor old heart for half a lifetime. This may be fiction, but Charles Dickens is tawdry and artificial beside it. The boy in this piece is a heel, but it turns out that he is innocent of this particular crime, so that the old woman's confession was unnecessary. But when Kisch handles a situation like this, he is no heartless news-grabber. Injustice made him furiously angry, and when others suffered he suffered with them. He was sensational and clever, but he was no hypocrite.

Kisch's last collection of reportages, *Entdeckungen in Mexico*, is among his best. One of these sketches tells how he wandered into the little Indian Jewish village of Venta Prieta, near Pachuca, and attended a Sabbath service. True to form, the piece sparkles with fascinating near-nonchalant information about the Jews in Mexico and elsewhere. Then, toward the end, as these simple Mexican Jews join in a prayer for persecuted Jews all over the world, we hear the slap-dash globetrotter Kisch joining in the heart-breaking prayer. It is the finest and most

terrible page Kisch ever wrote. For this heavy-set, carelessly dressed newspaper fellow with the nose for news, although he looked very different from the emaciated, long-bearded Jewish pilgrim of the poets and the romantic novelists, was a twentieth century reincarnation of the Wandering Jew. He is quiet at last. May the earth rest light on his coffin!

CORRESPONDENCE

Two Birthdays

[Editorial Note: The Editor of this magazine passed his seventieth annual milestone on the 26th of last May. *Books Abroad* had completed its twenty-first annual volume at the end of the preceding year. It occurred to that energetic scholar and loyal supporter of our review, Professor W. A. Willibrand of the University of Oklahoma and the *Books Abroad* staff, to organize a joint celebration of the two anniversaries. He arranged for a dinner at which guests from the Norman community and elsewhere in the state were present and at which various prominent University of Oklahoma personalities said kind things about the review and its Editor. He did a great deal more. He arranged to have the anniversaries commemorated with appreciations varying from a few lines to imposing articles, in a large number of other magazines, American and foreign. A score of these have appeared, and others are still appearing. We print below, not without blushes but not without pleasure, a communication from Professor Woodbridge of Reed College, of *Books Abroad's* staff of Contributing Editors, who is as our readers know the outstanding American authority on contemporary French-language Belgian literature.]

* * *

Dear Sir:

Two phrases always come to my mind when I think of the founder of *Books Abroad*. The first is the Greek definition of a gentleman—*kalos kagathos*; the second is Mme de Staël's remark, perhaps more significant now than when she

made it: "Il faut avoir l'esprit européen."

I was in Belgium when *Books Abroad* was born. On my return I found two or three numbers and was at once impressed by their content. I began to submit a few notes and the editor's cordiality encouraged me to send more. It was a proud day for me when I was invited to join the staff.

Books Abroad offers no monetary reward to its contributors. We are richly repaid by the opportunity to work in a noble cause and by contact with a man of the caliber of Roy Temple House. His unflinching fairness and good humor make us all accept the necessary restrictions on the length of our elucidations. Working with him is an education in international cooperation. I would cast my vote for him as the ideal president of the intellectual Society of Nations.—*Benj. M. Woodbridge*. Reed College.

Fifty American veterans are studying at the Hebrew Institute of Technology in Haifa, Palestine, under the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights.

Provincia de São Pedro, published from Andradas 1416, Pôrto Alegre, Brazil, confesses to being "a melhor revista de difusão literária e cultural que atualmente se publica no Brasil." Important contributions to its Number 6 for 1946, the last issue which has reached us, were: Alfonso Reyes, *Panorama do Brasil*; Afrânio Coutinho, *Existe uma literatura brasileira?* and Otto Maria Carpeaux, *Destino do romance policial*.

Corvina, the "periodical of Hungarian cultural life," edited in English by O. E. Landy in Budapest, devoted its entire Autumn 1947 number to reminiscence of the Hungarian revolution of 1848. It reproduced dozens of contemporary documents, many of them from such brilliant sources as Kossuth, Lamartine, Alexander Petöfi, Maurice Jókai, Friedrich Engels, Lord Palmerston, Walter Savage Landor, Algernon Charles Swinburne, James Russell Lowell, Whittier, Heine.

The Once Over

French History, Biography, Memoirs

- ✧ Auguste Bailly. *Le règne de Louis XIV*. Paris. Flammarion. 1947. 506 pp. 180 fr.—Emphasis on formation of Louis XIV's character.
- ✧ F. Bémont. *Histoire de l'Inde*. Paris. Richard-Masse. 1946. 126 pp. + 8 plates. 120 fr.—First history of India in French from its origins to present day.
- ✧ Nina Berberova. *Alexandre Blok et son temps*. Paris. Chêne. 1947. 247 pp. 170 fr.—His pathetic destiny; the end of an era.
- ✧ Henri-Paul Bergeron. *Le frère André, C.S.C.* Montréal. Fides. 1947. 267 pp. + 16 plates. \$1.—The "apostle of St. Joseph" worked miracles of healing.
- ✧ Henry Victor Carton de Wiart. *Souvenirs littéraires*. Bruxelles. Durendal. 1939. 198 pp.—*Souvenirs politiques*. I: 1878–1918. Bruxelles. Desclée de Brouwer. 1948. 407 pp.—The vigorous old statesman and historical novelist is composing a fascinating record of his activities and experiences.
- ✧ Louis Castex. *L'homme qui donna des ailes au monde*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 120 pp. + 13 plates.—Claims the honor for Clément Ader (1841–1925).
- ✧ Jean Chantavoine. *Camille Saint-Saëns*. Paris. Richard-Masse. 1947. 127 pp. + 7 plates.—Unequalled master of musical language.
- ✧ Jean Delalande. *Victor Hugo à Hauteville House*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 182 pp. + 64 plates. 390 fr.—The large Guernsey home, furnished and decorated by Hugo, where he lived 14 years.
- ✧ Jean-Pierre Després. *Le Canada et l'Organisation Internationale du Travail*. Montréal. Fides. 1946. 273 pp. \$2.50.—Canada's part in a world movement toward stable economic and social relations.
- ✧ Roland Dorgelès. *Bouquet de Bohème*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947 (New York. Cercle du Livre de France. 1948). 351 pp.—Nostalgia for the artist companions of old Montmartre.
- ✧ Camille Ducray. *Gérard de Nerval*. Paris. Tallandier. 1947. 302 pp. 100 fr.—More light on the little-known life of Nerval.
- ✧ M. Favier. *Marguerite Sinclair, ouvrière*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1946. 99 pp. 45 fr.—Her sinless secular life and joyous religious life.
- ✧ Général Gamelin. *Servir*. III: *La guerre (Septembre 1939–Mai 1940)*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 537 pp. 300 fr.—Supported by documents unobtainable elsewhere, the copies having been burned or seized.
- ✧ Jules Gesztesi. *Pauline de Metternich*. Paris. Flammarion. 1947 (New York. Cercle du Livre de France. 1948). 330 pp.—The "Ambadressess to the Tuileries" as social innovator and patriotic politician.
- ✧ C.-J. Gignoux. *Restaurations 1814–1821*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 361 pp. 250 fr.—The psychology and economics of the Restoration.
- ✧ Jean Guéhenno. *Journal des années noires*. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 275 fr.—The War, Occupation, Resistance.
- ✧ Ladislav Hadrovics. *Le peuple serbe et son église sous la domination turque*. Paris. Presses Universitaires. 1947. 168 pp.—Their political and cultural history, inseparable from the religious, from the Middle Ages to the 19th century.
- ✧ Gabriel Hanotaux. *Mon temps*. Vol. IV. Paris. Plon. 1947. 330 pp., ill.—From the fall of Jules Ferry to the election of President Carnot. Sketches by Paul Baudier.
- ✧ Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. *Juan Gris. Sa vie, son oeuvre, ses écrits*. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 348 pp. 720 fr.—An essential book for further study of Cubism.
- ✧ Gustave Lanctot. *Jacques Cartier devant l'histoire*. Montréal. Lumen. 1947. 159 pp. \$0.90.—Corrects previous errors concerning this explorer of Canada.

✧ Firmin Roz & Gabriel Louis Jaray. *Tableau des Etats-Unis de la crise de 1933 à la victoire de 1945*. Paris. Spid. 1946. 423 pp. 225 fr.—X-ray of U. S. public opinion, domestic problems, and foreign relations.

✧ A. Thomazi. *Marins bâtisseurs d'empire. III: Amérique*. Paris. Horizons de France. 1947. 62 pp.—French contributions to the colonization of North and South America. Fine illustrations.

✧ Odette Viennet. *Napoléon et l'industrie française*. Paris. Plon. 1947. ix + 342 pp.—The industrial revolution strongly influenced diplomatic and military activity.

✧ Général Vlassov. *J'ai choisi la potence*. Paris. Univers. 1947. 255 pp.—Purports to reproduce conversations of the renegade Russian leader of the "Army of Russian Liberation" with an associate during the German fiasco in Russia, 1942–43.

French Public Questions

✧ Georges Chabot. *Les villes*. Paris. Colin. 1948. 224 pp. 120 fr.—Types and functions of cities; their geography and influence.

✧ Serge Groussard. *Solitude espagnole*. Paris. Plon. 1948. 325 pp. 180 fr.—Understanding attitude toward the individualistic and sometimes unruly Spaniard.

French Philosophy and Religion

✧ Maurice Boucher. *Le sentiment national en Allemagne*. Paris. Vieux Colombier. 1947. 259 pp. 275 fr.—Political philosophies of Zimmermann, Herder, Fichte, Arndt, Jahn, et al., from which Nazism degenerated.

✧ Pierre Emmanuel. *Qui est cet homme ou le singulier universel*. Paris. Librairie Universelle. 1947. 253 pp. 275 fr.—A spiritual confession.

✧ Paul Hazard. *La pensée européenne au XVIII^{ème} siècle, de Montesquieu à Lessing*. Vol. II. Paris. Boivin. 1946. 301 pp. 600 fr.—Concluding volume of a study of "... l'inquiétude éternelle de

l'esprit" in 18th century Europe.

✧ Damien Jasmin. *Les témoins de Jehovah*. Montréal. Lumen. 1947. 189 pp. \$1.—A Catholic's answer to Jehovah's Witnesses declares that they are allied with Communism.

✧ Emmanuel Mounier. *Introduction aux existentialismes*. Paris. Denoël. 1947. 160 pp. 130 fr.—A Catholic-leftist analysis by the editor of *Esprit*.

✧ Jean Wahl. *Petite histoire de l'«Existentialisme»*. Paris. Club Maintenant. 1947. 131 pp. 110 fr.—Lecture given before members of Club Maintenant.

French Literature

✧ Marcel Arland. *Les échanges*. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 250 pp. 150 fr.—Studies of 9 writers, mostly novelists, from Tristan l'Hermite to Alain-Fournier.

✧ Montgomery Belgion. *Propos sur la littérature anglaise*. Paris. Flore. 1947. 447 pp. 270 fr.—A guide to profitable reading; translated from English.

✧ Pierre Brodin. *Les maîtres de la littérature américaine*. Paris. Horizons de France. 1948. 493 pp. 360 fr.—Irving, Cooper, Poe, Melville, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Twain, Whitman, James.

✧ *Les Cahiers d'Hermès*. No. I. Paris. Vieux Colombier. 1947. 225 pp. 220 fr.—Tradition's part in literature.

✧ Maurice Chapelain, ed. *Anthologie du journal intime*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 641 pp. 500 fr.—The diary as a literary form; selections from those of 11 introverts; psychological analyses.

✧ Daniel-Rops. *Trois tombes, trois visages*. Paris. Vieux Colombier. 1946. 73 pp.—Sketches of Katherine Mansfield, Charles Du Bos, Rupert Brooke. Beautifully printed.

✧ Cécile Daubray. *Victor Hugo et ses correspondants*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 355 pp. 240 fr.—They were Chateaubriand, Vigny, Lamartine, Dumas, Gautier, Béranger, Planche. Preface by Paul Valéry.

✧ Roger Duhamel. *Les moralistes français*. Montréal. Lumen. 1947. 195 pp.—Comments on 10 of the greatest and

most original French thinkers. Quotations.

✧ Roger Garaudy. *Une littérature de fossoyeurs*. Paris. Éditions Sociales. 1947. 95 pp. 60 fr.—Philosophical examination of Sartre, Mauriac, Malraux, Koesler.

✧ Maurice de Guérin. *Pages sans titre. Le centaure. La bacchante*. Lausanne. Mermod. 1947. 102 pp.—The best work of the short-lived young disciple of Lamennais, with a preface by C. F. Ramuz and aquarelles by Rodin.

✧ Emile Henriot. *De Lamartine à Valéry*. Paris. Lardanchet. 1947. 400 pp. 180 fr.—An excellent *vue d'ensemble* of the greatest French poets from Lamartine to Valéry.

✧ Louis Hourticq. *L'art et la littérature*. Paris. Flammarion. 1947. 300 pp. 185 fr.—A well-known art critic relates art to literature.

✧ Georges Izambard. *Rimbaud tel que je l'ai connu*. Paris. Mercure de France. 1946. 229 pp. 120 fr.—Portrait of the author's former pupil and friend.

✧ Edmond Kinds. *Marcel Proust*. Paris. Richard-Masse. 1947. 125 pp. + 6 plates.—His psychology, philosophy, literary affiliations.

✧ André Maurois. *Études littéraires*. 2 vols. Paris. S.F.E.L.T. 1947. 210 fr.—Valéry, Gide, Proust, et al.

✧ Guy Michaud. *Message poétique du symbolisme*. 3 vols. Paris. Nizet. 1947. 703 pp.—Symbolism from Baudelaire to Claudel considered as a spiritual revolution.

✧ Georges Mongrédien. *La vie littéraire au XVII^e siècle*. Paris. Tallandier. 1947. 450 pp. 250 fr.—Based on 20 years of study.

✧ François Rabelais. *Le quart livre*. Robert Marichal, ed. Lille. Giard (Genève. Droz). 1947. xxxviii + 415 pp.—Historical introduction; annotated text; glossary.

✧ Denis Saurat. *Tendances*. Paris. Vieux Colombier. 1946. 189 pp. 95 fr.—Molière, Pascal, Mistral, Balzac, Valéry, Proust.

✧ Jacques Schérer. *L'expression littéraire dans l'oeuvre de Mallarmé*. Paris.

Droz. 1947. 300 pp. 500 fr.—Thorough and authoritative.

French Fiction and Drama

✧ Francis Ambrière. *Le Solitaire de la Cervara*. Paris & Neuchâtel. Attinger. 1947. 235 pp.—The road to love leads also to death.

✧ Georges Balandier. *Tous comptes faits*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 236 pp.—Written in the form of a monograph about himself.

✧ Pierre Béarn. *Misères*. Paris. Arc-en-Ciel. 1947. 221 pp. 180 fr.—15 stories from the hearts of common people.

✧ Simone de Beauvoir. *Tous les hommes sont mortels*. Paris. Gallimard. 1947. 354 pp. 180 fr.—A *roman à these*: Death gives meaning to life.

✧ René Benjamin. *Les innocents dans la tempête*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 253 pp. 150 fr.—Poetic novel of adolescence.

✧ Pierre Benoit. *L'oiseau des ruines*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 316 pp. 180 fr.—The dignified "Count" is a former *valet de chambre* with delusions of grandeur.

✧ Olivier de Bouveignes. *Sur des lèvres congolaises*. Namur. Grands Lacs. n.d. 203 pp. 30 Bel. fr.—Prose *fabliaux*, with animals as characters.

✧ Patrice Buet. *Vers la Chine mystérieuse. Marco Polo*. Paris. Bonne Presse. 1947. 183 pp. 80 fr.—Popularization of his adventures.

✧ Roger Cerclier. *Drames des bois et des landes*. Paris. Magnard. 1947. 157 pp. 75 fr.—Animal stories for young people. Illustrated.

✧ Marcelle Crespelle. *Le cygne*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 373 pp. 240 fr.—Love freely expressed and not dulled by separation.

✧ Charles Deulin. *Contes du roi Cambrinus*. Montréal. Lumen. 1947. 193 pp. \$1.—Fairy tales for the young—in years or in heart.

✧ Michel Djavakhichvili. *Les invités de Jaka*. Liège. Solédi. 1946. 269 pp.—Naturalistic novel by a popular Georgian writer who was executed by the Soviet government in 1938. Foreword on Georgian literature.

✧ Torolf Elster. *Histoire de Gottlob*. Paris. Nouvelle Edition. 1946. 324 pp.—There are such nice people in every country—if one only knew them. From Norwegian.

✧ David Garnett. *Le retour du marin*. Paris. Charlot. 1947. 219 pp. 180 fr.—Translated from English by L. Lanusse.

✧ Maurice Genevoix. *Sanglar*. Paris. Flammarion. 1947. 253 pp. 95 fr.—An unscrupulous adventurer during the Wars of Religion.

✧ Jean Giraudoux. *L'Apollon de Bellac*. Paris. Grasset. 1947. 120 pp. 90 fr.—One of the 3 posthumous works of Giraudoux.

✧ Kléber Haedens. *Salut au Kentucky*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 319 pp. 190 fr.—Weary sophisticate seeks Kentucky's simple pleasures.

✧ Simone Jouglas. *Le carnaval étrange*. Paris. Julliard. 1947. 332 pp.—A petty bank clerk seeks release from frustration in a career of violence and crime.

✧ Malaparte. *Une femme comme moi*. Monaco. Rocher. 1947. 191 pp.—Translated from Italian by René Novella.

✧ Marivaux. *Théâtre complet*. Jean Fournier & Maurice Bastide, eds. Paris. Editions Nationales. 1947.—Supersedes the last complete collection published in 1878.

✧ Christian Mégret. *Carte forcée*. Paris. Plon. 1947. 248 pp. 135 fr.—Romance in Nazi-ruled Paris.

✧ Rose Meller. *La sentence*. Paris. Nagel. 1947. 173 pp. 132 fr.—A well known Hungarian writer's story of a search for true justice.

✧ Jean Miroir. *Quand les orgues chanteront . . .* Paris. Tallandier. 1947. 253 pp. 100 fr.—Good-deed Dotty unsnarls a love tangle for others and finds a Prince Charming for herself.

✧ Arthur Omre. *Kristinus Bergman*. Paris. Nouvelle Edition. 1946. 360 pp.—Can a man "come back" who has robbed and been robbed? From Norwegian.

✧ Joseph Peyré. *La tour de l'or*. Paris. Laffont. 1947. 273 pp. 190 fr.—Spanish bullfighter seeks fame and fortune.

✧ Hans Severinsen. *Il peut se passer*

tant de choses en huit jours. Paris. Nouvelle Edition. 1946. 291 pp. 160 fr.—For some, quarrels and illness; for others, falling in love. From Danish.

✧ Mario Soldati. *L'affaire Motta*. Paris. Pavois. 1947. 226 pp. 144 fr.—Fantastic siren story translated from Italian by Marie Canavaggia.

✧ Henri Troyat. *Tant que la terre durera*. Paris. Table Ronde. 1947. 862 pp.—Imperial Russia from 1888 to 1914.

✧ Félix Vallotton. *La vie meurtrière*. Genève & Paris. Trois Collines. 1946. 275 pp.—Love is a fatal illness.

✧ Vercors. *Les armes de la nuit*. Paris. Minuit. 1947. 123 pp.—Does one destroy his own humanity by unwilling cooperation in the destruction of fellow-prisoners?

French Arts and Music

✧ Louis Aragon. *L'enseigne de Ger-saint*. Paris. Ides et Calendes. 1947. 50 pp. 460 fr.—Interpretation of Watteau's painting.

✧ Georges Fontaine. *La céramique française*. Paris. Larousse. 1946. 151 pp. + 64 plates.—A handbook of kinds and localities, including indexes of factories, artists, technical terms.

✧ Louis Grodecki. *Ivoires français*. Paris. Larousse. 1947. 157 pp. + 48 plates.—Ivory fascinated artists from antiquity through the Middle Ages, but its use has since declined.

✧ Pierre Lalo. *De Rameau à Ravel*. Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 422 pp. 240 fr.—Portraits of musicians and music chronicles published in *Temps*.

✧ Armand Machabey. *Maurice Ravel*. Paris. Richard-Masse. 1947. 125 pp. + 8 plates. 120 fr.—Not the personal recollections of a friend, but the objective study of an artist.

French Science

✧ Laiguel-Lavastine et al. *Les rythmes et la vie*. Paris. Plon. 1947. ii + 348 pp. 200 fr.—Studies by specialists of the principle of rhythm in personal, social, economic, and spiritual areas.

✧ Jean Pelseneer. *L'évolution de la no-*

tion de phénomène physique des primitifs à Bohr et Louis de Broglie. Bruxelles. Université Libre de Bruxelles. n.d. 177 pp.—Four short chapters deal with intellectual eras and a fifth long one presents modern scientific concepts.

French Miscellaneous

✱ Blanche Katz, ed. *La prise d'Orenge.* New York. King's Crown. 1947. xxxv + 209 pp. \$2.75.—The old heroic epic edited, with Introduction, Table of Assonances, Glossary, and Table of Proper Names.

✱ Bert Edward Young & Grace Philpott Young. *Le registre de La Grange, 1659-1685.* 2 vols. Paris. Droz. 1947. 387. & 189 pp. + 22 plates.—Facsimiles, index, notes on La Grange and his part in the theater of Molière.

✱ Renan. *Oeuvres complètes.* I: *Oeuvres politiques.* Henriette Psichari, ed. Paris. Calmann-Lévy. 1947. 1,028 pp. 1,100 fr.—Definitive edition to be complete in 10 volumes.

✱ Lyautey. *Choix de lettres 1882-1919.* Paris. Colin. 1947. vi + 321 pp. 225 fr.—Chosen from 3 large volumes of *Lettres*, by a Lt. Col. who, in 1940, enjoyed them while a prisoner of war.

✱ Marie Maureon. *La chèvre, ce caprice vivant.* Paris. Albin-Michel. 1947. 191 pp. 200 fr.—A whimsical, meditative creature, bounding through the sunlight of centuries in art and legend.

Spanish History, Biography, Memoirs

✱ José Almoina. *Rumbos heterodoxos en México.* Ciudad Trujillo. Montalvo. 1947.—Study of *erasmismo* and other unorthodox tendencies in colonial Mexico.

✱ Teresa Arévalo. *Gente menuda.* Guatemala. Centro Editorial. 1948. 231 pp.—The daughter of a famous Guatemalan writer, who lived in Washington, D. C. when she was a sixth grader, records her American experiences in pungent Guatemalan interlarded with English.

✱ Harold A. Bierck, Jr. *Vida pública de*

Don Pedro Gual. Caracas. Imprenta Nacional. 1947. 599 pp.—This study of the life and work of the early 19th century Venezuelan statesman appeared first in English as a University of California doctoral dissertation.

✱ Pánfilo D. Camacho. *Marta Abreu.* La Habana. Trópico. 1947. 227 pp.—Cuban woman philanthropist and patriot (1849-1909).

✱ Modesto Chávez Franco. *Crónicas del Guayaquil antiguo.* 2 vols. Guayaquil. Imprenta y Talleres Municipales. 2nd ed., 1944. viii + 476 & 372 pp.—Legends, traditions, and history from the founding of the city to modern times.

✱ Manuel Gálvez. *El santito de la toltería.* Buenos Aires. Poblet. 1947. 235 pp.—The perfect life of the Argentine Indian Ceferino Namuncurá.

✱ *Jornadas 57:* José Miranda. *Vitoria y los intereses de la conquista de América.* México. Colegio de México. 1947. 49 pp.—Interrelation and interaction of ideas and interests.

✱ Enrique Bernardo Núñez. *La ciudad de los techos rojos.* Vol. I. Caracas. Tip. Vargas. 1947. 156 pp. \$7 m-n.—Well-documented, colorful history and description of Caracas by the city's official historian.

✱ Fernando Ortiz. *El huracán.* México. Fondo de Cultura Económica. 1947. 686 pp.—Daring conclusions concerning pre-Columbian symbolism as revealed in archeology and its relation to the hurricane.

✱ Jaime Pahissa. *Vida y obra de Manuel de Falla.* Buenos Aires. Ricordi Americana. 1947. 210 pp. + 12 plates. \$15 m-n.—Spain's greatest modern composer presented in considerable detail.

✱ Ignacio Rodríguez Guerrero. *Estudios históricos.* Pasto, Colombia. Imprenta del Departamento. 1946. 369 pp.—Struggles toward political and intellectual freedom.

✱ Jorge Máximo Rohde. *Diario de un testigo de la guerra.* Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1947. 569 pp. \$10 m-n.—1939 to 1945 in France and Italy.

✱ R. E. Silva. *Biogénesis de Santiago de Guayaquil.* Guayaquil. Universidad

de Guayaquil. 1947. 266 pp.—The Director of the University of Guayaquil Press recalls the early history of his city.
 ✎ Armando Solano & G. Porras Troncos. *Cartagena de Indias*. Vol. I. Bogotá. Biblioteca Popular de Arte Colonial. 1942. 49 pp. + 32 plates.—History and description of the city. Photographs.

Spanish Public Questions

- ✎ Marino Abadía Valencia. *La Sociedad de las Naciones de América*. Bogotá. Kelly. 1947. 351 pp.—Thoughtful democratic document defining social concepts and advocating hemispheric solidarity.
 ✎ Teodoro Alvarado Garaicoa. *La doctrina internacional de Franklin D. Roosevelt*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1947. 75 pp.—Eulogy of Roosevelt and reproduction of the most important documents for which he was responsible.
 ✎ Teodoro Alvarado Garaicoa. *Principios normativos del derecho internacional público*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1946. 395 pp.—Sources, methods, and theories; specific doctrines and agreements; definitions.
 ✎ Antonio Andrade Crispino. *La revolución por el salario en Colombia*. Bogotá. Teoría. 1947. 165 pp.—A Catholic Socialist solution of the capital-labor problem.
 ✎ José Joaquín de Olmedo. *Discurso sobre las mitas de América*. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1947. 39 pp.—Address in 1812 decrying forced Indian labor.
 ✎ *La revolución venezolana ante la opinión de América*. Caracas. Imprenta Nacional. 1946. 148 pp., ill.—Speeches, photos, and editorials to boost the stock of the then President Rómulo Betancourt.

Spanish Philosophy and Religion

- ✎ Centro de Estudios Filosóficos. *Homenaje a Antonio Caso*. México. Stylo. 1947. 317 pp.—Papers by José Gaos,

Leopoldo Zea, David García Bacca, Luis Recaséns Siches, and others.

- ✎ María Martínez de Trujillo. *Meditaciones morales*. México. Continente. 1948. 176 pp.—Moral homilies, with copious quotation from famous writers. Foreword by José Vasconcelos.
 ✎ Francisco Romero. *Filosofía de ayer y de hoy*. Buenos Aires. Argos. 1947.—A study of Hispanic American philosophy and a series on modern thinkers and historical figures.
 ✎ Vicente Tovar. *Hay una voz que anuncia al nuevo mundo su grandeza*. Buenos Aires. Andhra Research University. n.d. 12 pp.—Lecture on Constancio C. Vigil, who cultivated mind and heart.

Spanish Literature

- ✎ José de Armas y Cárdenas (Justo de Lara). *Cervantes y el Quijote*. La Habana. Ministerio de Educación. 1945. 198 pp.—Papers by a Cuban essayist who died in 1919. Biographical introduction by José María Chacón y Calvo.
 ✎ Manuel Gálvez. *España y algunos españoles*. Buenos Aires. Huarpe. 1945. 276 pp. \$4 m-n.—Spain and some of her modern writers viewed by foreign writers.
 ✎ José María Heredia. *Revisiones literarias*. José María Chacón y Calvo, ed. La Habana. Ministerio de Educación. 1947. 276 pp.—Papers on literary subjects, and a few others, by the short-lived Cuban poet (1803–1839).
 ✎ M. Menéndez y Pelayo. *Historia de la poesía argentina*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 145 pp. \$2.25 m-arg.—Has two principal facets: romantic and gaucho.
 ✎ Raimundo Menocal y Cueto. *Origen y desarrollo del pensamiento cubano*. 2 vols. La Habana. Lex. 1945 & 1947.—Somewhat opinionated, but comprehensive and scholarly.
 ✎ Enrique Piñeyro. *Notas críticas*. Antonio Iraizoz, ed. La Habana. Ministerio de Educación. 1947. 191 pp.—Notes of a Cuban critic and patriot of '68 about writers, mostly French.
 ✎ Mario A. Rodríguez Alemán. *Perfil*

y contorno de Katherine Mansfield. La Habana. Cooperación. 1947. 48 pp.—Her personality as revealed in her stories.

Spanish Fiction and Drama

✧ Max Aub. *Cara y cruz*. México. Autores de México. n.d. 75 pp.—A dramatic parable based on the democratic movements in Spain and Mexico.

✧ Mariano Azuela. *Andrés Pérez, maderista*. 1945. 203 pp. \$1.50 u.s.—*Las tribulaciones de una familia decente*. 3rd ed., 1947. 247 pp. México. Botas.—Long short stories by the author of *Los de abajo*.

✧ José Berti. *Espejismo de la selva*. Caracas. Fragua. 1947. 257 pp.—Jungle life, human and inhuman; injustice of courts.

✧ Eduardo J. Correa. *Dolor, sabio maestro*. . . . México. Con el Autor. 1948. 127 + vii pp. \$4 m-n.—A preachment on sorrow as a purifying agent for the attainment of real happiness.

✧ Manuel Freire Arrázola. *Historia de un péndulo y una aguja*. Guatemala. Unión Tipográfica. 1948. 151 pp.—Parables.

✧ Ana María Garasino. *Historia de una expresión*. Paraná, Argentina. Nueva Impresora. 1947. 244 pp.—Sentimental *recherche du temps perdu*.

✧ César Garizurieta. *El diablo, el cura, y otros engaños*. México. Stylo. 1947. 181 pp.—Twelve whimsical short stories.

✧ Max Henríquez Ureña. *Cuentos insulares*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1947. 160 pp. \$2 m-n.—Covers the social history of Cuba for the last 30 years.

✧ Raúl Larra. *Gran Chaco*. Buenos Aires. Futuro. 1947. 189 pp. \$4 m-n.—The struggle of the peasant colonizer and cotton grower against commercial monopolies.

✧ Miguel N. Lira. *Donde crecen los tepozanes*. México. E.D.I.A.P. 1947.—Legendary story of a Mexican Indian witch doctor.

✧ Eduardo Mallea. *El vínculo; Los Rembrandts; La rosa de Cernobbio*. Buenos Aires. Emecé. 1947. 225 pp.—Short novels. "Libro del Mes" selection.

✧ Alberto Manceaux. *La última Dié-*

guez. Buenos Aires. Con el Autor. 1946. 62 pp.—Contemporary tragicomedy.

✧ María Luisa Ocampo. *Bajo el fuego*. México. Botas. 1947. 240 pp. \$5 m-n.—Received the Altamirano prize from the government of the State of Guerrero.

✧ José Antonio Portuondo, ed. *Cuentos cubanos contemporáneos*. México. Leyenda. 1947. 237 pp.—Anthology of 18 stories; excellent introductory notes.

✧ Angel F. Rojas. *El éxodo de Yangana*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1947. 362 pp. \$8 m-n.—Ecuadorian rural life.

✧ Francisco Rojas González. *Lola Casanova*. México. E.D.I.A.P. 1947. 275 pp.—Heroine is kidnapped by Sonoran Indians and becomes their leader; 19th century.

✧ Carlos Salazar Herrera. *Cuentos de angustias y paisajes*. San José. Cuervo. 1947. 127 pp.—Sketches of rural Costa Rica.

✧ Anselmo Suárez y Romero. *Francisco, el ingenio o las delicias del campo*. La Habana. Ministerio de Educación. 1947. 201 pp.—A Cuban *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Spanish Verse

✧ Horacio J. Becco & Osvaldo Savanascini. *Poetas libres de la España Peregrina en América*. Buenos Aires. Ollantay. 1947. 224 pp.—27 exile poets are represented.

✧ León Bet Amar. *El mirador que se mira*. Rosario. Cuadernos del Interior. 1947. 31 pp. \$2.50 m-n.—Reflections in the mirror within and without.

✧ Juan D. Byrne. *Tránsito lírico*. La Habana. Molina. n.d. 112 pp.—A lawyer-journalist-poet's verses of his early youth, later youth, and maturity.

✧ Guillermo Alfredo Cook. *Breve antología de poetas universitarios*. Caracas. Centro de Estudiantes de Economía y Derecho. 1947. 116 pp.—Poems by 10 university students, all of whom have published volumes of poetry.

✧ Stella Corvalán. *Rostros del mar*. Montevideo. Gaceta Comercial. 1947. 83 pp.—56 poems of the sea.

✧ Alonso de Ercilla. *La Araucana*. México. Espasa-Calpe Arg. 1947. 104 pp.

\$2.25 m-arg.—Prologue by the Chilean poet Antonio de Undurraga.

✧ Hildamar Escalante. *Breve informe de poesía norteamericana*. Caracas. Nación. 1947. 134 pp.—Translations of 19 American poets, from Walt Whitman to Muriel Rukeyser.

✧ Nicolás Guillén. *El son entero*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1947. 214 pp. \$10 m-n.—Complete works with musical texts and illustrations; prologue by Unamuno.

✧ Luis Hierro Gambardella. *Desnuda voz*. Montevideo. Florensa & Lafón. 1946. 96 pp.—Skilful and passionate sonnets, with a few others.

✧ Pablo Neruda. *Tercera residencia*. Buenos Aires. Losada. 1947. 152 pp. \$5 m-n.—Third volume of *Residencia en la tierra*: all of *España en el corazón* and many unedited poems.

✧ Evariste Parry. *Canciones malgaches*. Pablo Carlos Etchart, tr. Buenos Aires. Fontana. 1946. 50 pp.—12 of Parry's poems which are ostensibly inspired by Madagascar folklore.

✧ Alberto Quiroz. *Júbilo del río*. México. Ediciones Hispanoamericanas. 1947. 96 pp.—The well known critic, novelist, and playwright here proves himself a limpid and musical poet.

✧ Pedro Salinas. *Zero*. Eleanor L. Turnbull, tr. Baltimore. Contemporary Poetry. 1947. 35 pp. \$2.—The remainder when the human element is subtracted.

✧ Mercedes Torrén de Garmendia. *La flauta del silencio*. La Habana. Molina. 1946. 132 pp.—Lyric verses of delicate simplicity.

✧ Edgardo Ubaldo Genta. *Los Mayas*. Montevideo. Florensa & Lafón. New ed., 1948. 213 pp.—Last two books in the New World dramatic epic *La epopeya del espíritu*.

Spanish Linguistics and Language Reference Books

✧ Martín Alonso. *Ciencia del lenguaje y arte del estilo*. Madrid. Aguilar. 1947. 1,268 pp. \$5 u.s.—Phraseology, lexicology, stylistics.

✧ Augusto Malater. *Los americanismos*

en la copla popular y en el lenguaje culto. New York. Vanni. 1947. 259 pp. \$3.50.—In dictionary form. Popular ballads and literary sources under separate alphabetization.

Spanish Education

✧ *Estructura y normas del Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas*. Madrid. Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas. 1947. 174 pp.—Laws creating organization; its divisions and personnel; list of publications, 1940-46.

✧ Roberto Moreno y García. *Desarrollo y orientaciones de la educación superior*. México. Secretaría de Educación Pública. 1945. 483 pp.—Its beginnings in Egypt, India, China, Greece; development; reform; objectives.

Spanish Reference Books

✧ Pablo Carlos Etchart. *Apología de la bibliofilia y vituperio de la errata*. Buenos Aires. Pequeño Bibliófilo. 1945. 122 pp.—Curious dealing with misprints, bibliophily, problems of book production in Argentina.

✧ *Quién es quien*. Buenos Aires. Kraft. 1947. 1,000 pp. \$40 m-n.—*Who's Who* for Argentina in politics, art, business, and literature.

✧ Paul Patrick Rogers. *The Spanish Drama Collection in the Oberlin College Library*. Oberlin, Ohio. Oberlin College. 1946. 157 pp.—Title list, supplementing the author list published in 1940.

Spanish Miscellaneous

✧ Roger Plá. *La pintura pompeyana*. Rosario. Rosario. 1947. 129 pp. + 75 plates. \$10 m-n.—One of Espejo del Arte series designed to inform and to entertain; beautifully printed.

✧ María Enciso. *Raíz al viento*. México. E.D.I.A.P. 1947. 199 pp.—26 papers on literature, public questions, etc., by a Spanish writer now living in Colombia.

✧ Alfredo J. Valenzuela V. *Clínica médica*. Vol. 1. Guayaquil. Universidad de Guayaquil. 1946. 141 pp. \$20 m-n.—Tropical diseases.

✧ G. Humberto Mata. *Carta al Señor Doctor Don Francisco Javier Eugenio de Santa Cruz y Espejo*. Cuenca, Ecuador. Universidad de Cuenca. 1947. 28 pp.—Eulogy of Ecuador's first librarian and journalist; for his second centenary.

✧ *La universidad y el pueblo*. 3 vols. Lima. Universidad de San Marcos. 1946-48. 244, 292, & 240 pp.—University extension lectures on many scholarly subjects.

German History, Biography, Memoirs

✧ Heinrich Conrad Bierwirth. *Aus dem Leben eines Deutsch-Amerikaners*. Yarmouth Port, Mass. Register. 1947. 103 pp.—Memories of a poor German peasant who became a professor in America's oldest and richest university.

✧ Golo Mann. *Friedrich von Gentz*. Zürich. Europa. 1947. 403 pp. \$4.50 u.s.—Thomas Mann's historian son records the life of the stubborn Prussian-Austrian statesman who fought Napoleon to the finish.

✧ Carl Schurz. *Lebenserinnerungen*. Zürich. Manesse. 1948. 576 pp. 8.80 Sw. fr.—Slightly abbreviated edition, with *Nachwort* by the editor, Sigismund von Radecki.

✧ Leopold Schwarzschild. *Von Krieg zu Krieg*. Amsterdam. Querido. 1947. 492 pp.—Sensational history of European events from 1918 to 1940.

✧ Josef Weingartner. *Gilg Sesselschreiber*. Wien. Wolfrum. 1947. 30 pp. + 48 plates.—He designed the figures for the Maximilian memorial at Innsbruck Cathedral.

German Public Questions

✧ Karl Ernst Newole. *Weg aus dem Zusammenbruch. Der europäische Bürgerkrieg*. Wien. Jedermann. 1946. 112 pp.—Good will must be internationalized.

✧ Otto Strasser. *Deutschlands Erneuerung*. Buenos Aires. Trenkélbach. 1946. 180 pp.—Faith in the political and cultural new life of Germany.

German Philosophy and Religion

✧ Magdalena Aebi. *Kants Begründung der deutschen Philosophie*. Basel. Verlag für Recht und Gesellschaft. 1947. 525 pp., large format. \$12 u.s.—The practical consequences of Kant's apparently abstract philosophizing.

✧ Heinrich Barth. *Philosophie der Erscheinung*. Basel. Schwabe. 1947. 390 pp. \$3 u.s.—As developed by Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, the Neo-Platonists, and the Thomists.

✧ Karl Barth. *Die protestantische Theologie im 19. Jahrhundert*. Zürich. Evangelischer Verlag. 1947. 611 pp. \$3.25 u.s.—A historical study, in which the 18th century bulks as large as the 19th.

✧ Bela von Brandenstein. *Der Mensch und seine Stellung im All*. Einsiedeln/Köln. Benziger. 1947. 605 pp. \$2.50 u.s.—Philosophical anthropology.

✧ Martin Heidegger. *Platons Lehre von der Wahrheit*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 119 pp. 7.50 Sw. fr.—And a letter on *Humanismus*.

✧ Iwan Iljin. *Die Philosophie Hegels als kontemplative Gotteslehre*. Bern. Francke. 1946. 432 pp. \$3.75 u.s.—Abbreviation of a very exhaustive study originally published in Russian.

✧ J. H. W. Rosteutcher. *Die Wiederkunft des Dionysos*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 266 pp. 17.80 Sw. fr.—Irrationalism in Germany: Hölderlin, Schopenhauer, Rilke, Mann, et al.

✧ Leopold von Wiese. *Ethik in der Schauweise der Wissenschaften vom Menschen und von der Gesellschaft*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 443 pp. 39 Sw. fr.—Practical ethics—universal and individual.

German Literature

✧ Martin Bodmer. *Eine Bibliothek der Weltliteratur*. Zürich. Atlantis. 1947. 168 pp.—Bases for selecting and cataloguing. Interesting manuscript facsimiles.

✧ August Closs. *Die freien Rhythmen in der deutschen Lyrik*. Bern. Francke.

1947. 198 pp. 16.50 Sw. fr.—More than content and form, rhythm is the heartbeat of a poem.

✻ Fritz Ernst. *Essais*. 3 vols. Zürich. Fretz & Wasmuth. 1946. 307, 311, & 307 pp. 30 Sw. fr.—Essays on many German, and a few French, Italian, and Spanish writers.

✻ Alfred Kantorowicz & Richard Drews, eds. *Verboten und Verbrannt*. Berlin. Ullstein-Kindler. 1948. 215 pp.—Anthology from the works of approximately 200 writers banned by the Nazis.

✻ Max Lüthi. *Das europäische Volksmärchen. Form und Wesen*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 127 pp. 7.80 Sw. fr.—Analysis of function, meanings, relationships, style, etc., of folktales.

✻ Levin L. Schücking. *Shakespeare und der Tragödiendstil seiner Zeit*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 184 pp. 7.50 Sw. fr.—What is original and what he has in common with his contemporaries.

✻ Fritz Strich. *Der Dichter und die Zeit*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 394 pp. 17.80 Sw. fr.—Use of symbols in poetry; critiques of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Stifter, et al.

German Fiction

✻ Werner Bergengruen. *Am Himmel wie auf Erden*. Zürich. Arche. 1947. 647 pp. \$5.50 u.s.—Berlin under the Elector Joachim, obsessed by fear of a prophesied flood.

✻ Werner Bergengruen. *Sternenstand*. 1947. 162 pp.—*Der spanische Rosenstock*. 1946. 63 pp. Zürich. Arche.—Short stories.

✻ Francesco Chiesa. *Schicksal auf schmalen Wegen*. Einsiedeln. Benziger. 1943. 234 pp.—30 stories of good sense and humor about life's simple, helpless children. From Italian.

✻ Hans Fallada. *Geschichten aus der Murkelei*. Berlin. Aufbau. 1947. 205 pp. 8.40 mk.—Fairy tales.

✻ Otto Flake. *Fortunat*. 2 vols. Baden-Baden. Keppler. 1946–47. 425 & 450 pp. 24 mk.—Thoughtful narrative of happenings in the early 19th century.

✻ Oskar Maria Graf. *Unruhe um einen Friedfertigen*. New York. Aurora. 1947.

474 pp. \$3.75.—A shoemaker, symbol of the desire to live unmolested, becomes hero and victim of the world's unrest.

✻ Hermann Kasack. *Die Stadt hinter dem Strom*. Berlin. Suhrkamp. 1947. 600 pp. 12.50 mk.—Symbolical novel of a community which is located between life and death.

✻ Susanne Kerckhoff. *Die verlorenen Stürme*. Berlin. Wedding. 1947. 207 pp. 6 mk.—Berlin in the early thirties. Effect of anti-Semitism on a sensitive girl in her late teens.

✻ Editha Klipstein. *Die Bekanntschaft mit dem Tode*. Hamburg. Claassen & Govert. 1947. 318 pp. 9.60 mk.—Passion, insanity, and death in a North German city in the twenties.

✻ Anna Seghers. *Der Ausflug der toten Mädchen*. Berlin. Aufbau. 1948. 196 pp. 7.20 mk.—Five powerful short stories.

✻ Ernst Wiechert. *Die Jeromin-Kinder*. Zürich. Rascher. New ed., 1948. 467 pp.—One of them lives an ethical life in a morally dismembered society.

German Linguistics

✻ Helene Homeyer. *Von der Sprache zu den Sprachen*. Olten. Walter. 1947. 461 pp.—Introduction to comparative study of the languages of Europe.

✻ K. E. Rotzler. *Dudens Schreib- und Sprachdummheiten*. Bern. Francke. 1947. 155 pp. \$2.75 u.s.—A critical commentary on Duden's Dictionary, and a supplement to it.

German Textbooks

✻ Hartman von Ouwe. *Der arme Heinrich*. J. Knight Bostock, ed. Oxford. Blackwell. 2nd ed., 1947. xl + 97 pp. \$2.—Revised notes and vocabulary.

✻ Wernher der Gartenaere. *Meier Helmbrecht*. Charles E. Gough, ed. Oxford. Blackwell. 2nd ed., 1947. xxxvi + 112 pp. \$2.—Revision includes accents to aid scansion of difficult lines, amplified notes.

German Miscellaneous

✻ Helmut Hirsch. *Amerika, Du Morgenröte*. New York. Willard. 1947. 48 pp.—Verses of a refugee.

✧ Leopold Kitzmüller, ed. *Orchesterstudien für Kontrabass*. Vol. 4. Wien. Doblinger. 1946. 16 pp., 4to.—Compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, et al.
 ✧ Hans Weis. *Heiteres Französisch*. München-Berlin. Oldenbourg. 1942. 114 pp.—French word games, cryptic verses, and language puzzles.

Arabic Miscellaneous

✧ Sateh Al-Husri. *Yaum Maysalun*. Beirut. Al-Kashaf. 1947. 352 pp.—Deals specifically with the victory of the French over the Syrians at Maysalun, near Damascus, in July 1920, and more generally with the centuries-long French effort to secure control of Syria.
 ✧ 'Abd al-Rahman Zaki. *'Alam al-Jaish wa'l-Bahriya fi Misr athna' al-Qarn al-Tasi' 'Ashar*. Cairo. Al-Risala Press. 1947. 192 pp., ill.—Lives of 120 Egyptian military leaders of the 19th century.

Dutch Fiction

✧ Cola Debrot. *Bid voor Camille Willocq*. Amsterdam. Meulenhoff. 1946. 86 pp. 3 fl.—Eccentric short novel which has attracted much attention.
 ✧ Max Dendermonde. *God in den Toren*. Amsterdam. Querido. 1942. 114 pp. 1.75 fl.—Tragic study in child psychology.
 ✧ A. Den Doollaard. *Het verjaagde water*. Amsterdam. Querido. 1947. 526 pp., ill.—Story of the reclaiming of Walcheren Island, flooded by the bombing of its dykes in December 1945.
 ✧ Simon Vestdijk. *Puriteinen en Piraten*. Amsterdam. Salm. 1947. 343 pp. 8.50 fl.—Pirates and Puritans in 18th century England.

Dutch Miscellaneous

✧ J. J. Slauerhoff. *Versamelde Gedichten*. 2 vols. Den Haag. Stols. 1947. 1,500 pp. 15 fl.—Collected verses of a talented and influential poet.
 ✧ J. Cauberghe. *Nederlandsche taalschat*. 4 vols. Turnhout, Belgium. Brepolis. 1947. Dictionary of Dutch and Flemish proverbs, idioms, synonyms, and citations.

✧ *Kramer's Dutch Dictionary*. New York. Dover. 17th rev. ed., 1946. iv + 1,236 2-col. pp. \$6.50.—Over 190,000 terms; unabridged; Dutch and American colloquialisms.

English History and Memoirs

✧ Albert Guérard. *Personal Equation*. New York. Norton. 1948. 317 pp. \$3.50.—Deals less with author's experiences than with his reactions to them.
 ✧ *Qadian: A Test Case*. Pittsburgh. Ahmadiyya Moslem Mosque. 1947. ii + 110 pp.—Statements pertaining to the violence resulting from placing this Moslem center in West Punjab.
 ✧ Giovanni Ermenegildo Schiavo. *Italian-American History*. Vol. I. New York. Vigo. 1947. 604 + xxxv pp. \$10.—First 3 (music and public officials) of a series of 15 books about Italian-Americans in various activities.
 ✧ *Sweden, Past and Present*. Stockholm. AB Svenska Samlingsverk. 1947. 191 pp. \$4.50.—Monographs by various authorities on aspects of Swedish civilization.

English Public Questions

✧ *Preliminary Draft of a World Constitution*. Chicago. Common Cause. 1948. 40 pp., large format. \$1.—Drafted by a committee of which Robert M. Hutchins is president.
 ✧ Stanley Walker. *Journey Toward the Sunlight*. New York. Caribbean Library. 1947. v + 226 pp. + 32 plates. \$2.75.—“A story of the Dominican Republic and its people.”

English Literature

✧ Paul S. Conklin. *A History of Hamlet Criticism*. New York. King's Crown. 1947. ix + 176 pp. \$2.75.—From 1601 to 1821. French, German, and English criticism.
 ✧ Selma Guttman. *The Foreign Sources of Shakespeare's Works*. New York. King's Crown. 1947. xxi + 168 pp. \$2.75.—Annotated bibliography of works on this subject from 1904 to 1940;

list of translations available to Shakespeare.

✧ *Hermathena*. No. LXX. Dublin. Trinity College. Nov. 1947. 117 pp. 3 s.—*Old Deeds in the Library of Trinity College* and 3 other articles.

✧ José Ortega y Gasset. *The Dehumanization of Art and Notes on the Novel*. Helene Weyl, tr. Princeton. Princeton University Press. 1948. 103 pp. \$2.—First published by *Revista de Occidente* in 1925 and still timely.

✧ Joseph Reményi. *Hungarian Literature*. Washington. American Hungarian Federation. n.d. 48 pp.—From the 10th century. Bibliography of 22 titles.

✧ Edouard Roditi. *Oscar Wilde*. New York. New Directions. 1947. 256 pp. \$2.—Initiator of Modernism.

✧ *A Sarmiento Anthology*. Stuart E. Grummon, tr. Allison W. Bunkley, ed. Princeton. Princeton University Press. 1948. 337 pp. \$5.—Extensive introduction; excerpts from writings on politics, education, journalism, and people.

✧ *Transition Forty-Eight*. Vol. I. Paris. 96, rue de l'Université (New York. Gotham Book Mart). 1948. 133 pp. \$1.25.—A periodical continuing the famous *Transition* of Eugene Jolas (1927–1938).

English Fiction

✧ Hermann Broch. *The Sleepwalkers*. Willa & Edwin Muir, trs. New York. Pantheon. 1947. 648 pp. \$5.—Reissue of a trilogy analyzing the origin and growth of man's material and moral disintegration.

✧ Ernst Juenger. *On the Marble Cliffs*. Stuart Hood, tr. New York. New Directions. 1947. v + 120 pp. \$2.50.—Published in Germany in 1939 even though it is an allegory on the nature of tyranny.

✧ Vladimir Nabokov. *Direction: Nine Stories*. New York. New Directions. 1947. 126 pp. \$1.50.—A new U. S. citizen, Russian-born, writes expertly in English.

✧ Gunhild Tegen. *The Road to Santa Fe*. Chicago. Dierkes. 1947. 126 pp. \$2.—Translated from Swedish by Llewel-

lyn Jones; evocative of the Southwest.

English Verse

✧ *Australian Poetry 1943*.—*Australian Poetry 1944*. Sydney. Angus & Robertson. 1944 & 1945. 66 & 71 pp.—Selected, respectively, by H. M. Green and B. G. Howarth.

✧ Charles Maxwell Lancaster & Paul T. Manchester. *Arauco Tamed*. Albuquerque. University of New Mexico Press. 1948. 282 pp. \$4.—Translation, in iambic pentameter, of Pedro de Oña's epic retort to Ercilla's *Araucana*.

English Miscellaneous

✧ *Religion in Yugoslavia*. Washington. Yugoslav Embassy. 1947. 27 pp.—Investigations of institutions and report on conferences with Catholic, Moslem, Jewish, and Protestant leaders.

✧ Laurence Whistler. *The Masque of Christmas*. London. Curtain. 1947. 37 pp. 2 s.—Ben Jonson's masque with scenery and costumes by Inigo Jones.

✧ Claudia de Lys. *A Treasury of American Superstitions*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1948. xxii + 494 pp. \$5.—If you fear "the goblins will get you," here's how it all began, charmingly told and well arranged.

✧ Paul Valéry. *Reflections on the World Today*. Francis Scarfe, tr. New York. Pantheon. 1948. 200 pp. \$3.50.—Attempt to clarify confused political notions.

✧ Jean-Paul Sartre. *The Psychology of Imagination*. New York. Philosophical Library. 1948. 285 pp. \$3.75.—How consciousness can create a world of unrealities.

Hungarian Miscellaneous

✧ Karoly A. Berczeli. *Két Pásztor*. Budapest. Egyetemi Nyomda. 1947. 285 pp.—Novel of effort and frustration in Transdanubia.

✧ János Kodolányi. *Vizöntö*. 2 vols. Budapest. Szöllősy Könyvkiadó. 1947. 275 & 281 pp.—A novel of the period when man was in the process of becom-

ing a human being in a world of beasts and insects.

✧ *Eukönyve*. Debrecen. Debreceni M. Kir. Tisza István-Tudományegyetemi Nyomda. 1940-42. 436, 440, 200, 248, & 487 pp.—University annals.

Italian History, Biography

✧ Antonietta Drago. *I furiosi amori dell'ottocento*. Milano. Longanesi. 1946. 332 pp. 300 l.—Loves of D'Annunzio and Duse, Toselli and Luisa of Tuscany, and various others.

✧ Giacomo Perticone. *La repubblica di Salò*. Roma. Leonardo. 1947. 391 pp. 450 l.—Extreme form of fascism and first affirmation of antifascism. Many documents.

Italian Literature

✧ Luigi Menapace. *Saggio intorno al "Mulino del Po."* Milano. Garzanti. 1947. 229 pp. 400 l.—Guide to the characters, vocabulary, etc., of Bacchelli's work; descriptive bibliography.

✧ G. Titta Rosa. *Secondo ottocento*. Milano. Garzanti. 1947. 271 pp. 380 l.—Anecdotes and criticism of writers from Nieveo to D'Annunzio.

Italian Fiction

✧ Alberto Moravia. *La romana*. Milano. Bompiani. 1947. 488 pp.—Sympathetic study of a woman of the streets.

✧ Dario Ortolani. *Sole bianco*. Milano. Garzanti. 1947. 187 pp.—Problem of temptation and salvation against a backdrop of war.

Italian Miscellaneous

✧ Carlo Bozzi. *La tragedia degli Italiani*. Roma. Leonardo. 1947. viii + 165 pp. 250 l.—Fascism was a disaster, but Italy may recover from it.

✧ *Poeti spagnoli contemporanei*. Mario Gasparini, tr. Salamanca. Universidad de Salamanca. 1947. 220 pp. 30 ptas.—A poem or two from each of 37 poets.

✧ Gianetto Avanzi. *La bibliografia italiana*. Roma. I.R.C.E. 2nd ed., 1946. 570 pp.—Bibliology, bibliography, his-

tory and administration of libraries.

Norwegian Miscellaneous

✧ Harry Randall. *Rundt på jorden i åtti år*. Oslo. Dybwad. 1946.—From the long and active life of a Norwegian-American.

✧ Knut Yran. *Ex libris. En orientering om bokmerker*. Oslo. Cammermeyrer. 1947. 89 pp. 10.75 kr.—Handbook on the principles of design and use of bookplates.

Polish Miscellaneous

✧ Joseph F. Baluta. *Practical Handbook of the Polish Language*. New York. Polish Book Importing Co. New ed., 1947. vii + 288 pp.—Pronunciation, simplified grammar, English-Polish vocabulary. For use in everyday situations.

✧ Sylvester Mora & Piotr Zwierniak. *Sprawiedliwość Sowietcka*. Published by the Polish Army in Italy. 1945. 275 pp.—The unique features of Soviet legal theory and procedure.

Portuguese History

✧ Diogo do Couto. *Décadas*. Vol. II. Lisboa. Sá da Costa. 1947. 340 pp. 20\$. —Preface and notes by António Baião.

✧ E.-A. Strasen & Alfredo Gândara. *Oito séculos de historia luso-alemã*. Berlim. Instituto Ibero-Americano. 1944. 554 pp.—Prepared by the Germans as political propaganda, this careful and lavishly illustrated work has permanent value.

Portuguese Miscellaneous

✧ Castro Barretto. *Estudos brasileiros de população*. Rio de Janeiro. Agir. 2nd ed., 1947. 280 pp.—Immigration, rural exodus, average diet, etc. Bibliographies.

✧ Homero. *Poemetos e fragmentos*. M. Alves Correia, ed. & tr. Lisboa. Sá da Costa. 1947. xl + 187 pp. 20\$.—A varied collection titled Hymns, plus epigrams and poetic bits attributed to Homer.

✧ Augusto da Costa. *Aldeia rica*. Lisboa. Pereira. 1948. xxi + 369 pp.—Deca-

dence of Portugal in 19th century, when most nations progressed.

✧ Luís de Camões. *Obras completas*. V: *Os lusíadas*. Part 2. Lisboa. Sá da Costa. 1947. 302 pp. 20\$.—Preface and notes by Prof. Hernâni Cidade.

✧ *Memórias do Instituto Oswaldo Cruz*. Rio de Janeiro. Imprensa Nacional. 1947. 193 pp.—Tropical disease and inoculation, climate, vegetation.

Swedish Fiction

✧ Ella Byström. *Genom stark eld. Roman från gamle Rörstrand*. Stockholm. Natur & Kultur. 1946. 244 pp. 13.50 kr.—Porcelain manufacturing in the 18th century.

✧ K. Alex Carlsson. *I Ost och Västerled*. Chicago. Dalkullan. 1946. \$2.—Short stories by a Swedish-American.

Swedish Miscellaneous

✧ Olof Lagercrantz. *Fågelropet ur dimman*. Stockholm. Wahlström & Widstrand. 1947. 153 pp. 6.75 kr.—Nature, especially birds, in literature.

✧ Carl Larsson. *Från Stockholm till Messina: utriv ur några album*. Stockholm. Sällskapet Bokvännerna. 1948. 73 pp.—Caricatures made by the famous Swedish artist during a journey to Sicily in 1887.

✧ Martin Söderbäck. *Advanced Spoken Swedish*. Rock Island, Ill. Augustana. 1947. 166 pp.—The colloquial language of the educated; for college students with 3 semesters' preparation.

✧ Erik Aslund. *Ensamma lyktor*. Stockholm. KF:s. 1947. 166 pp. 7.50 kr.—

Essays inspired by the author's strolls through the streets of Stockholm.

✧ Knut Yran. *Exlibris: en orientering om bokägarmärken*. Stockholm. Sällskapet Bokvännerna. 1948. 93 pp.—Swedish version of Yran, *En orientering om bokmärker*, listed under Norwegian, above.

Unclassified

✧ Ctésias. *La Perse, l'Inde*. R. Henry, ed. Bruxelles. Office de Publicité. 1947. 99 pp. + map. 25 Bel. fr.—The résumés made in Greek by the Byzantine Photius; notes in French.

✧ Jacob Shimon. *'Arvei Eretz Israel*. Tel Aviv. 'Am Oved. 1947. 476 pp.—An objective study, by a Jew, of the Arabs in Palestine.

✧ Boris Panteleymonoff. *Zverinyi Znack*. Paris. Podorojnick (New York. International Book Service). 1948. 230 pp. \$1.50 u.s.—A boy's edifying adventures in Siberia and New Zealand, by a famous stylist.

✧ Milos K. Mlynarovič. *Boha hl'adám*. Trnava, Slovakia. Spolok sv. Vojtecha. 1948. 64 pp.—Religious verses by a Slovak-American priest-poet.

✧ H. C. Honý & Fahir Iz. *A Turkish-English Dictionary*. London & New York. Oxford University Press. 1947. viii + 397 2-col. pp. \$7.50.—Idiomatic language of current usage.

✧ Vasyl Barka. *Bilyi Svit*. München. Ukrainiska Tribuna. 1947. 179 pp.—*Apostoly*. Augsburg. Obednannya Ukrainskiykh Pysmennykh. 1946. 47 pp.—Poems by a Ukrainian writer who is hopeful although a D. P. in Germany.

Nueva Revista de Filología Hispánica is a scholarly Hispanic-American quarterly which is to be published from Mexico City under the joint auspices of the Colegio de México and the Hispanic Institute of Columbia University. On its editorial board are Ricardo Rojas, Fidelino de Figueiredo, Federico de Onís, América Castro, William Berrien, and other prominent Iberian, Latin-American, and North American scholars.

"Les Amis de Jean Tousseul," an organization founded to perpetuate the memory of the novelist Olivier Degée, are issuing a quarterly magazine which they call *Les Cahiers Jean Tousseul*. Their address is 34a, rue de Brantignies, Ath, Belgium. Their last issue for 1947 reproduces an article by Jean Tousseul and has an article on the work of that other sterling Belgian novelist Hubert Stieret.

"A world so stubbornly stupid that it cannot create permanent peace deserves to perish."—Albert Guérard, in *The American Society Legion of Honor Magazine*.

Some months ago the Librairie Plon, of Paris, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its founding. There are now three Paris publishing houses which are centenarians: Plon, Hachette, and Larousse.

Publication of the standard old fortnightly *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been resumed from its old address, 15 Rue de l'Université. Its name, however, has been reduced to *La Revue*. Its new director is Firmin Roz, and its editor-in-chief is M. L. J. Arrigon.

"Because his mother compelled him to wear a stiff starched shirt under his close-fitting vest until he was ten years old, André Gide . . . became a revolutionary at the age of fourteen and has remained one ever since."—Edmond Demaître in *United Nations World*.

The brave new book review quarterly *Bücherspiegel* is published in Linz, Austria, Postamt VI, Fach 52. An interesting section is its *Friedhof der Begabungen*, consisting of briefs of manuscripts which have not yet found a publisher. The editors will undertake to transmit any of these manuscripts to interested parties anywhere.

The Institut des Relations Internationales, 31, Rue Montoyer, Bruxelles, organized in 1947 to keep Belgians and others abreast of the international situation, recently began the publication of a twice-a-month *Chronique de Politique Etrangère*, whose subscription price outside of Belgium is 200 Belgian francs a year.

"The Reid Foundation, established by the late Ogden Reid, editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, has an-

nounced the establishment of three fellowships of \$5,000 each to be offered annually to young men and women of proved journalistic ability for study abroad. . . . The number of fellowships will later be increased."—*News Bulletin* of the Institute of International Education.

"Kierkegaard and Sartre have much in common, and yet, how different they are! . . . How Kierkegaardian is Sartre? He knows the problem as Kierkegaard knows it, but he does not know Kierkegaard's solution. He shares Kierkegaard's dread but not Kierkegaard's conquest of dread. In a word, Sartre is Kierkegaard without God. And Kierkegaard said of himself, 'Without God I am too strong for myself.' The characters in a Sartrian novel show us what men do with their strength when they are without God."—Howard A. Johnson, in *The American-Scandinavian Review*.

The excellent "rivista mensile di cultura" *Humanitas*, published by Morcelliana in Brescia, devoted its entire August-September double number in 1947 to a symposium on the problem which is Russia. Characteristic of the drift of the discussion is the following paragraph from a contribution by J. Chaix-Ruy: ". . . The two systems which, on the morrow of an implacable war, confront their power and their ideology, were not formed and developed in our discordant and dislocated Europe. They are Russia, more Asiatic than European, in spite of her penetration into the very heart of our continent, and the Occident, the American world in which the Latin peoples gravitate more and more docilely about the economy and the civilization of the U. S. A. Between these abnormally gigantic powers our Greco-Latin civilization, our Christian humanism waste away, feebly defended by nations which lack a bond of union and which have allowed their spiritual essence to be altered. . . ."

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